

LIFE

DEFENSE ISSUE



U.S. ARMS

JULY 7, 1941 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

GET THE LATEST!

GET THE SAFEST!

GET THE LONGEST LASTING!

You can't buy a better tooth brush than the new BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic. Here's why. Among all new-type, synthetic bristle brushes introduced to the public within recent months, none has bristle superior to PROLON. And no other synthetic bristle has Pro-phy-lac-tic's patented "Round-Ends."

PROLON is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for the costliest tooth brush bristle that du Pont makes. Other manufacturers may use this same grade of du Pont bristle under another trade name. But no manufacturer can truthfully claim longer-lasting bristle, because no longer-lasting synthetic tooth brush bristle is made.

To back up our claim for quality, we specifically guarantee the BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic for 6 months of use. The brush may actually last a year, 18 months, 2 years. No one knows. It has not been on the market long enough to find out. But note

PROLON BRISTLE
Won't get soft and soggy! . . . won't break off!
No other nationally advertised brush has newer, costlier, or better du Pont synthetic tooth brush bristle . . . because there is no newer, costlier, or better grade on the market.

"ROUND-END"—No other brush has "Round-End" bristles! Photo-micrographs show why Pro-phy-lac-tic's patented "Round-End" bristles insure gentler action on the gums:



ORDINARY BRISTLE—note the harsh, rough, jagged points.



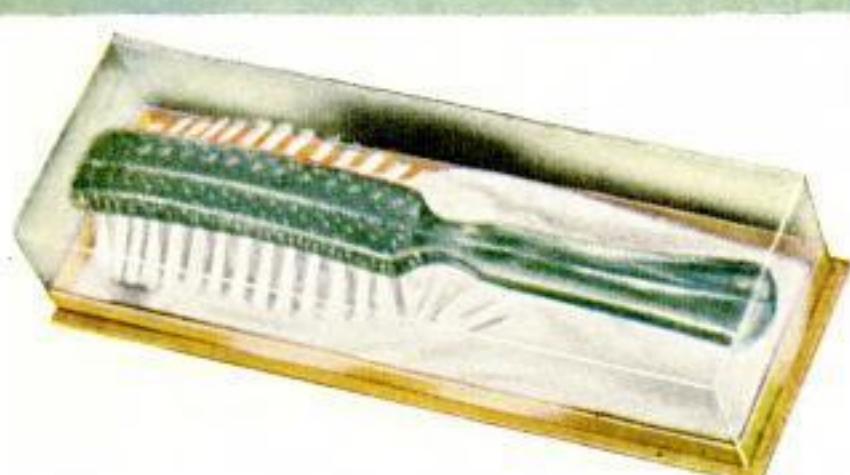
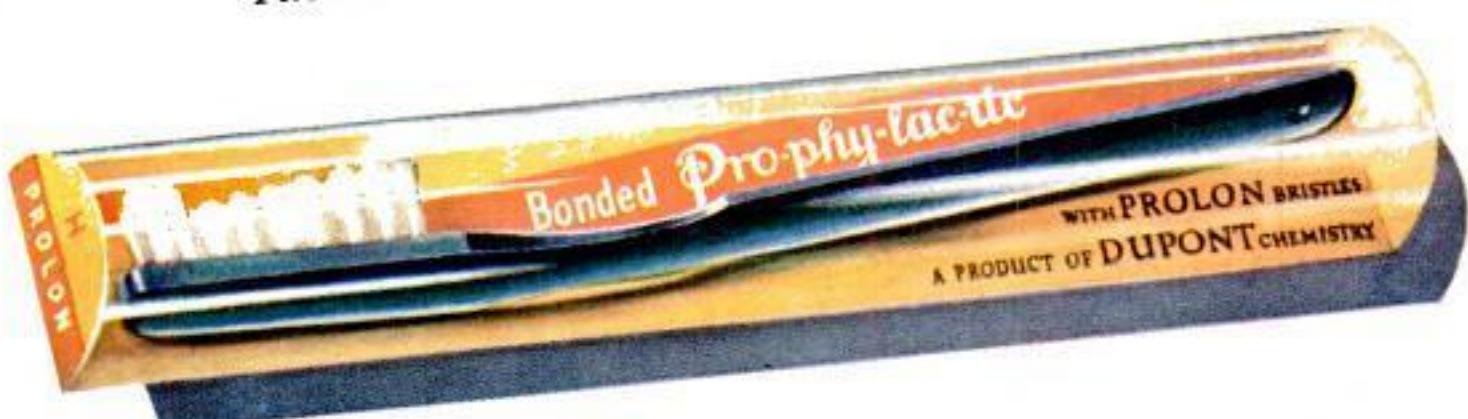
"ROUND-END" PROLON bristles—obviously they are gentler to the gums.

The only brush in the world with a **MONEY-BACK 6-MONTHS GUARANTEE!**
No other nationally advertised tooth brush can possibly have longer-lasting bristle than Prolon. Prolon is our name for the finest grade of synthetic tooth brush bristle sold by du Pont.

that only Pro-phy-lac-tic gives this definite 6-months guarantee. The big difference, the big plus, in favor of Pro-phy-lac-tic is "Round-End" treatment of the bristles . . . a process which no other manufacturer can use because it is protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,066,068. Together with the 6-months money-back guarantee, this "Round-End" gentler-to-the-gums feature makes reason enough for you to insist on BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic!

For those who prefer it, finest natural "Tempered" bristle is also available in the BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Prolon bristle, or natural "Tempered" bristle, both are guaranteed for six months. Either is 50¢ . . . top of the complete line of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes priced from 23¢ up.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



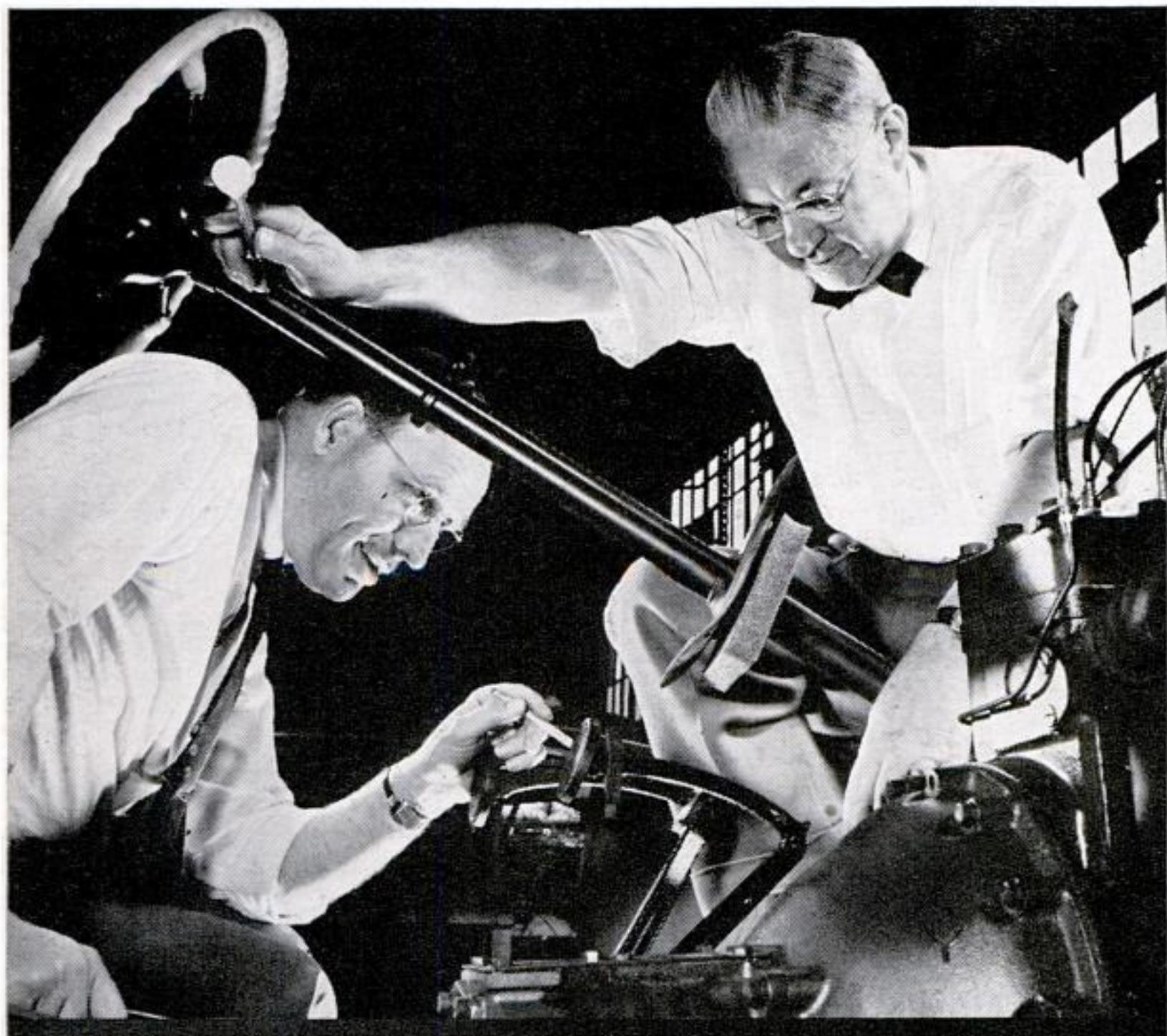
PLASTIC BRUSHES IN BRIGHT JEWEL COLORS!

See this sensational new line of dresser and toilet brushes at any good brush-goods counter! The gleaming transparent backs are of liquid-clear Jewelite—a new plastic, available in a choice of four brilliant jewel colors. The handsome, moisture-resistant "bristles" are of du Pont Prolon. Brushes packed in ultra-smart transparent gift boxes; priced from \$1.50 to \$10.00.

Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . \$4.00.

Jewelite Brushes

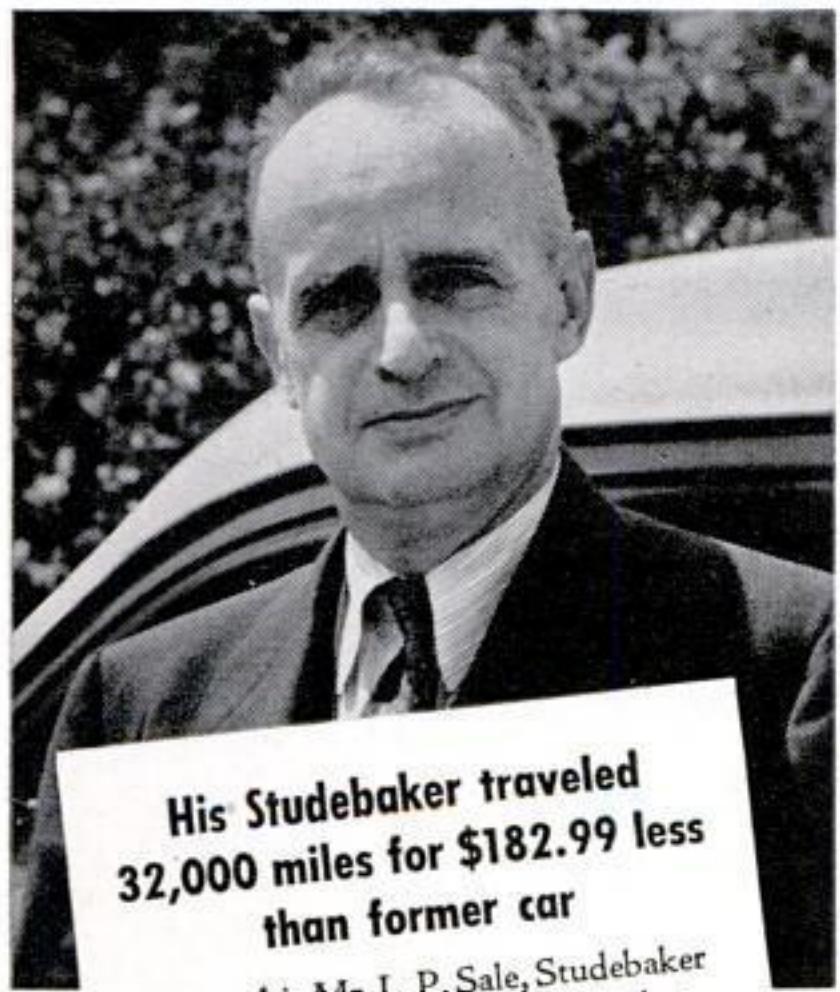
BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC



E. M. Douglas and F. W. Putnam are valued members of the brilliant Studebaker corps of top-flight engineers and production executives.



The Raymond Sticklers, father and son—one of many "family" teams for which the Studebaker working force is famous.



His Studebaker traveled
32,000 miles for \$182.99 less
than former car

Pictured is Mr. L. P. Sale, Studebaker Commander owner, 424 Lake Ave., Park Ridge, Illinois. His former car cost him \$633.10 to operate over a distance of 32,000 miles, but his Studebaker Commander traveled the same distance for \$450.11—a difference of \$182.99 in favor of his Studebaker. Mr. Sale's savings are typical of those enjoyed by scores of thousands of delighted Studebaker owners.

Saving money for you comes first with Studebaker engineers and craftsmen

Their extra care produces cars that stand up longer and command top trade-in allowances

IF YOU would like to do all your motoring with downright economy for the next few years, the smart step to take right now is to invest in a brilliantly engineered, soundly built new Studebaker.

Every Studebaker Champion, Commander and President passenger car—every Studebaker truck and commercial car—is built of the highest quality

materials by the most painstaking group of expert craftsmen in the business—men with years of Studebaker experience themselves—and, in many instances, descendants of men who were long-time Studebaker employees, too.

Men of real responsibility

These Studebaker craftsmen are no mere numbers on a payroll. They're a valuable, permanent part of the Studebaker organization—with a definite, personal stake in the success of every Studebaker that's sold.

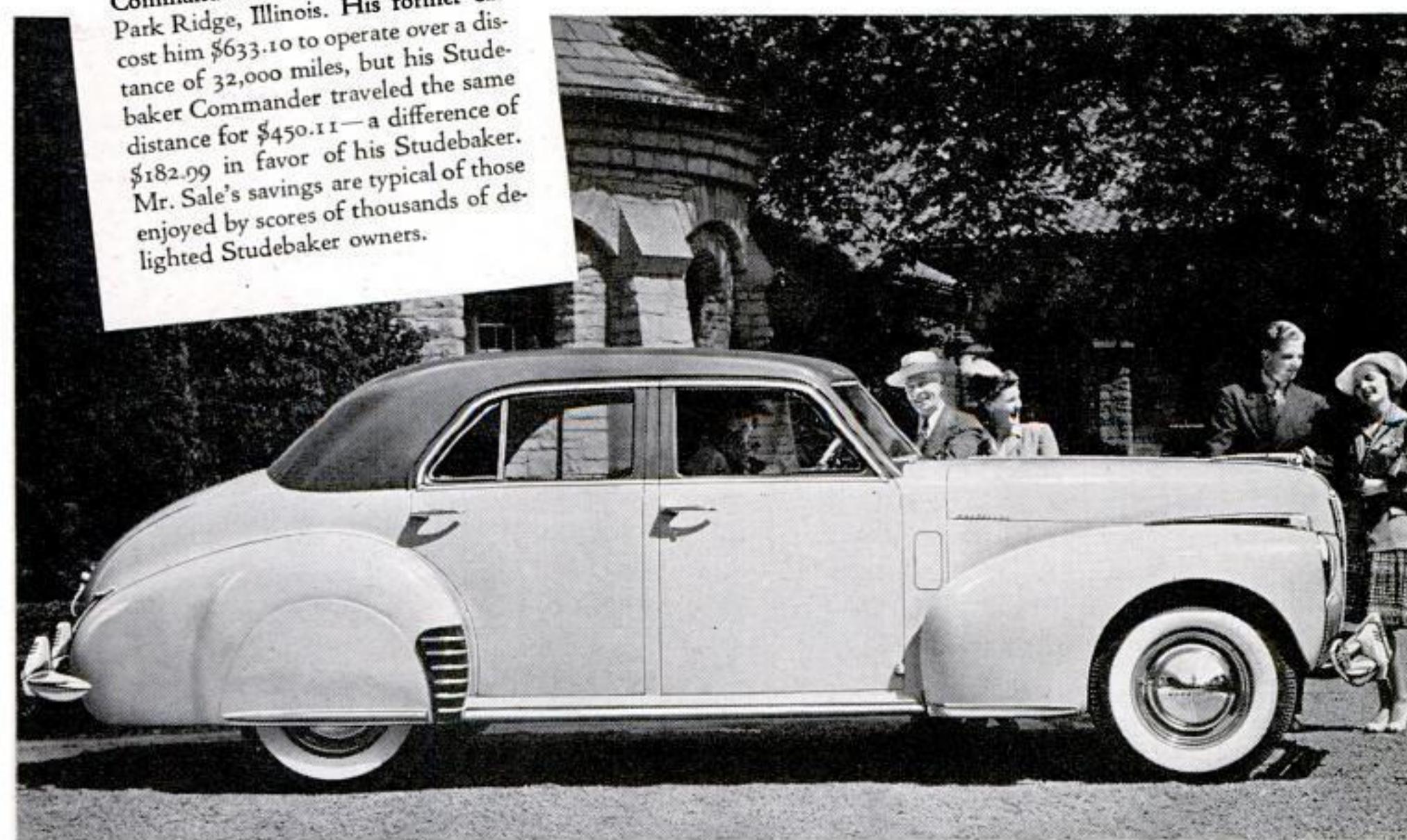
They work under pleasant conditions in modern, well-equipped plants. And they've seen many of the Studebaker engineering innovations become important specifications, later on, in other cars.

Studebaker quality endures

The enduring quality of Studebaker craftsmanship keeps Studebaker cars singularly free from the need for extensive and costly repairs. This means substantial savings on mechanical upkeep while you drive your Studebaker. And it results in a top trade-in allowance when you turn it in on a new car.

Furthermore, the Studebaker you buy comes to you, only after it has made good to Studebaker's satisfaction first, in the exacting testing laboratories and on the 800-acre, million-dollar proving ground which Studebaker maintains in your interest.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and see how easily you can become a Champion, Commander or President owner—with your present car as part payment—convenient C.I.T. terms.



Pictured: The distinctive new Studebaker Skyway Series President Eight Land Cruiser—Only recently introduced, the Studebaker Skyway Series models are the most beautiful new cars in America—available on President Eight and Commander chassis with de luxe equipment throughout, such as rear wheel shields, fender lamps and wide choice of color finishes.

"And Lucy didn't like me—'til I banished double O"



THE prettiest, neatest girl in town for a wife... could any man be happier? But I shudder to think how close I came to losing her just because of 'Double O' (offensive breath and offensive-looking teeth). "Thank Heaven someone tipped me off and I got after the 'Double O' in a hurry."

Lots of otherwise fastidious men grow careless or forgetful about the "Double O"... and thus risk their chances. What a mistake!

There's a delightful morning and night double precaution against the "Double O" which thousands of popular men insist on daily.

For the breath, Listerine Antiseptic, of course—it quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

And to make teeth more brilliant and flashing... to add to the attractiveness of your smile, the new Listerine Tooth Paste.



Changed in formula and action—and especially created to attack cloudy, loose deposits; dull film; unpleasant surface stains and discolorations that make teeth unattractive. For 8 years skilled scientists labored to perfect this lustre-giving formula. Many say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

If you want others to like you... want to put your best foot forward, start using the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more wholesome smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath. Your common sense tells you it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

*the double precaution
against double*

**Offensive Breath
Offensive looking Teeth**

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

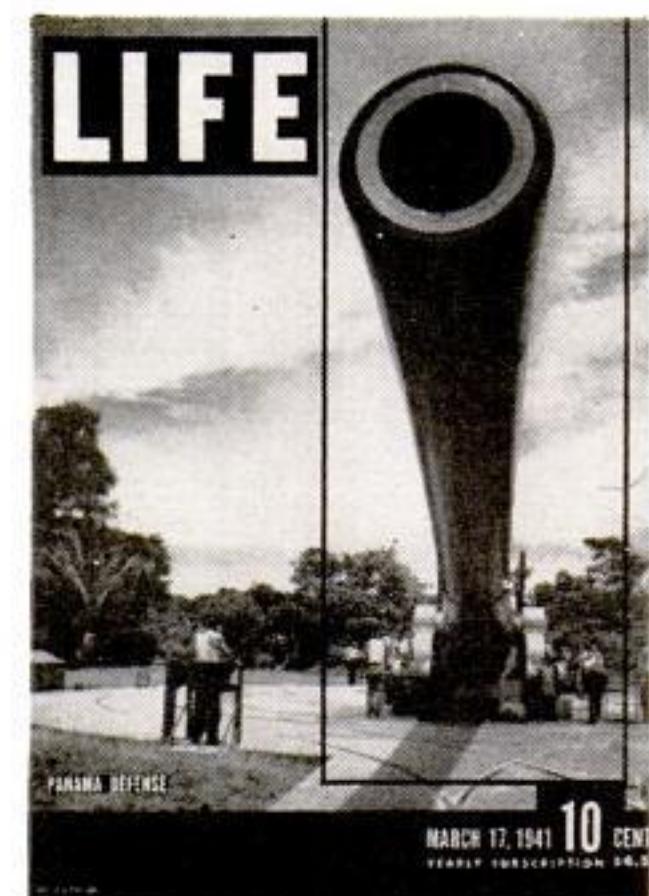
and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Fine Italian Hand

Sirs:

Since you first published it, LIFE's March 17 cover picture of a Panama Canal coast defense gun has had a little wartime adventure. If you look at the enclosed copy of it, you will notice black outline which neatly crops out your iden-



tifying slug and date line. The remaining portion of the picture, showing the huge gun alone, appeared May 15 in *Il Telegrafo*, an Italian newspaper, with this caption: "Giant [German] cannon on the English Channel." Business is slow in Rome these days.

W. H. DUNNING
Newark, N. J.

"America First" Poll of Neosho

Sirs:

I submit the following editorial from the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, dated June 10:

"In a recent article in LIFE Magazine about Neosho, Mo. by St. Clair McKelway [LIFE, May 26—ED.], the sweeping statement was made that the citizens of the small Missouri town were almost unanimous for American intervention in the second World War....

"Springfield Newspapers, Inc. then decided to make a postcard poll of Neosho citizens. The results show that, in answer to the question: 'Do you favor United States entry into the European war?' 692 voted No and 276 voted Yes. Thus, the negative vote was more than 70% against intervention. Twenty-six persons were uncertain. In this encounter, LIFE Magazine wins no laurels. It is caught in a piece of carelessness, if not tendentious, journalism."

FLORENCE R. LARMEE
Detroit, Mich.

• The Springfield, Mo. newspaper poll, which was paid for by the America First Committee, asked a far different question than that posed by LIFE's reporter, St. Clair McKelway. He asked Neoshoans: "To what extent do you feel we should aid Britain?" Most of them favored aiding Britain, even at the risk of intervention. The Springfield *Sunday News and Leader* asked: "Do you favor U. S. entry into the European War?" In support of its position, LIFE prints below excerpts from letters of protest sent to the Springfield Newspapers, Inc. by two Neosho lawyers, Republican and Democratic local leaders respectively, who accompanied Mr. McKelway.—ED.

Springfield Newspapers, Inc.
Springfield, Missouri
Gentlemen:

I have received through the mail a postcard containing the question: "Do you favor U. S. entry into the European War?" with a box containing under it the word "Yes" and a box under the word "No"; this card was accompanied

by your letter advising that you were taking this poll of the citizens of Neosho in this manner to contradict the article published by LIFE Magazine.

No sane man or woman could answer except in the negative. I am frank to say that I feel your question has been deliberately framed.

Mr. Justin Ruark, another attorney of this city, and I accompanied Mr. McKelway when he talked to six of the gentlemen whom he quoted in LIFE's article; and both Mr. Ruark and myself will advise you that these men were picked at random and without any knowledge on their part or premeditated choosing on the part of Mr. McKelway.

LIFE's article did express a true sentiment of the local people, not on the question, "Do we favor U. S. entry into the European War?" but on the question as to how far we should aid Britain.

PHIL H. GRAVES

Neosho, Mo.

The Springfield Newspapers Inc.
Springfield, Missouri
Gentlemen:

Is the sports editor as big a scoundrel as the night editor? Answer "Yes" or "No." Do you "favor" getting into the first fist fight you may see on the street? No? But you might if a bruiser was beating up a child.

Your question is obviously designed to gather a showing of anti-interventionist sentiment and does not allow a fair expression of thought on the subject.

JUSTIN RUARK

Neosho, Mo.

Spath & Spadix

Sirs:

Oh no, that isn't a pistil that John Kieran is showing in the jack-in-the-pulpit (LIFE, June 16). It is a spadix, and the so-called "leaf" is the spathe. The real flower part of the plant is on the thickened lower part of the spadix tightly protected by the spathe.

ELEANOR E. LEDBETTER
Cleveland, Ohio

• Mr. Kieran concedes the points to Reader Ledbetter.—ED.

Mrs. Astor's Plush Horse

Sirs:

After seeing Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. George W. Kavanaugh and Lady Decies (LIFE, June 16), I know what they mean by the expression, "Mrs. Astor's plush horse."

VINITA SCOTT

Shelbyville, Ill.

Weather Squadron Insignia

Sirs:

For the honor of the cleverest Disney corps insignia (LIFE, May 26), I submit that of the Third Weather Squad-



LATEST INSIGNIA

ron, Air Corps. Mr. Disney certainly has captured the quondam of the forecaster, especially for Texas where "only fools and foreigners predict the weather."

SIDNEY A. OFSTHUN
Major, Air Corps
Commanding
Duncan Field, Texas

(continued on p. 4)

*"Look, O'Malley...
another one!"*



O'MALLEY: Another what, Callahan?

CALLAHAN: Another man that's switched to Goodrich.

O'MALLEY: And is that a crime?

CALLAHAN: Sure not! And if it were, 'tis half the town would be in jail, I'm thinkin'.

* * *

See the new

SILVERTOWNS

(Left)

SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Top quality Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever. Duramin gives it thousands of extra miles.

(Center)

DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Best possible combination of mileage, safety, comfort. New safety tread smothers road noise to a whisper.

(Right)

LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. Extra miles—20% more than the original Life-Saver tread tire. No tire can stop you quicker, keep you safer from skids.



IF IT'S real protection you're looking for, here's the ticket—do as so many other careful drivers are doing—put Silvertowns all around. They'll give you full protection against blowouts and skids...and pay you a dividend of extra miles by the thousand.

Those extra miles are put into every Silvertown tire by Duramin. That's the amazing "tire vitamin" discovered by B. F. Goodrich scientists. Duramin keeps rubber young and lively—gives you more safe miles on Silvertowns.

It's dangerous business to

squeeze the last few miles out of worn tires. And it's unnecessary, too. Trade-in allowances are high today...prices are low. And if you prefer to pay as you ride, many Goodrich Dealers and all B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores offer the Budget Plan.

SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.

CARBON BLACK TREAD, a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.

DURAMIN, the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.

Switch to

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

BFG

This One



Copyrighted material

BRIGHT YOU ARE, JOAN!



JOAN BLONDELL

Star of Columbia Pictures

says "One of the BIG little things movie life teaches you is to keep your teeth spic and spruce . . . yes, I'm another Calox user!"

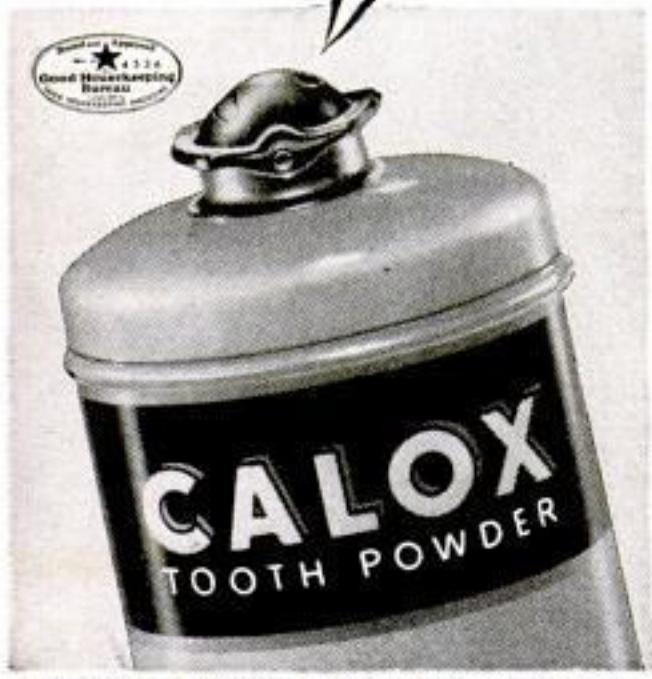


NO ART CRITIC NEEDED to point out how Joan's flashing smile perks up her pretty face. She's lucky to have good teeth, but her "beauty polish" anyone can use . . . it's Calox Tooth Powder, famous for its quintuple cleansing and polishing action.

STARS ARE ONLY HUMAN . . . they like to use things they like, just as the rest of us do. The pleasant, refreshing flavor of Calox makes it a joy to use, keeps your daily brushings from being just a tedious chore. You'll like Calox!

Helps your teeth shine like the stars'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. That's why Calox is a real *beauty* tooth powder . . . it promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

3. FRESH-TASTING — no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love Calox.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Unhappy Medium

Sirs:

In your story of the test of my mediumship, to which I submitted before the investigation committee of the *Scientific American* (LIFE, June 16), you have distorted the facts. There are several which I leave to your fairness to clear:

Investigator Dunninger himself selected one from five completely blank cards.

The card Dunninger selected was thoroughly examined on both sides by himself. This fact disproves the theory that a "forced" or previously written card was used.

He himself placed that card between the two sheets of glass and sealed it. At the conclusion of the seance he removed the seals, took out the card containing his signature and found Sir Oliver Lodge's message on the reverse side.

EDWARD LESTER THORNE
New York, N. Y.

● Mr. Dunninger maintains that the card was chosen not by him but by Mr. Thorne, that it was held up to him for signature, that he never saw the reverse side of the card. It was placed face down on the sheet of glass, he says, and a second sheet was "hurriedly placed on top." If Thorne is able to produce a similar message under test conditions prescribed by Dunninger (in which he alone selects and handles the cards), he will receive the \$15,000 award.—ED.

Misfits of '17 and '41

Sirs:

As a supplement to that swell picture of Privates Hunter and Doolin portraying the Army's two (too) sizes (LIFE, June 16), I am sending along a snapshot (see cut) I made a couple of weeks ago.

My picture of Privates Sabo and Cassidy not only portrays the well-known two (too) sizes, but also the 1917 and 1941 model overcoats. Cassidy is



LEFT: 1941; RIGHT: 1917

wearing the '17 model (short coat) and Sabo the well-tailored '41 model. The Q.M. was forced to issue a few of these '17 coats in various reception centers when the proper size was not available in a '41.

PRIVATE MICHAEL GEORGE
Camp Lee, Va.

"Winston Enjoys the War"

Sirs:

Over here our favorite stories are now anecdotes about the Prime Minister. Here are some "Winston stories" which may amuse you:

A self-seeking civil servant on meeting the Prime Minister said: "Mr. Churchill, I neither drink nor smoke so I am 100% efficient." "Well," drawled Winston, "I both drink and smoke and I am 200% efficient."



The "pretty picture pose"—gives life to anybody's album, but it's often death on stockings! Why gamble when filmy, fashion-right Cannons wear so wonderfully?

All Cannon Hosiery, you see, is carefully inspected by an air-pressure machine that detects unseen flaws—cause of many a "mystery run." Only perfect hosiery comes from Cannon—full-fashioned, flawless, triple-inspected.

Cannon
Hosiery

P. S. Cannon Silk Hosiery in the Cellophane Handy-Pack, 69¢ to \$1.00. Cannon Nylon Hosiery, \$1.35 and up. By the makers of Cannon Towels and Sheets.

TRADE MARK
CANNON

Is your INFERIORITY COMPLEXION taking the joy out of life?



THEN SEND COUPON BELOW

If your complexion makes you feel like staying home . . . if you are too embarrassed to go places and you're not getting the dates—don't, don't wait any longer!

Get a jar of the famous Pompeian Milk Massage Cream and wake up your skin with a grand Pompeian massage. Pompeian Milk Massage Cream is quite different from regular fatty-base creams and works differently. Here's all you have to do: Just spread on the Pompeian Massage Cream . . . massage your face lightly. Suddenly, the cream changes in texture. The Pompeian Cream you spread clean-pink on the dull, oily, greasy skin rolls off dirt-grey. You actually feel a wholesome, lively glow come to your skin . . . and you can see the lovely half-flush the Pompeian Massage has brought to your face. It's wonderful!

Get a jar today at your drug, department or dime store or mail coupon below.

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL JAR

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.
Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send
jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and directions
for use as a massage.



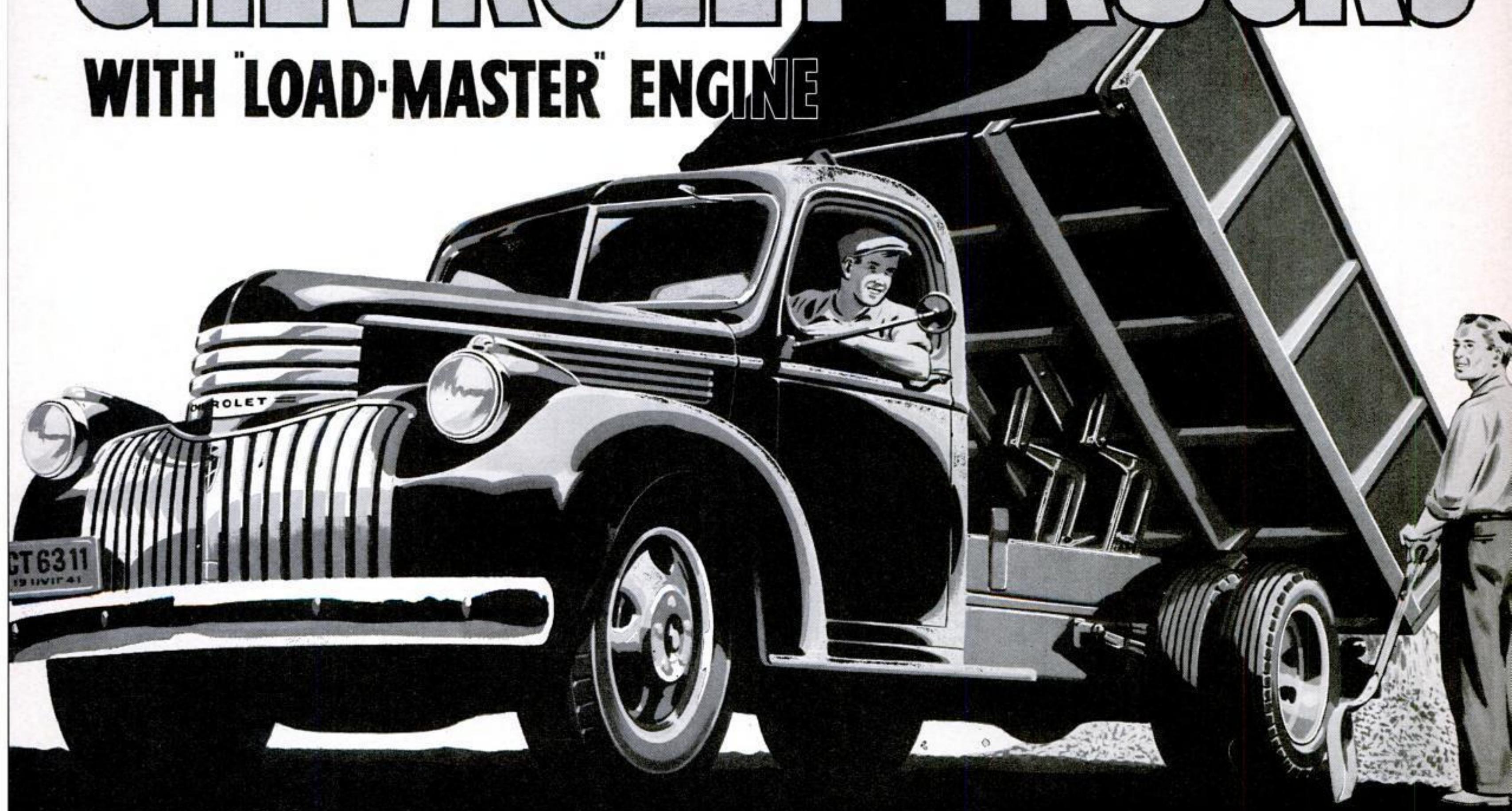
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Name & Address . . .
City & State . . .

(continued on p. 6)

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

WITH "LOAD-MASTER" ENGINE



THE GREATEST POWER-PULLERS in Economical Transportation

Truck operators, large and small,
buy more Chevrolet trucks than any
other make, year after year!

Small wonder that truck operators
are purchasing more Chevrolet
trucks than any other make—again
this year!

For these big, sturdy Chevrolets
with "Load-Master" Valve-in-Head
Engine have *more pulling power*
than any other trucks in their field!
They're "tops" for total depend-
ability! They're engineered to haul
big loads with the speed that's
needed in these fast-moving days...
priced to cost you *less money* than

any other trucks in the biggest-selling
low-price field!

*And so truck operators in all parts
of the country have decided that
Chevrolets are first choice for
"DELIVERIES P. D. Q."—power-
fully, dependably, quickly—and
are preferring them to all others.*

If you have a haulage problem
—and want to solve it efficiently
and economically—follow this
nationwide swing to Chev-
rolet trucks. Phone or visit
your nearest Chevrolet dealer
for a demonstration—today!

TRUCKS WITH PASSENGER
CAR STEERING EASE BY
THE WORLD'S LEADING
TRUCK BUILDER

* TWO NEW VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINES
... STANDARD: 174 FOOT-POUNDS OF
TORQUE—90 HORSEPOWER... "LOAD-
MASTER": 192 FOOT-POUNDS OF
TORQUE—93 HORSEPOWER (optional
on Heavy Duty models at extra cost) *

NEW RECIRCULATING BALL-BEARING
STEERING GEAR * NEW, MORE COM-
FORTABLE DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT *

60 MODELS—NINE WHEELBASES

"THRIFT-CARRIERS
FOR THE NATION",

I'M JUST HIS WIFE



BUT AFTER ALL, it was my idea that he get himself a smoother, Barbasol Face. Now I have to compete with other women at parties to get near that handsome man! It's unfair. I married him despite the rough skin and bristly beard he used to have because of old-fashioned shaving methods.



THAT CHEEK TO CHEEK WALK is hard to resist when a man has a Barbasol Face. For modern Barbasol contains beneficial oils that not only soften the beard, but also soothe the skin, helping to leave it soft and fresh and smooth.

YOU FACE YOUR MIRROR every morning with a smile when Barbasol's handy. Tender skin? Don't worry. Here's the coolest, smilingest, most comforting shave a man can have. You'll agree after a trial of ten days or so. 25¢ and 50¢ tubes, 75¢ jar. Barbasol Blades, 5 for 10¢, 15 for 25¢.



For modern shaving—
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Some religious old lady in the Midlands on meeting him said: "Well, Mr. Prime Minister, in your present position I suppose you are now a pillar of the Church." "Well not quite, Madam, rather say a buttress, supporting the Church from the outside."

If you hear the BBC broadcasts you will know that they wind up every communiqué with the words—"and from all of these operations only three of our aeroplanes have not returned." When sad accidents happened to three British generals in Libya, Winston is reported to have said: "And from all of these operations only three of our generals have not returned."

He chafes under the necessities of publicity and is always complaining about the inadequacy of British propaganda. When it was known that over 400 planes raided London and did incredible damage, the BBC gave details of the bringing down of three of them which took 10 minutes in the telling. Winston is reported to have gone to the telephone, called up the responsible people and said: "Blah, blah, blah!"

When it was reported that Sweden was allowing transit to German troops the British Government kicked up a row. The Swedes said they were only soldiers returning to Norway after leave. "First time I ever heard," said Winston, "that troops going on or coming on leave took their tanks with them."

But then as a great friend of his said to me the other day: "Winston is so enjoying this war!"

CHALMERS ROBERTS
London, England

British Sailor

Sirs:

Your story of the British sailor in Baltimore (LIFE, June 16) might well have been done at either Norfolk or Portsmouth, Va. Sometimes it seems



BRITON AT BAT

that the British outnumber our own sailors.

As the enclosed picture shows, the American gobs are doing their best to make the "visiting firemen" enjoy their stay, even including a mixed game of "pickup" baseball on the beach. The limey at bat caught on fast!

C. J. HORNADAY
Portsmouth, Va.

Sirs:

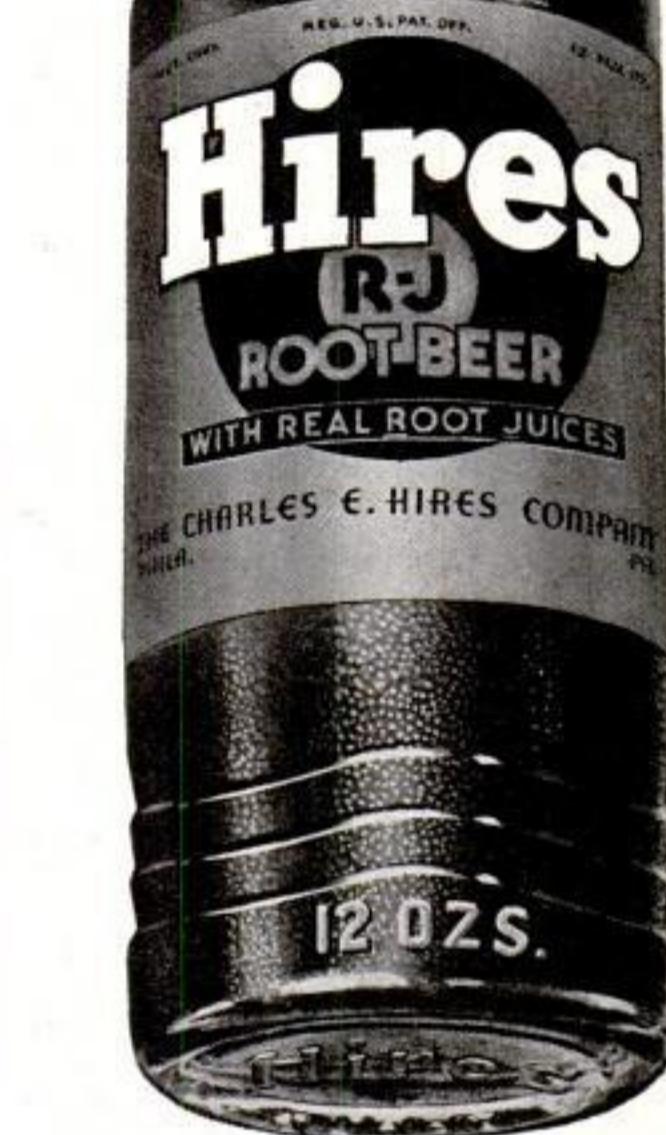
Since the June 16 issue of LIFE, we're in favor of all-out aid to Britain. In fact, we'll gladly volunteer to aid them ourselves. Especially Philip Gamester. Oh, to be a banana split or to be stared at by Philip! Do you suppose he'd be interested in examining our new Pontiac?

MARCI LEIGH
TILLIE ELLING
Montevideo, Minn.

• Gunner Philip Gamester, R. N., is now probably in England, should find awaiting him there his longed-for invitation to appear on Major Bowes's Amateur Hour, the Major's gift of several albums of classical records. Before leaving, Philip was presented with a shiny new safety razor by the drug-store proprietor. "Gosh," exclaimed Philip, opening the gift, "it's gold!"—ED.

5¢

PLEASURE FOR
Family and Friends



VARICOSE VEINS

Need Not Keep You From Having

Beautiful Legs

A new two-way stretch stocking that gives perfect support entirely unnoticed under sheerest silk hose. Now, bulky elastic stockings are unnecessary. At Department, Surgical or Drug Stores.

SEND FOR BOOKLET



Mail
Coupon
Today

BELL-HORN
Tropical Height
ELASTIC STOCKINGS

BELL-HORN, 451 North 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Send me helpful free booklet: New Facts about Varicose Veins and Beautiful Legs.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

AMERICA'S LEADING MAKERS OF SURGICAL HOSIERY FOR OVER 100 YEARS

It's sweeter because of petroleum

The good earth holds the key to its own fertility—buried 10,000 feet deep in an oil well.

At the "University of Petroleum," Shell's \$3,500,000 research laboratories, they fitted this key to unlock new riches in field and garden. Out of petroleum gas they got ammonia. With this they treated a waste product of the refineries—sulphuric acid—to make ammonium sulphate. And ammonium sulphate combines with the soil to grow sweeter, juicier fruit . . . more luxuriant flowers!

These Shell scientists have also found in petroleum a key to synthetic rubber, glycerine, plastics, germicides—even TNT.

This magic is for sale "by the tankful" at the next Shell pump . . .



Try a tankful of research genius...

SHELL GASOLINE

DON'T think of Shell Gasoline as a tankful of uninteresting liquid—you can't see the molecules, but your engine feels their dynamic power!

A scientific advance has raised its Road

Performance Rating (RPR) to an all-time high:

THERMAL CONVERSION makes it extra rich in iso-compounds similar to iso-octane—first produced commercially by Shell scientists to give America 100-octane aviation gasoline . . . fuel so powerful and efficient that it led to an increase in the speed and flying range of America's planes up to 30%!

* * *

This scientific advance saves on the costliest driving you do—Stop-and-Go. And increased RPR puts a new thrill in your motoring! Get high RPR Shell Gasoline (at regular price) or Shell Premium at your neighborhood Shell dealer's. Try a tankful today.



JULY SERVICE TIP

Vacation soon? Drive in for Shell-lubrication—a "Thoro-Fast" service that puts the right lubricant in the right spots in the right amount.



↑ **Flag-waving on summer beaches** takes this subtle form. Kay Williams flaunts her patriotism in a rubber bathing suit with a red-white-and-blue bra, pleated blue trunks with tight white ones beneath, flag-colored sandals and a huge sailcloth beach bag.

↓ **Individually**, the girls in the picture below would cut quite a figure on the beach. As a sun-bathing trio they inspire patriots to cheer. They are wearing figure-molding, skin-tight bathing suits made of a new featherweight silk material processed with rubber.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

. . . FASHION GOES PATRIOTIC IN BURST OF RED, WHITE & BLUE

As a curtain raiser to this special issue, LIFE takes a look at the impact of National Defense on the world of fashion. It finds that patriotism is the year's biggest promotion in all manner of wearing apparel from hats to sandals. The girls love it in the same way they love a brass band or a parade.

This summer everything is red, white and blue. By good fashion fortune, the national colors make a fine, bright, hot-weather combination, good for day and evening wear and all kinds of accessories like bags, shoes, scarfs, pins, gadgets. It is partic-

ularly effective in beachwear and beach paraphernalia.

For fall wear, designers rely less on color than on military cut, braid, brass buttons (even on sealskin coats) and warlike hats. Some designers, thinking the patriotic theme was just a fad, left it out of their first fall lines but have hastily put it back to meet the continuing public demand. Chances are that the patriotic theme will stay in public favor until the fervor of preparedness and National Defense is superseded by the unfashionable grimness of real war.



"My country 'tis of thee," in words and music, adorns this bathing suit of bleached canvas sailcloth. Sail grom-

mets are used to make the notes of the scale. The cape, with military cut and braid, comes in flag red and blue.



Aviator's jacket inspired this suit of khaki-colored covert with stripe. Lisle stockings, low heels may be shape of things to come.



Officer's mess jacket is adapted for bodice and jacket of this summer dance frock. Weskit is red, jacket blue and dress white.



Jeweled insignia pins are the most expensive expression of loyalty. From top down, these pins cost \$375, \$425, \$480 and \$600.



"I'd better switch to Blackstone!"

Right you are, sailor! Because now, from coast to coast, smokers are switching to Blackstone Cigars...the choice of successful men. Such men know how to judge values.

The mellow mildness and full, rich flavor of Blackstone Cigars give you that satisfaction only a cigar filled with the costliest long-leaf Havana can offer. Light up a Blackstone...look like success, feel like success.

Blackstone Cigar Wins Again!

Famous ALL-HAVANA filled cigar wins new thousands—becomes fastest-growing cigar from coast to coast

REGULAR SIZE

**NEW LONDRES
EXTRA**

17% EXTRA SMOKING!

To celebrate Blackstone's growing popularity, here's an extra dividend for smokers! The new Blackstone Londres-Extra that gives 17% extra smoking. Compared to the regular Londres, that's just like getting a ten-cent cigar free with every six you buy. Same finest all-Havana filler. Yet, the price is still only 10¢. Ask for the new Blackstone Londres-Extra.

**Size and shape
for every taste!**

Step up to the nearest cigar counter and take your choice, men. Blackstone Perfecto, 2 for 25¢. Blackstone Londres-Extra, 10¢. Blackstone Cabinet, 10¢. Blackstone Panetela, 2 for 15¢. Blackstone Junior, 5¢. All filled with the finest and costliest Havana tobacco grown in all Cuba. Treat yourself to a Blackstone Cigar today! Enjoy the smoking luxury that only the finest 100% Havana filled cigar can offer.

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NEWARK, N. J.



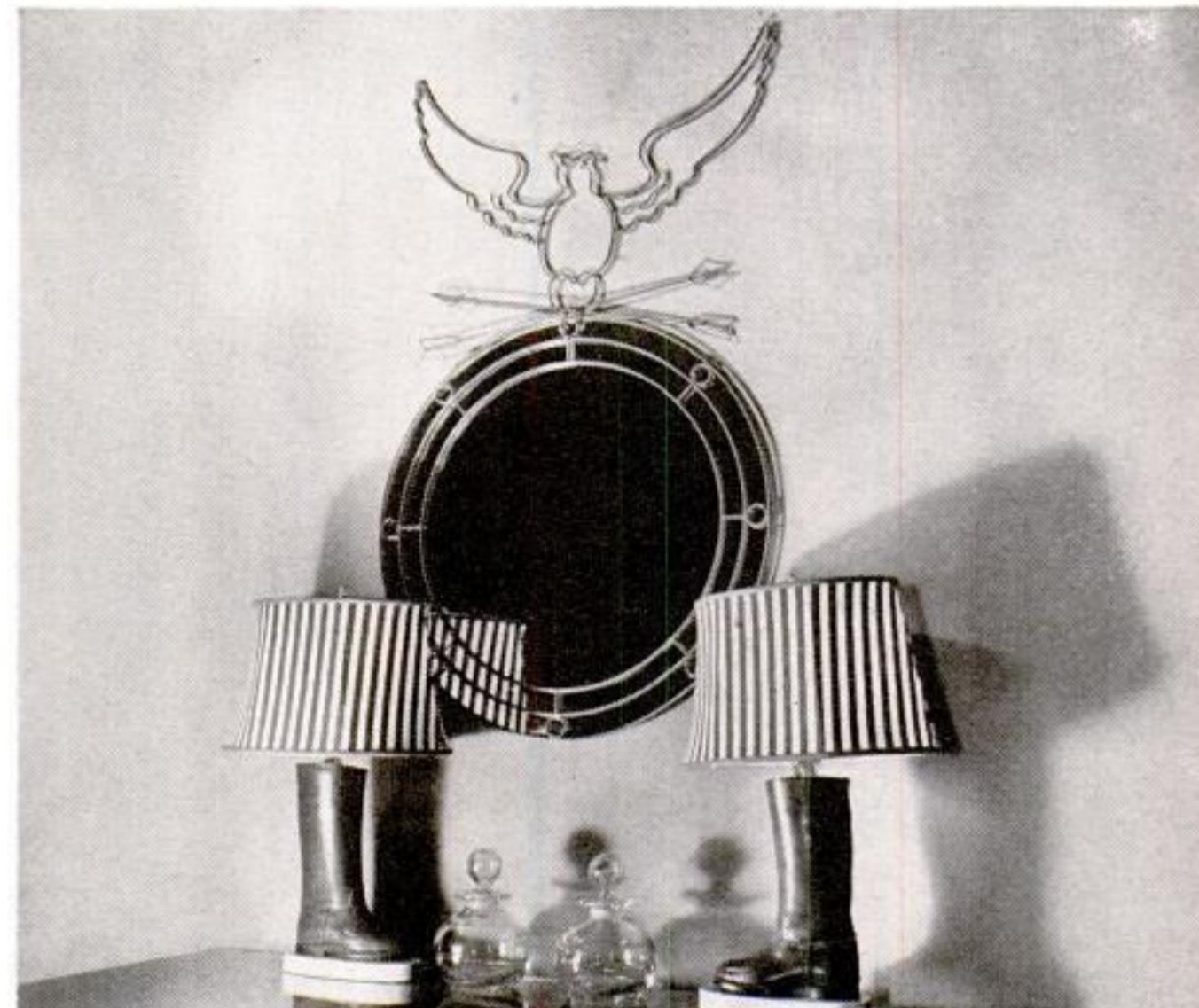
Switch to Blackstone Cigars...the choice of successful men

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Federal eagle and stars used as motif on these glass drink mixers are also found on highball glasses, jiggers, pitchers. Martini whirler (left) costs \$3, pitcher \$2.

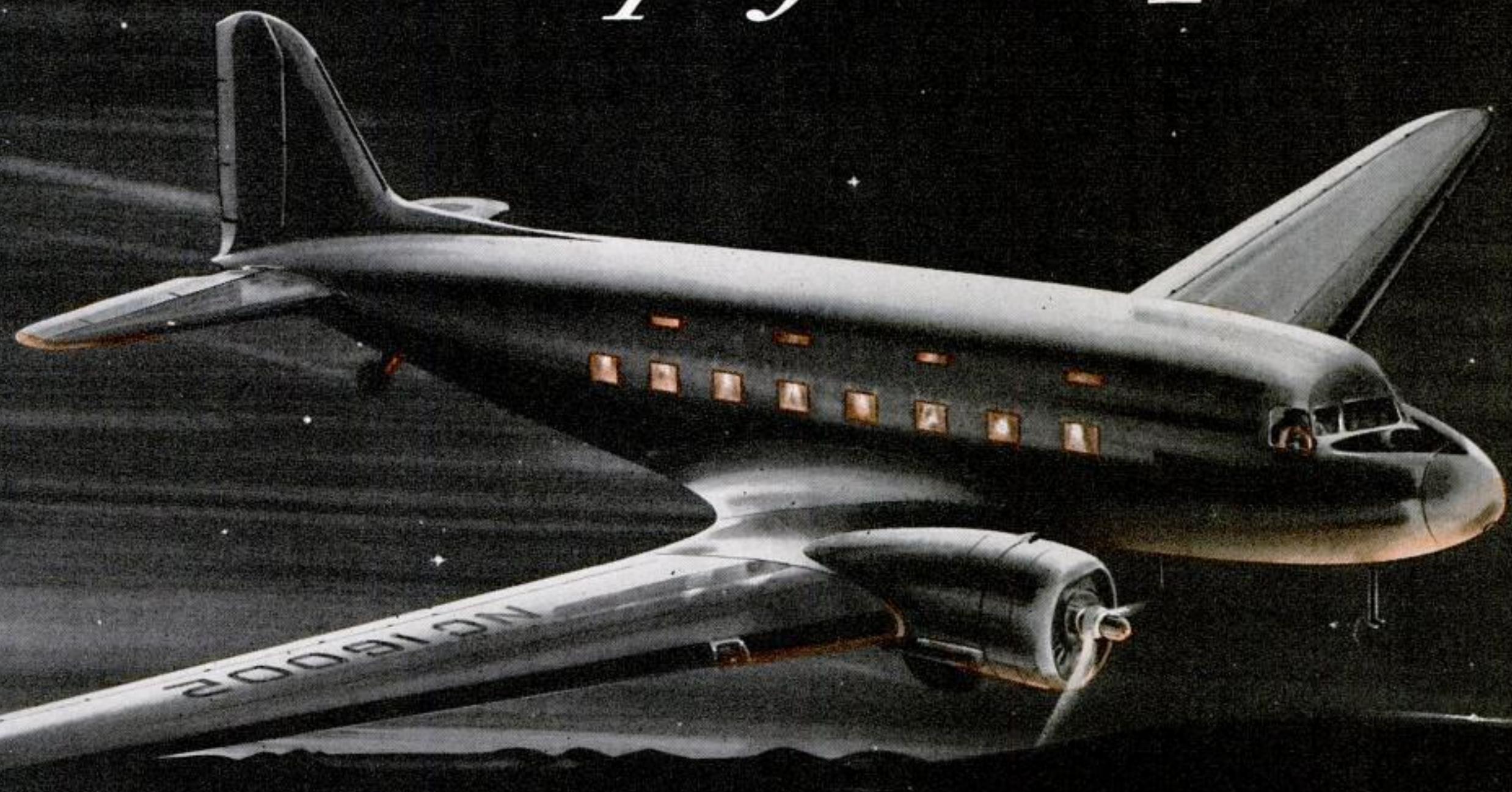


Military dressing table has lamps using officers' boots as bases and blue-and-white shades. Mirror, circled with red wire, is topped by a Federal eagle made of red wire.



Hurricane lamps with eagle and stars as decoration cost \$1 each. Eagle is adapted from Federal design. Other "patriotic" glassware includes vases, bowls, desk sets.

HOURS SAVED NOW *will shape future Years*



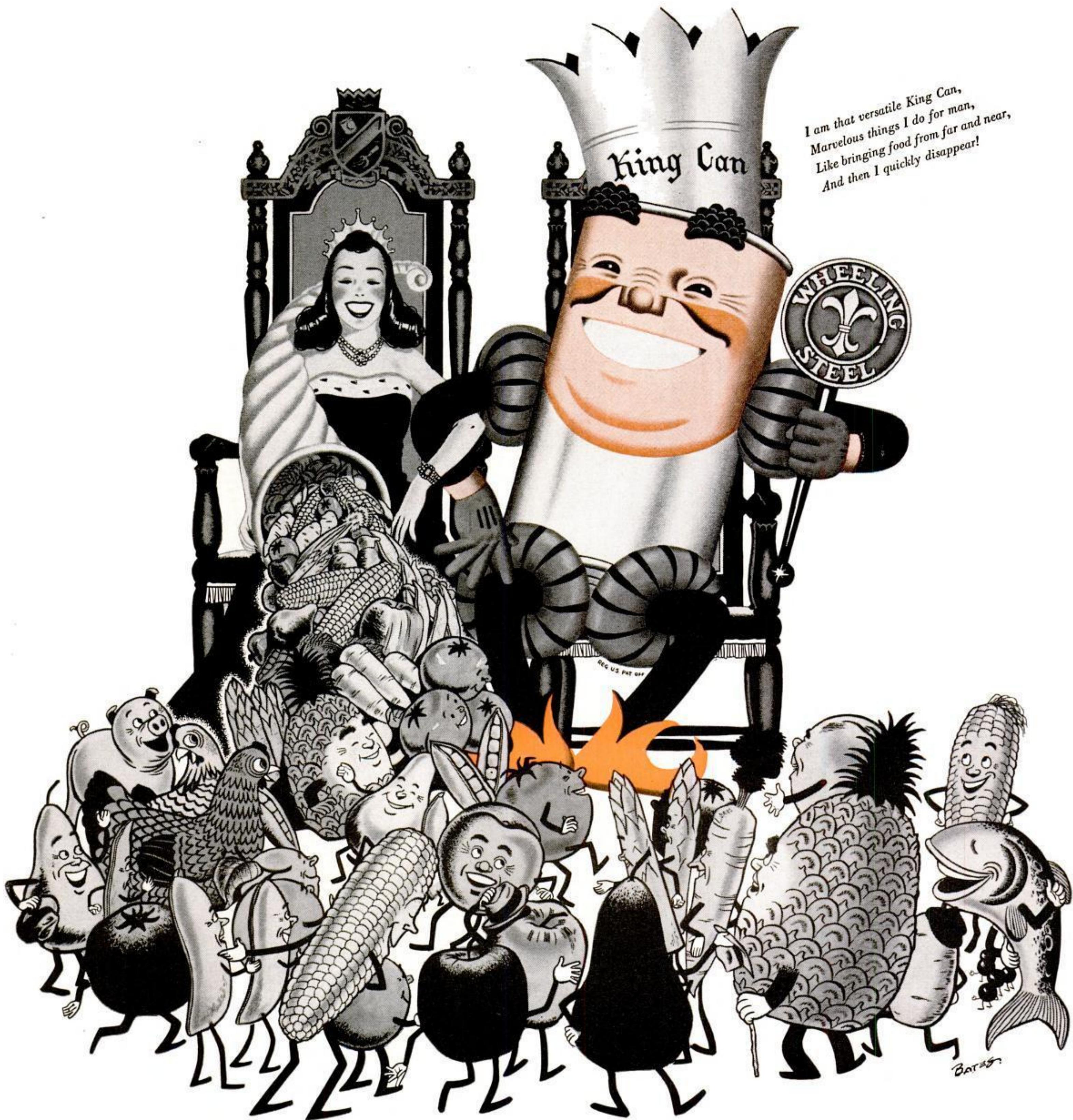
Alfredo Brondum

Never before in history has our civilization hung so precariously on the slender thread of *Time*. The *Time* of key men—technicians, scientists, workers, executives—is literally the lifeline of liberty and security for the United States of America. Through an *integrated* national and international

air transport system, with uniform service, equipment and facilities, the nation's Airlines are playing their vital part in defense. With the busiest fleet of airplanes in the world, twenty-four hours each day, they are aiding industry in conserving that most essential of all defense matériel...*Time*!

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SAVE TIME BY AIR

For schedules, fares, etc., to any point on the domestic or international Airlines, ask any travel agent or airline office; or write: AIR TRANSPORT ASSOCIATION, 135 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.



These are My People...and Yours!

The whole World is our realm, not by conquest but by service. Our "Constitution" safeguards *your* constitution,—I, King Can, see to that. Our "Bill of Rights" assures *you* fresh and flavorful foods and beverages . . . can makers and packers see to that. I'm King Can today, not just a tin can . . . DUCTILLITE TIN PLATE sees to that. It's Wheeling Steel!

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WORLD'S FOREMOST TINPLATE

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Born in JULY?

Your birthstone is the ruby. Wear it on your left side and you'll never have to worry! Wear a Hamilton on your left wrist and you'll never have to worry about being late to an appointment . . . it's the watch of railroad accuracy.

Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in every size and grade that Hamilton makes. New models now at your jeweler's.

P. S.—For FREE booklet of interesting facts about your birth month, write the Hamilton Watch Company, 172 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

LINDA. 17 jewels, 14K natural gold. Black numeral dial, applied gold dots . . . \$55

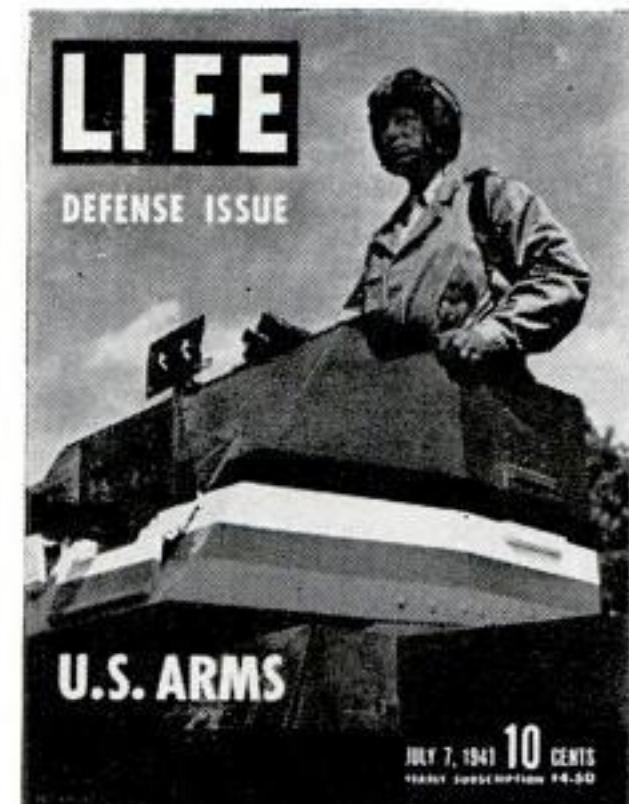
WILSHIRE. 19 jewels, 14K coral or natural gold filled. 18K applied gold numeral dial \$55

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HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



LIFE'S COVER



Because of his snappy helmet and costumes, and because he likes to ride a tank with his troops, Major General George S. Patton Jr., commanding general of the Second Armored Division, is sometimes called General "Flash Gordon" or the "Green Hornet." For his own special tank he has a special color scheme. Red, white and blue stripes stand for the three tank regiments in his division, while the yellow stripe symbolizes the Armored Force's origin in the cavalry. For a story on General Patton's troops, plus troops of the First Armored Division, see pages 72-89.

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FOR YEARS THE FAVORITE ORANGE
AT BETTER SODA FOUNTAINS



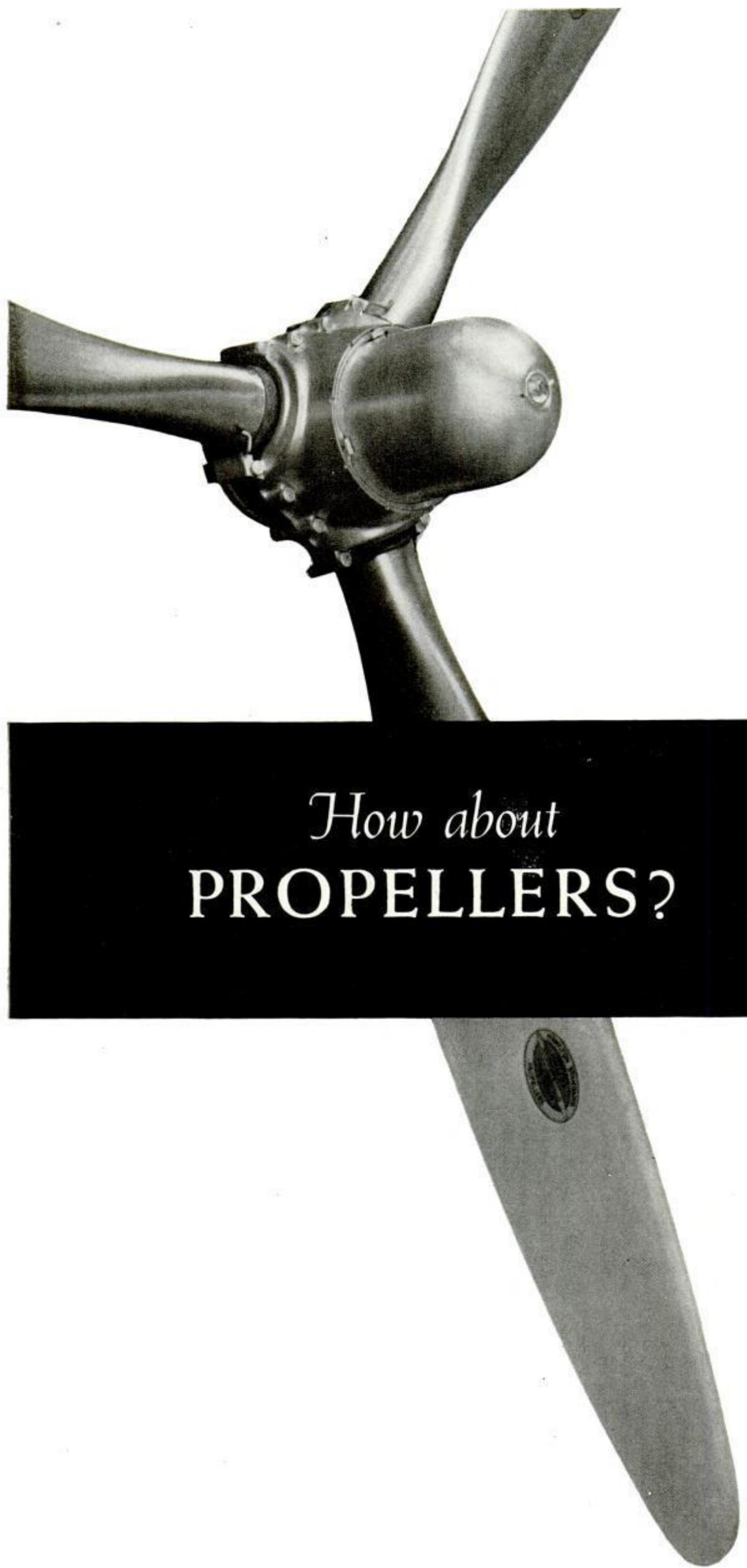
This soldier is wearing the latest thing in gas masks. Building up a reserve supply of these masks is...



...one of the many important National Defense jobs handled by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, which is a big user of Sinclair lubricants. Goodyear's use of Sinclair products for the safe lubrication of millions of dollars worth of machinery is a...



...sure tip that you can count on Sinclair lubricants to give long, dependable service in your car. Why not try Opaline or Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil next time you need oil? You'll find these oils last so long they save you money.



How about PROPELLERS?

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
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PRATT & WHITNEY
ENGINES



VOUGHT-SIKORSKY
AIRPLANES



HAMILTON STANDARD
PROPELLERS

As the manufacturer charged with the responsibility for producing the larger portion of the aircraft propellers required by the Defense Program, the Hamilton Standard Propellers division of United Aircraft Corporation answers here some timely questions:

★ In DESIGN of propellers: how does the United States compare with other nations?

America is far in the lead. The start of the race for supremacy in the air found the United States with two outstanding makes of propellers, each fully developed and each well ahead of any type developed elsewhere in the world.

Hamilton Standard designed the first practical controllable-pitch propeller which, in turn, made possible the modern high performance airplane.

★ Have your propellers stood the test of combat?

Day and night—for almost two years—British-built Hamilton Standard propellers have met the grueling test of combat service with the Royal Air Force on thirty different types of British airplanes, including the famous Hurricanes and Spitfires. In addition, American-built Hamilton Standard propellers are serving the British as standard equipment on the majority of American airplanes with the R.A.F.

★ In PRODUCTION: are you keeping pace with airplane requirements?

Yes, we have been delivering Hamilton Standard propellers consistently ahead of schedule, including all our orders for the United States Army and Navy and for Britain. In addition, we are continuing to supply the airlines, all of which specify our propellers as standard equipment.

★ What is your current production?

We are now making more than 2,000 propellers a month—over 75% of America's current production of propellers for combat and advanced training airplanes.

★ How has this been achieved?

We have of course increased our plant area. But more important is the fullest utilization of specialized machinery and a further increase in our practice of extensive sub-contracting. As a result we are now producing twice as many propellers per square foot of plant area as a year ago.

★ How about propellers for the new big bomber program?

We expect to meet this task as well. Production is being further increased both at East Hartford and at our new Pawcatuck plant. In addition we have now licensed Nash-Kelvinator to build complete propellers, using our proven designs and production methods.

★ What of the future?

In the laboratories of Hamilton Standard is a new propeller which promises to improve radically the performance of aircraft, increasing still further America's lead in the air.

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POET OF THE WEEK

Stephen Vincent Benét is the author of *John Brown's Body*, a long epic poem on the Civil War that Laurence Stallings once prophetically said "will bear re-reading as long as there is a memory of our nation." For this special National Defense issue of LIFE, Mr. Benét has permitted the editors to print his latest poem *Listen To The People* (beginning on page 90) in advance of its dramatic presentation over NBC's Blue Network at 4:15 p.m. EDST, July 4.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (*left to right, top to bottom*), and line by line (*lines separated by dashes*) unless otherwise specified.

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ABBREVIATIONS: EXC., EXCEPT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR; W. W., WIDE WORLD.

RECIPE

for making coffee
in your icebox!



1. Make Sanka Coffee by your usual method,* but make it double strength. Use two heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (1/2 pint) of water.



2. Pour your freshly made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.



3. Now...when iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk...not cream. Do not bring milk to a boil.



4. Fill a glass with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee...of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO USE SANKA COFFEE

5. Many people, who are kept awake by the caffeine in hot coffee, should shy away from iced coffee too. For there is more caffeine in iced coffee than in hot coffee! Iced coffee is made stronger...and a tall glass holds more coffee than a cup!

So make your iced coffee with Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffeine-free, and can't keep you awake. It's real coffee...all coffee...and is delicious iced. Best of all...you drink it and sleep!

The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."



*Sanka Coffee comes in "regular," as well as the new "drip" grind.



Sometimes a Man Sees Things Clearer ... in a Shaded Room

Beyond the window, children are laughing in the sun . . . the grocer's boy whistles on his rounds . . . a truck rumbles past.

But in the stillness of his room, Joe Clark isn't thinking of the busy world he'll soon be going back to . . .



He's thinking of the night two weeks ago when Marcia's pleading eyes and the doctor's anxious face told him how desperately ill he was.

For in those fevered hours when no

money could have bought protection for Marcia and the children, he understood—as few men ever can—how much the security he had provided for his loved ones really meant.

And he's remembering how thankful he felt then to his friendly Prudential agent for having persuaded him to take out life insurance years before—when death seemed so vague and far away.

What Life Insurance Plan for a Man of Modest Means?

Among its various *Ordinary* policies, The Prudential offers one which is specially suitable for men who cannot count on putting

aside more than a very few dollars a month for permanent life insurance protection.

Q: What is this policy?

A: The Prudential Whole Life policy on which premiums cease at age 85. It gives you life insurance protection as long as you live and is issued in amounts of \$1,000 and more.

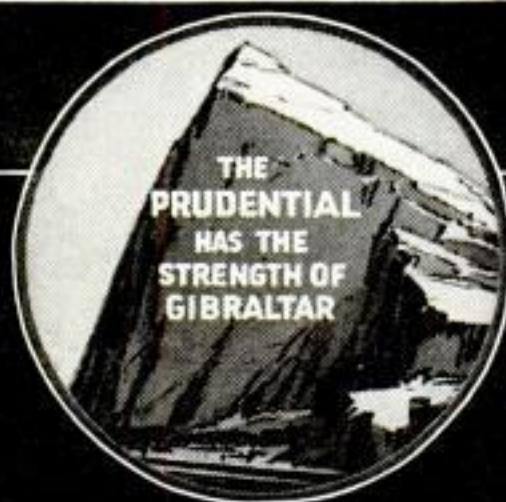
Q: How much are the premiums?

A: At age 30 you can get a \$1,000 policy for \$22.33 a year. Dividends usually begin at the end of the second year. And, of course, any dividends credited will reduce the cost.

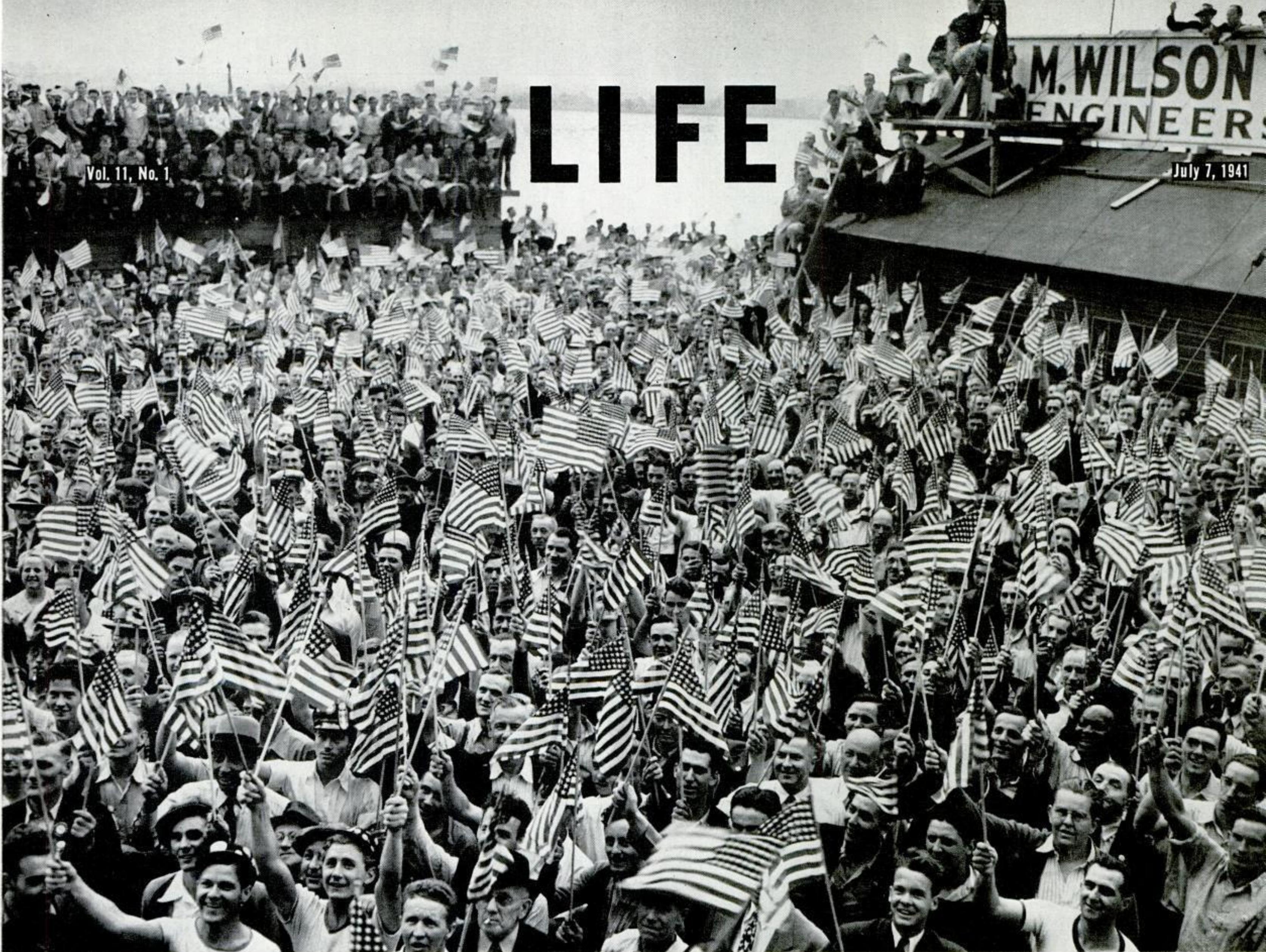
This is just one of The Prudential's many policies—each specially designed to fit the particular life insurance needs and circumstances of different individuals and families.

The Prudential

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INSURANCE COMPANY
OF AMERICA



OPENING OF A NEW DEFENSE PLANT IS TODAY A PATRIOTIC OCCASION. WHEN DISSTON OPENED ITS PHILADELPHIA ARMOR PLATE PLANT, WORKERS CELEBRATED WITH MASSED FLAGS

THE ARMING OF AMERICA

INDUSTRY'S VITAL EFFORT INTRODUCES LIFE'S ISSUE ON NATIONAL DEFENSE

This special issue of LIFE is given over to the arming of America and the effort of the Republic to save its freedom. Words like freedom and independence have a new hard meaning on Independence Day, 1941. Other things have new meanings too. The sizzle of rockets in an evening sky means less today than the hiss of the welder's arc sewing up a ship's side. The waving of Fourth of July flags means less than the flag-waving shown above, for when these workers have finished waving, they will go to work for defense.

For a year now, America has been working for defense. The result of its effort is described in the chart on the following pages. In its industrial effort the country is about where it has a right to expect to be, considering that it is a peaceable nation lacking the real warrior spirit. Considering the awful urgency of the situation, the simple conclusion is this: things could be worse but they should be a whole lot better.

In the pictures which follow, some of the first tangible results of the country's quick tooling-up are shown. Soon the country will begin to get arms in

quantity. They are late in coming and the uncomfortable fact is that time has not been on our side.

But when Germany turned on Russia (see pp. 38-40), the U. S. was given more time in which to prepare—weeks, months, no one knows how much more. For this extra time the U. S. may have to pay in the form of military matériel sent to help Russia fight the Nazis. Already the U. S. arms program is burdened with the

vital responsibility of helping two democracies, Great Britain and China, fight a fight which is not only their fight but also America's.

An honest—but not complacent—examination explains why the U. S. effort has sometimes seemed so slow that the desperate men who knew the dangers felt the people had no eyes, no ears, no understanding. Above all, the U. S. effort has been made without the whiplash of declared war. Not until a year ago was there any real drive forward. But the past year saw the machine move. More than \$3,000,000,000 dollars in new defense plants was authorized or built. Almost \$30,000,000,000 was set aside for defense. The Lease-Lend Act was put in effect. The first peacetime conscription was effected and today the Army stands at a historic peacetime strength of 1,441,500 men and officers.

The country is awake, though not yet aroused. And there are growing signs that America is willing to show the grim purpose that Germany and Britain showed, growing signs that the love for freedom on this Independence Day is greater than the hope for comfort.

DEFENSE IN COLOR

The purpose of this special issue of LIFE is to show its readers, in pictures and words, the mighty stir and drama of the nation's defense effort. To this end, LIFE herewith presents more pages in color than it has ever before printed in a single issue. Among the 20 color pages are photographs of a night bombing mission, portraits of the Army's top generals, the U. S. Marines in a bivouac, the Armored Force in action, camouflage, Army food and seven specially commissioned paintings by leading American artists.

HOW ARE WE DOING IN DEFENSE

Across this chart march the most vital statistics in the country. They show, more clearly and extensively than has ever before been shown, the exact status of the arms program. Here the monthly production of 33 crucial instruments of war is set down as it was 1) last June, 2) this June, and 3) next June. The smallest figures are 1940, the middle-sized ones are 1941, the big ones are 1942. Most of these figures are official or the equivalent. Those which are estimates are carefully weighed.

There are two important factors which do not appear on the chart. The first is that the quality of U. S. arms, piece for piece, is better than that of any other country. The second is that the 1942 figures may well be increased, just as the estimates of the military needs have been raised again and again.

Compared to the last war, this is a brave and worthy effort. U. S. industry did badly in 1917-18. Not until October 1918 could it produce a single good 75-mm.

GUNS

The problem in guns is not only to produce already accepted models as fast as possible but also to develop and build better models. Needed quickly are anti-tank guns bigger than the 37-mm., which cannot pierce the newest armor, and bigger anti-aircraft guns to shoot higher than the present ones.

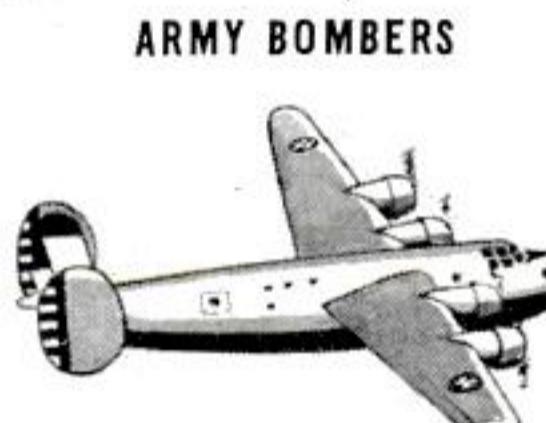
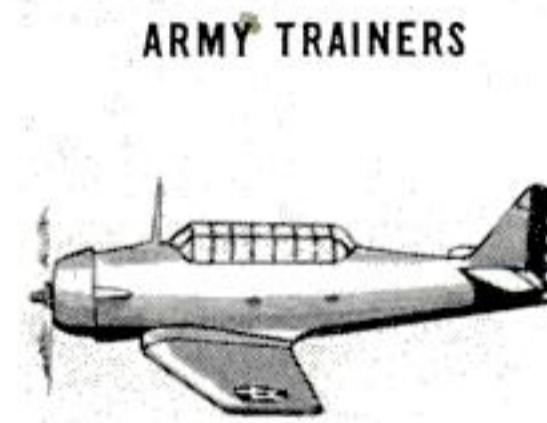
JUNE	1940	6,500 PER MONTH	.50-CAL. MACHINE GUNS	81-MM. MORTARS	37-MM. ANTI-TANK GUNS
	1941	22,500 PER MONTH			
JUNE	1942	52,000 PER MONTH	1,300 PER MONTH	30 PER MONTH	51 PER MONTH



PLANES

American bombers, which equal or surpass any in the world, are better airplanes than American fighters. American air-cooled engines—but not liquid cooled—are the best in the world. A bottleneck in engines has been cleared up but prodigious work in propellers is needed to avert a shortage next year.

JUNE	1940	115 PER MONTH	ARMY TRAINERS	ARMY FIGHTERS	ARMY BOMBERS	NAVY TRAINERS
	1941	275 PER MONTH				
JUNE	1942	650 PER MONTH	500 PER MONTH	77 PER MONTH	24 PER MONTH	65 PER MONTH



TANKS

America has a lot of excellent light tanks. It is just getting its new medium tank—130 for July, which is the month set down in this table. It has no heavy tanks at all and is producing none. The Army has been planning a 50-ton heavy tank, but it has not yet decided on a model, has not given any orders.

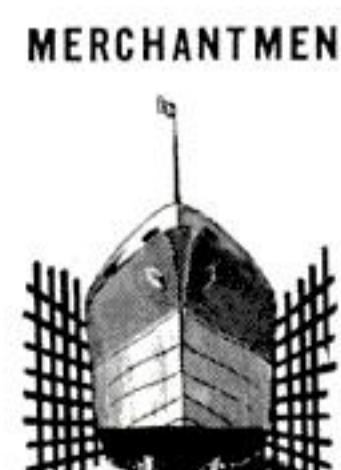
JUNE	1940	20 PER MONTH	LIGHT TANKS	MEDIUM TANKS	HEAVY TANKS	YEAR OF	1940
	1941	260 PER MONTH					1941
JUNE	1942	390 PER MONTH		130 PER MONTH (JULY)	0 PER MONTH	0 PER MONTH	1942



SHIPPING

As in warships, merchant-ship building had a good head start due to peacetime shipping subsidies. But the Battle of the Atlantic makes tremendous demands on shipyards. Germans are sinking shipping at rate of 500,000 tons a month, double combined present production of U. S. and England.

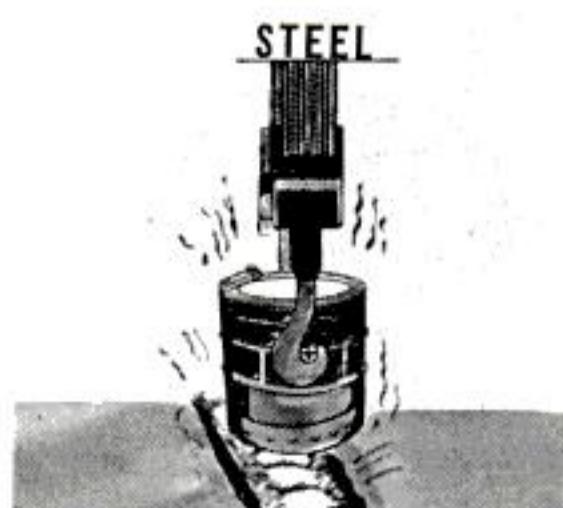
JUNE	1940	35,000 TONS PER MONTH	MERCHANTMEN	MATERIALS	STEEL	ALUMINUM
	1941	84,000 TONS PER MONTH				
JUNE	1942	230,000 TONS PER MO.			5,700,000 NET TONS MO.	34,000,000 LB. PER MO.



MATERIALS

There is a hard rule about vital material in wartime: if there is not enough for both soldier and civilian, the civilian does without. Because there will not be enough steel or aluminum, the citizenry will lack them. Because oil carriers will be diverted to help Great Britain, fuel rationing will probably result.

JUNE	1940	5,700,000 NET TONS MO.	34,000,000 LB. PER MO.
	1941	7,000,000 NET TONS PER MO.	50,000,000 LB. PER MO.
JUNE	1942	7,700,000 NET TONS	65,000,000 LB. MO.



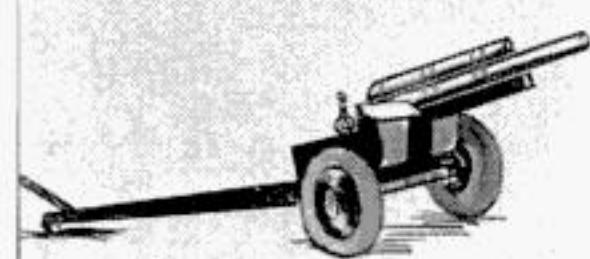
AND WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

gun. Of the 23,405 tanks ordered, it turned out only 80 before the Armistice. U. S. industry was only beginning to roll when the war ended.

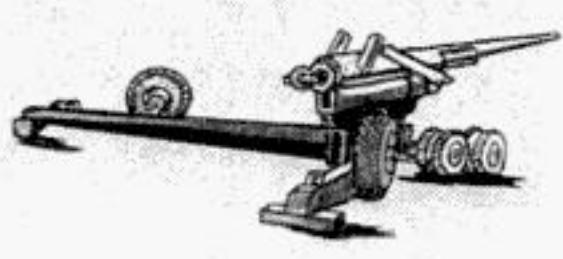
The Army learned then that it had to know more about industry. Patiently it discovered the capacity and ability of industries, gave out small educational orders. But the nation was disinterested, munitions makers were branded as warmongers. By 1939, however, the Army had a good plan to equip a force of 1,000,000 men.

In 1940 the plan was junked. The Army had to get ready to equip 2,000,000 men. Industry had to arm not only America, but Britain and China as well—and now perhaps even Russia. A new plan with a broader base was set up. It required more time spent in preparation, less in production. Had the original plan been kept, the U. S. would right now have more actual equipment. On the new bigger base, production will soon catch up to the schedule of the original plan, then pull speedily ahead.

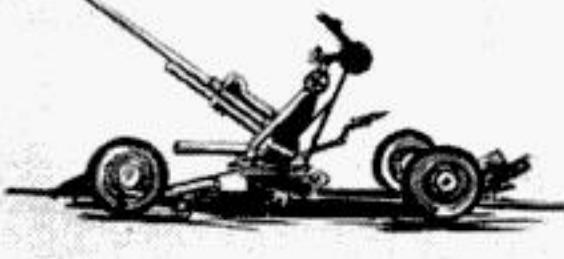
105-MM. HOWITZERS



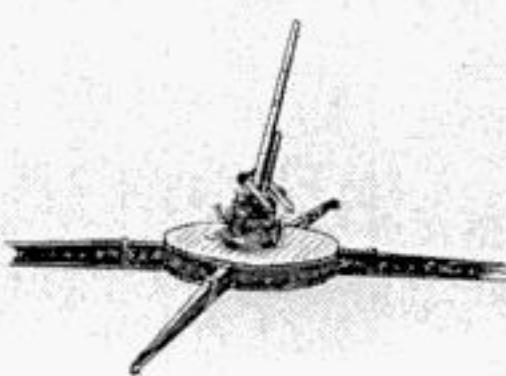
155-MM. GUN



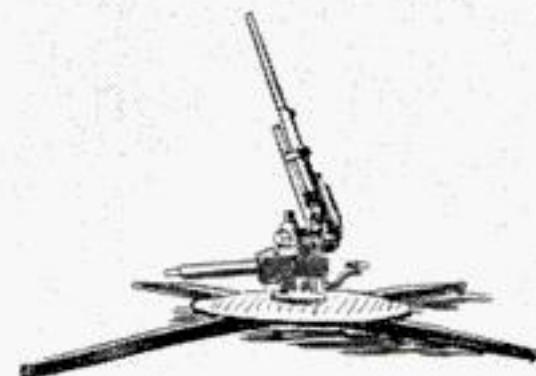
37-MM. AA



3-INCH AA



90-MM. AA



0 PER MONTH

22 PER MONTH

155 PER MONTH

0 PER MONTH

0 PER MONTH

14 PER MONTH

4 PER MONTH

20 PER MONTH

300 PER MONTH

25 PER MONTH

29 PER MONTH

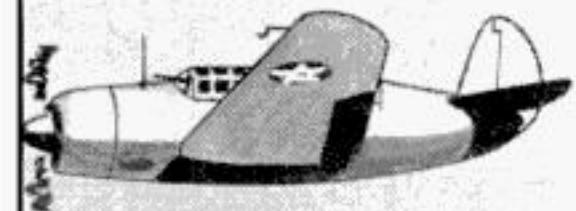
33 PER MONTH

0 PER MONTH

4 PER MONTH

22 PER MONTH

NAVY BOMBERS



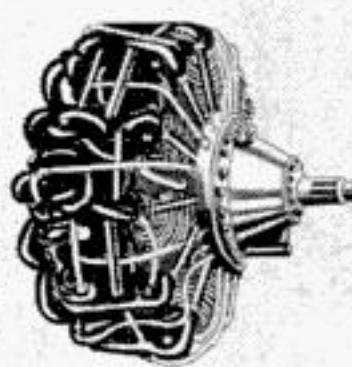
NAVY FIGHTERS



PLANES TO BRITAIN



ENGINES



PROPELLERS



5 PER MONTH

25 PER MONTH

200 PER MONTH

12 PER MONTH

40 PER MONTH

120 PER MONTH

100 PER MONTH

390 PER MONTH

650 PER MONTH

900 PER MONTH

1,800 PER MONTH

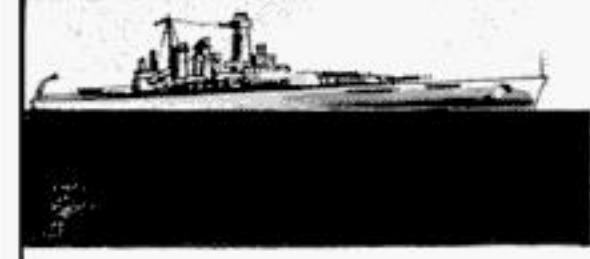
4,500 PER MONTH

650 PER MONTH

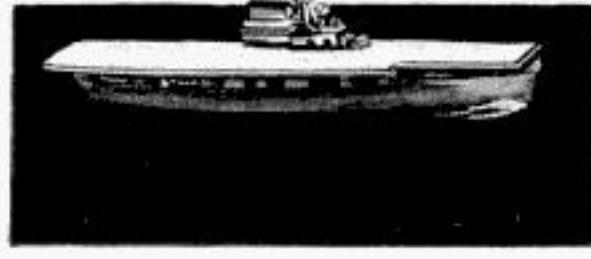
1,350 PER MONTH

4,000 PER MONTH

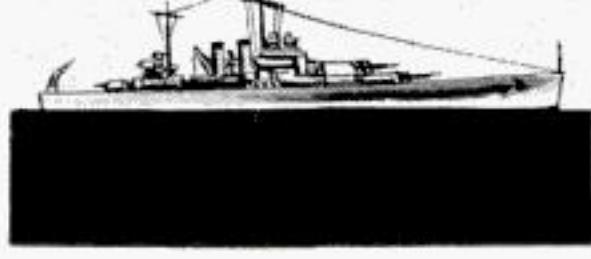
BATTLESHIPS



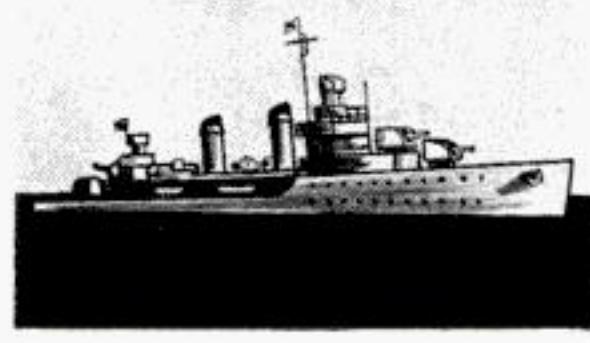
AIRCRAFT CARRIERS



CRUISERS



DESTROYERS



SUBMARINES



0

1

1

19

9

2

0

0

24

9

4

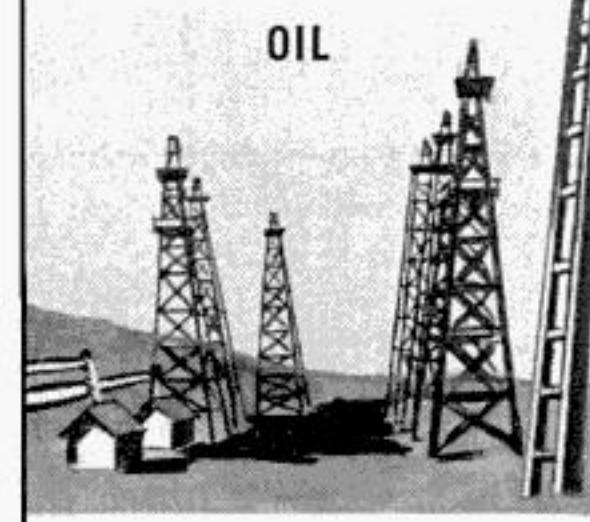
2

2

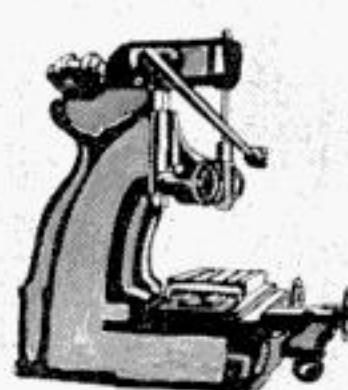
27

23

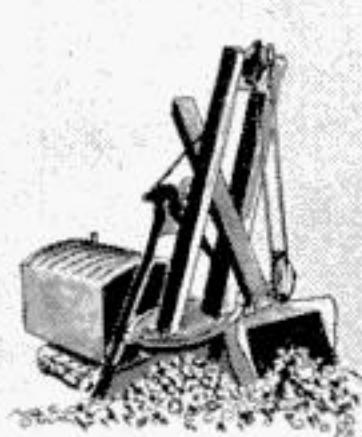
OIL



MACHINE TOOLS



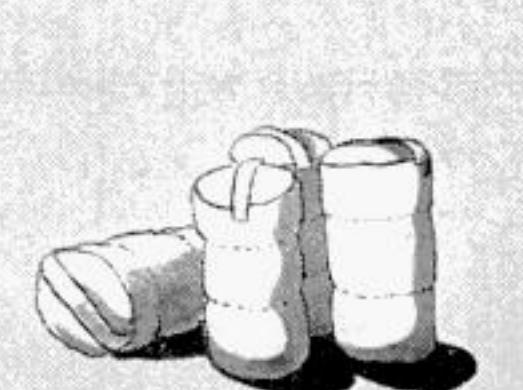
MAGNESIUM



GUNPOWDER

The brightest spot in defense is smokeless-powder production which was almost nothing two years ago and is now mounting astronomically. It is proceeding at such a rapid pace that, unless consumption increases sharply (i.e. war), production may have to stop in six months for lack of storage space.

SMOKELESS POWDER



90,000,000 BBLS. MO.

\$37,500,000 PER MONTH

1,000,000 LB. PER MONTH

100,000,000 BBLS. MO.

\$62,500,000 PER MONTH

2,500,000 LB. PER MONTH

120,000,000 BBLS. MO.

\$70,800,000 PER MO.

5,500,000 LB. MO.

JUNE

1940

1,560,000 LB. PER MONTH

1941

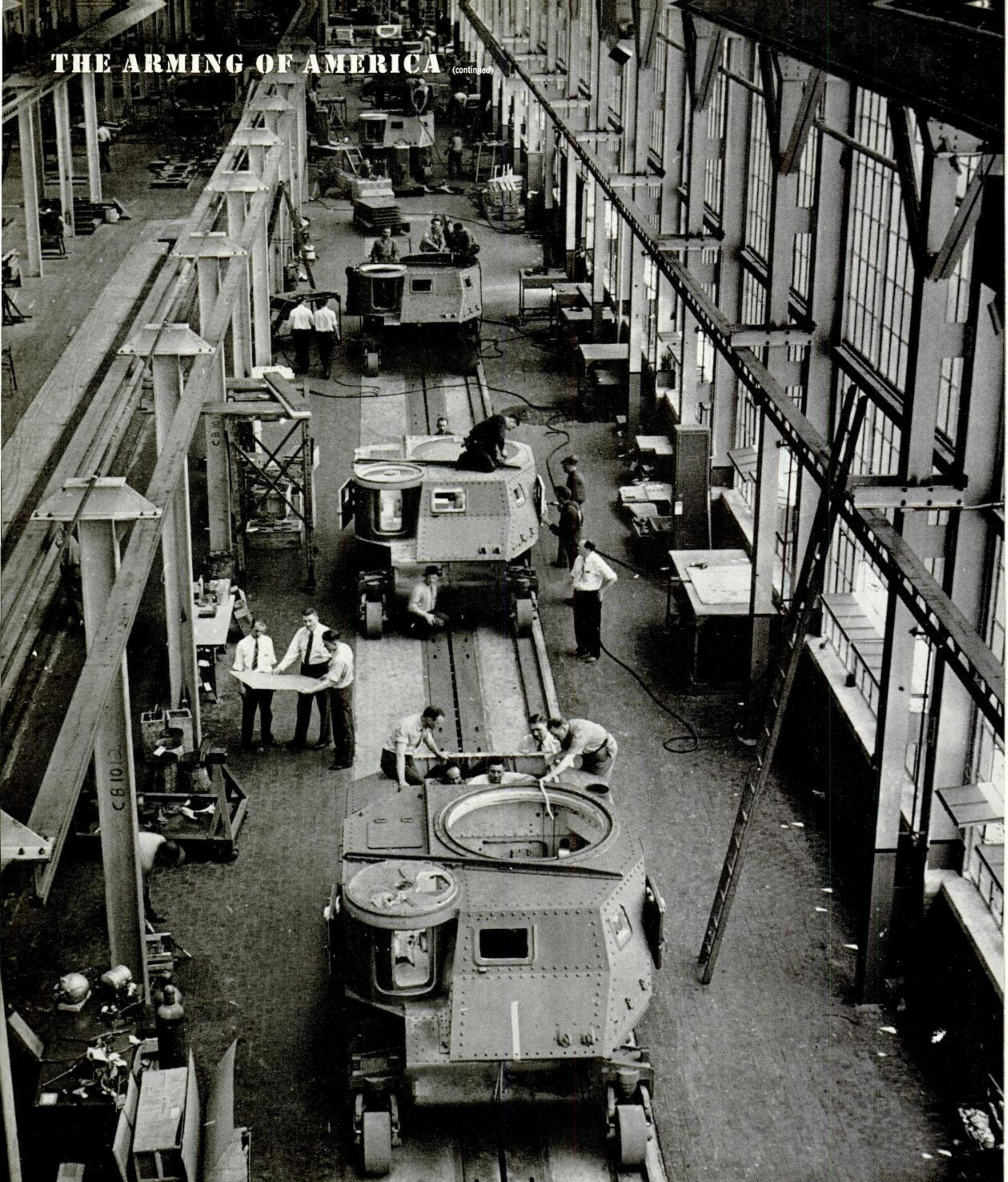
7,800,000 LB. PER MONTH

1942

31,200,000 LB. MO.

THE ARMING OF AMERICA

(continued)



TANKS

Two months ahead of schedule, these tanks stand on the final assembly line of the Chrysler Tank Arsenal in Detroit. They are the biggest and best tanks the Army is producing—the 28-ton M3 mediums which travel 25 m. p. h. and carry six guns, including a 75-mm. From Chrysler, American Locomotive and Baldwin Locomotive plants they

come clattering now at the rate of five a day. The Army has ordered 3,800 of them and expects to have at least half the order filled by next June.

Here at the Chrysler arsenal, everything arrives prefabricated. The engine and parts come finished, the armor plate comes cut to pattern. It is Chrysler's job to put them together fast.



CARS

To handle the huge load of defense transportation, railroads planned to increase their freight and tank-car ownership by 120,000 this year, 150,000 next year. But the builders were held up by lack of material. Finally defense heads gave the carbuilders a high steel priority rating. Now it is the orders from the cautious carriers that the builders need.

Tank cars are a crucial item. They will have to transport oil which has been carried by tankers now diverted to Britain. They will have to haul much heavier loads of defense chemicals. Shown above is the American Car & Foundry Co. plant at Milton, Pa., the biggest tank-car plant in the world. It is making 100 tank cars a week and could turn out 150 if it had the orders.



ARMOR

Once the Navy was virtually the only user of armor plate. This year it needs 380,000 tons of it. Piled on top of this need now is the need of the modern Army which demands huge amounts of this costly steel to protect its tanks, cars, gun shields.

U. S. armor plate is very good and very tough. But production is slow. It dropped off sadly during

peacetime, takes time to get going again. Above in the new Philadelphia plant built by Henry Dissiton & Sons, Inc., whose normal business is the making of handsaws, inspectors are checking dimensions of the finished plates which will go on tanks. The big press at left is straightening out the plate which was curved in its final heat treatment.



GUNS

This is General Motors' AC Spark Plug factory in Flint, Mich. Once it made spark plugs. Now it also makes 50-cal. machine guns. When the plant got the contract, it was given some of the Army's old, grease-encrusted machinery and some old, time-encrusted methods of operation. General Motors, which is making \$88,000,000 worth of machine guns at four plants, re-

furbished both the machinery and the methods. Side pieces, once laboriously machined to shape, are now quickly cast. Small parts, once hand-filed one by one, are now finished by dozens in tumbling machines. AC now rifles 40 barrels in the time it used to take to rifle one. As a result, the finished guns come off the final assembly line (above) at the rate of three an hour.

THE ARMING OF AMERICA

(continued)

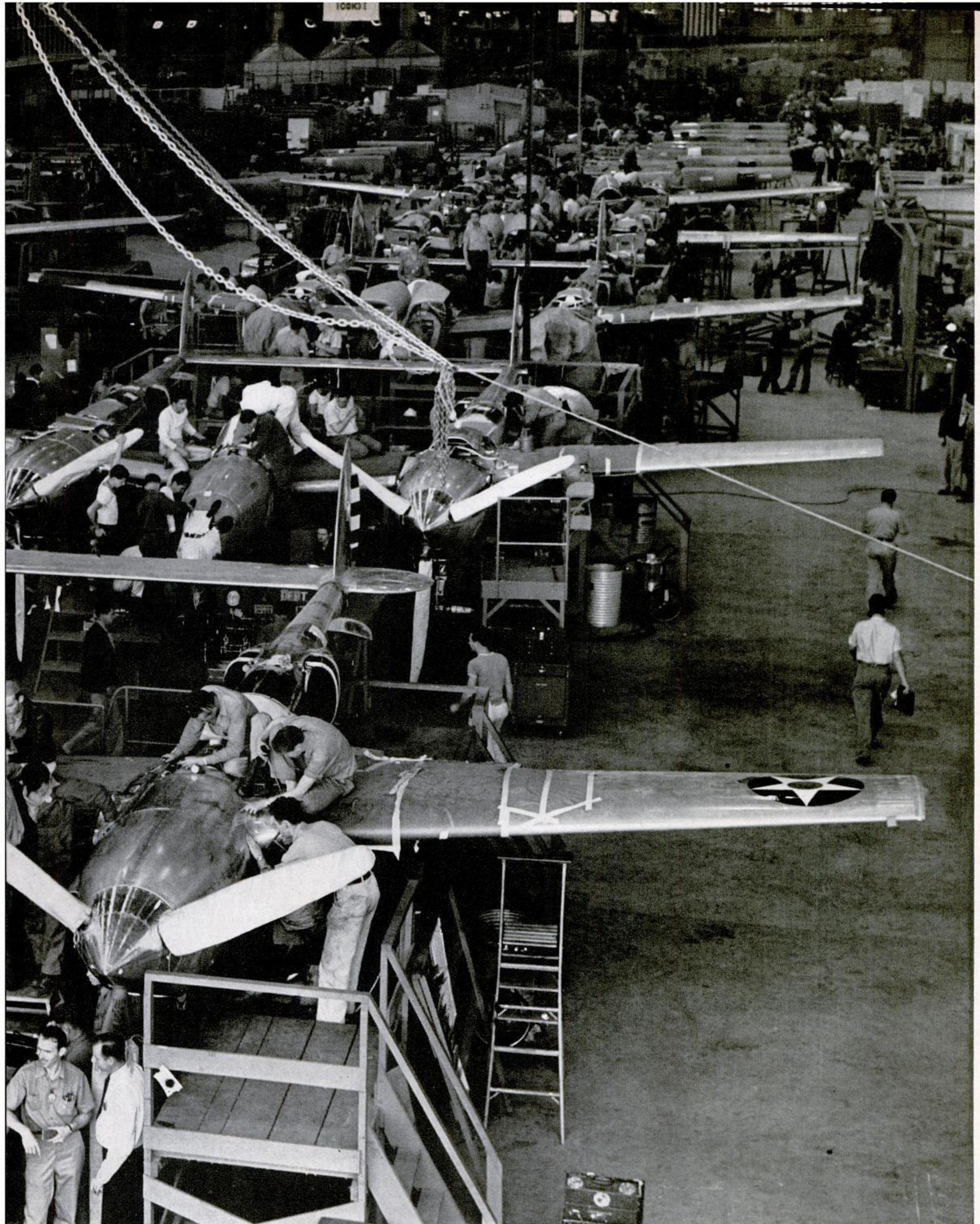


PLANES

Right in front of you is the business end of the production line which is turning out the deadliest fighters in the U. S. Here the final touches are being put on the Lockheed P-38, an interceptor plane which flies better than 400 m.p.h. and carries five guns, topped by a 37-mm. cannon. Planes are

coming off the line at the rate of one a day. But it has taken four years for Lockheed to reach this production pace.

The making of good military airplanes is slow. In 1937 the Army Air Corps ordered one of these radical, two-engined fighters. In the early part of



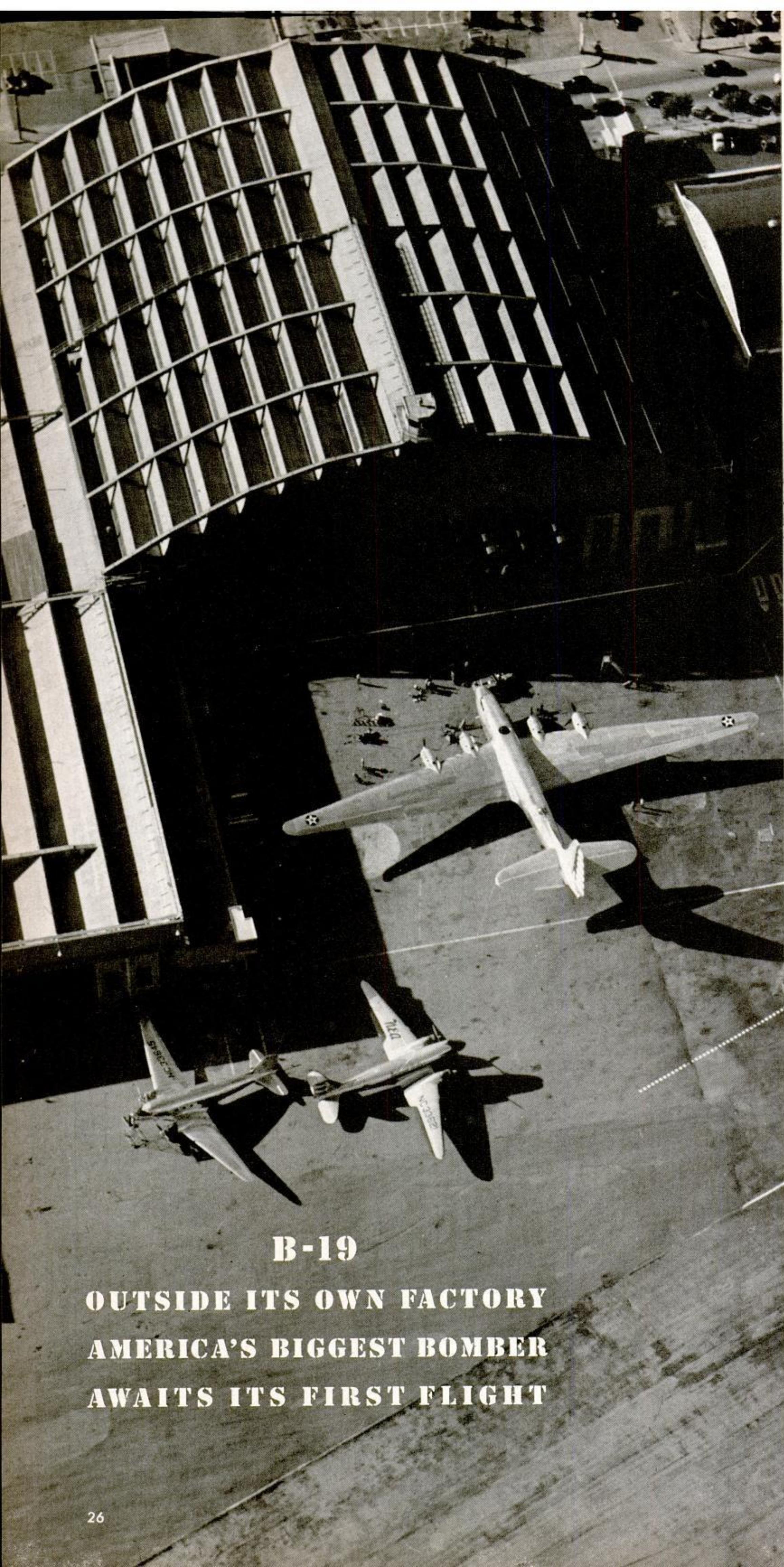
1939 it rigorously tested the first plane and ordered 67 more. In September 1940 it got the first of the 67. The last of them will be delivered in a few weeks and Lockheed will then rapidly get to work on an order for 460 more.

The slow pace was not Lockheed's fault. P-38 design

was experimental and its Allison liquid-cooled engines were untried. As the war in Europe went on, changes had to be made—the plane was equipped with heavier armor, safer fuel tanks, bigger guns. Like all American airplane makers, Lockheed takes comfort in the airplane builders' old axiom: In making 100 planes, it

is far easier to build the second 50 than the first five.

Only a few of the latest European models can outspeed the P-38, whose two engines turn out 2,600 h.p. It has great uses for the U.S. As a quick-climbing, long-range, heavy-firing destroyer plane, it can knock out enemy bombers before they reach American shores.



B-19
OUTSIDE ITS OWN FACTORY
AMERICA'S BIGGEST BOMBER
AWAITING ITS FIRST FLIGHT

BOMBERS **THEY ARE HEAVY** **HITTERS OF AIR**

"In a sense, I guess we didn't know what we were doing when we built our first plane. We never envisaged the plane as a terrible engine of war." So sadly spoke Orville Wright in Cincinnati at the dedication of the new Wright \$37,000,000 engine plant.

Last week Orville Wright would have been more depressed could he have looked down, as the picture at left does, on the world's largest plane, the \$3,000,000 Douglas bomber, B-19, as it rested at Santa Monica, Calif. outside its specially built factory, close to two regular-sized transport planes. Ready for its first flight, it was all Orville Wright dreaded. It was the most terrible engine of war ever built.

But the American people, grown tough at last, were not upset by the B-19. They were proud of it. In time of war, they knew, a nation needs bombers. It needs bombers more than it needs butter and churches and moving pictures. Bombers are the essential nucleus of an air force.

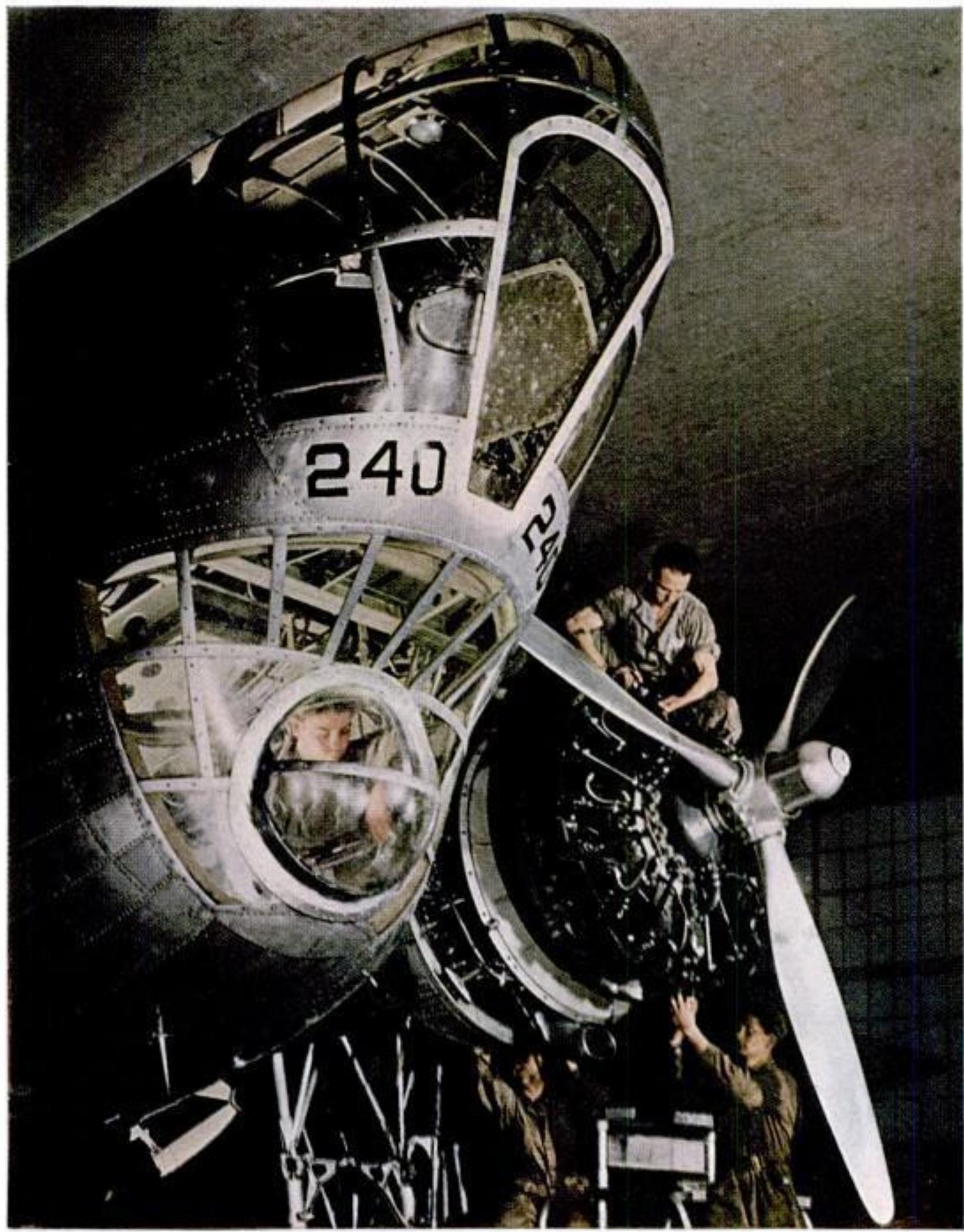
The most important work bombers can do is to destroy the enemy's air force. Once this is done, the enemy's troops, industries and communication systems will be at their mercy. To destroy the enemy's air force, bombers try to surprise it on the ground, blow it up on its own airfields. That is what Germany did in Poland. Says Major General H. H. Arnold, Deputy Chief of Staff, in his new book *Winged Warfare*: "As dawn broke on Sept. 1, 1939, all the airdromes in Poland were burning. The hangars had been destroyed or were on fire. The airplanes on the flying line had been wrecked and set ablaze. Our airmen said, 'They have done it according to the book.'"

How U. S. airmen are practicing such bombing is shown in color at right and on the next three pages. At Barksdale Field, La. the three essential members of a bombardment team—the pilot, who flies the plane; the navigator, who tells the pilot where to fly; and the bombardier, who aims the bombs—are being given simultaneous training. During the day, they take off on practice flights, drop practice bombs on range targets. At night, they take long cross-country flights to test their navigation ability. For LIFE's photographer, a month ago, they staged a bombing mission. Taking off at night, they raced out over the Louisiana countryside. At daylight, they dropped their bombs, turned homeward.

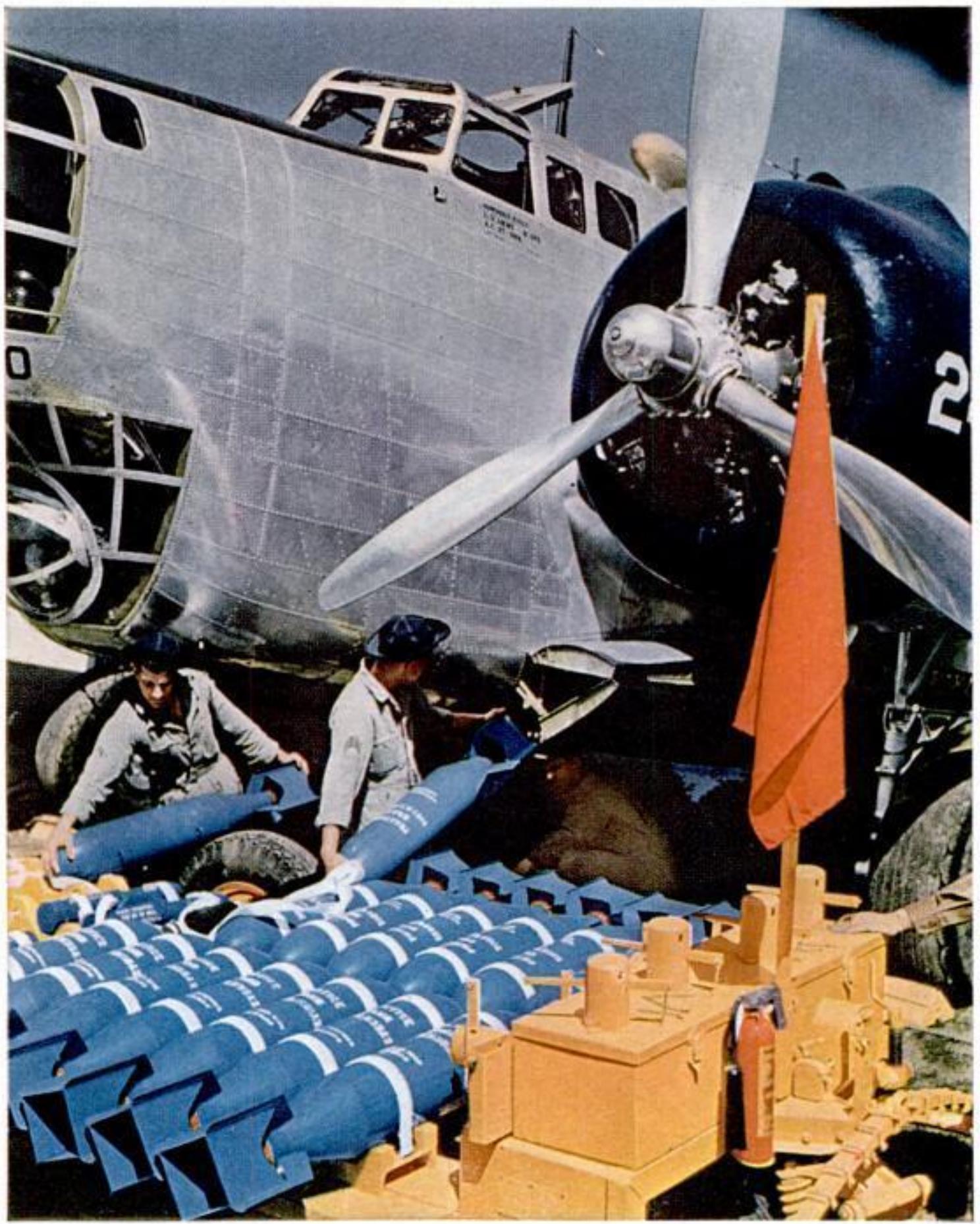
Not always, of course, is it possible to destroy the enemy air force on the ground. Then a long war of attrition sets in. Bombing planes must bomb enemy airplane factories, railroad yards, power plants, docks, troop concentrations and in turn fighter and interceptor planes must shoot down enemy bombers.



Co-inventor of the airplane, Orville Wright, with William Knudsen, inspects new 1,700 h. p. Wright Cyclone engine.



The business end of a B-18A bomber looms in the hangar where mechanics check the engine. In the nose, covered with shatter-proof plastic, are bombardier and gunner stations.



Blue practice bombs are loaded in bomber's belly. They are filled with sand and 5 lb. of black powder. To check accuracy, camera follows bomb's flight, photographs puff as bomb hits.



Officers walk out to planes where crew members are already at their stations. Pilot, co-pilot, navigator are commissioned men. Other six of crew—bombardier, front gunner, rear gunner,

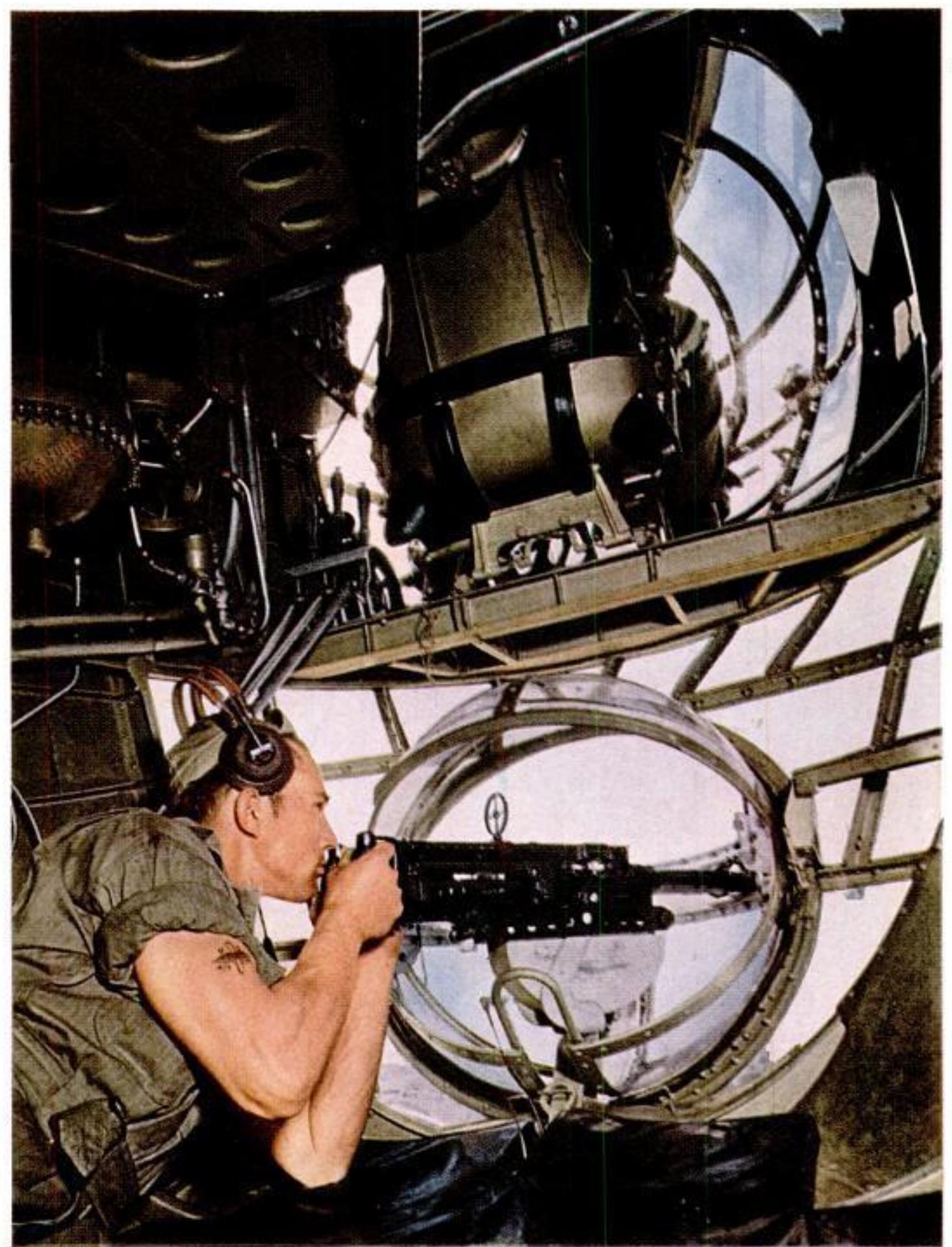
tunnel gunner, radio operator, crew chief—are noncoms. Under future Army policy, however, bombardiers will be officers. Pilot is commander of the plane. Crew chief is all-round man.

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BOMBING MISSION (continued)



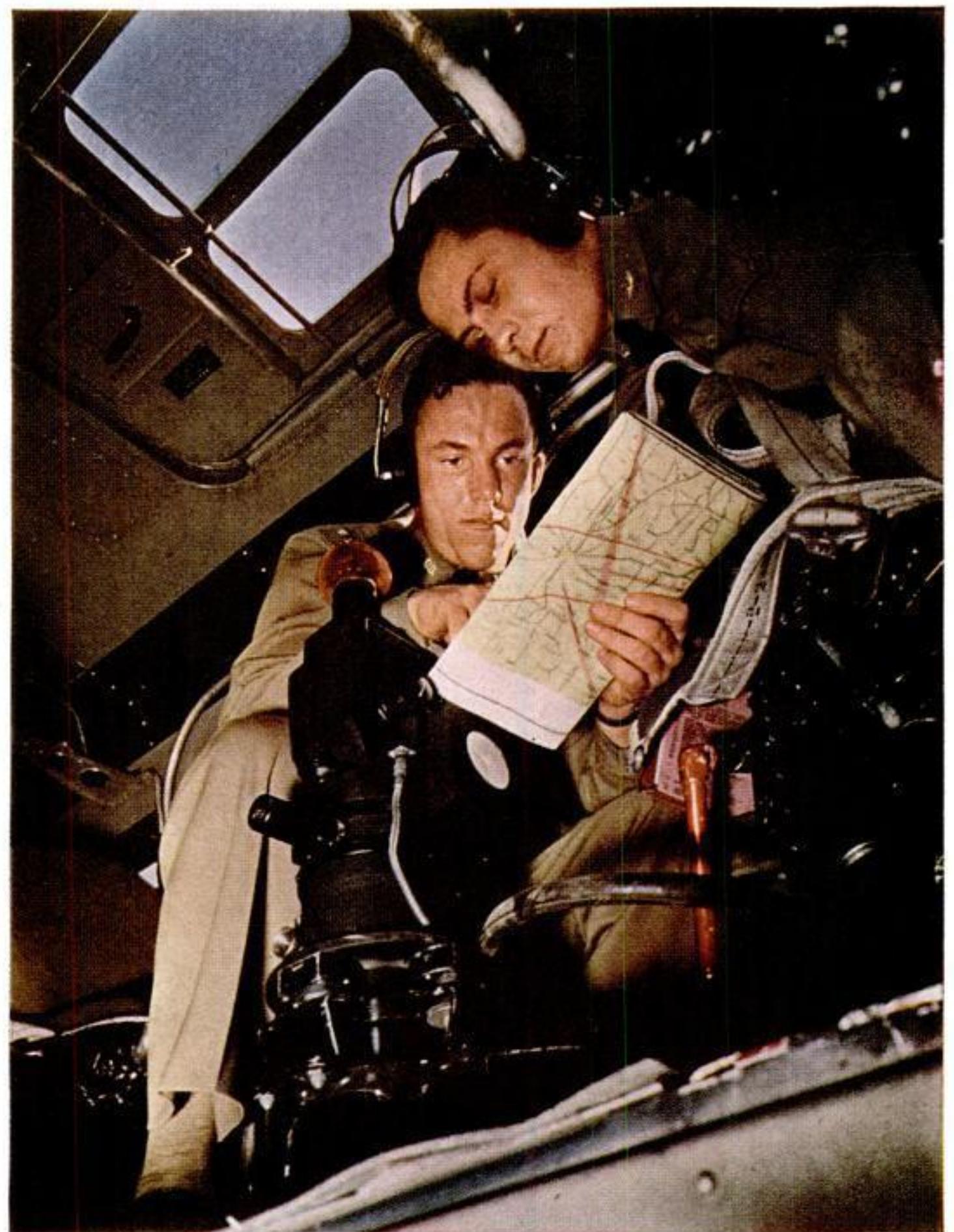
The secret bombsight, most precious and accurate bombing device in world, is carried out of Barksdale's guarded vault in canvas sack by the bombardier, who will take it to the plane.



Inside the nose the gunner lies on the lower level and sights his 30-cal. machine gun. Like all crew members, he has head set connecting with the pilot. The bombardier sits above him.



On the third floor of the bomber—gunner is on first level, bombardier on second—sit the pilot and the co-pilot (*up front*), the navigator and the radio operator (*at the map table*).



Pilot and navigator (left) consult about course. Though phones connect, it is simpler now to turn around and talk. At navigator's knees is drift indicator which helps set course.



At dusk the bombers get ready for a night mission. Crew member, perched atop the escape hatch, directs last-minute adjustments. For night cross-country flying, dim blue lights on

the top of the fuselage and the tail surfaces help ships to follow one another in single-line formation until they near their objective, when they break into a more spread-out formation.



By the light of the moon, the bombers soar off toward their objective, yellow landing lights still on. This war has proved that most bombing of distant objectives has to be done by

night. By day, escorts of fighter planes are necessary to keep off enemy fighters. But fighters have short ranges. At night, when fighters are comparatively ineffective, escorts aren't needed.

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BOMBING MISSION (continued)



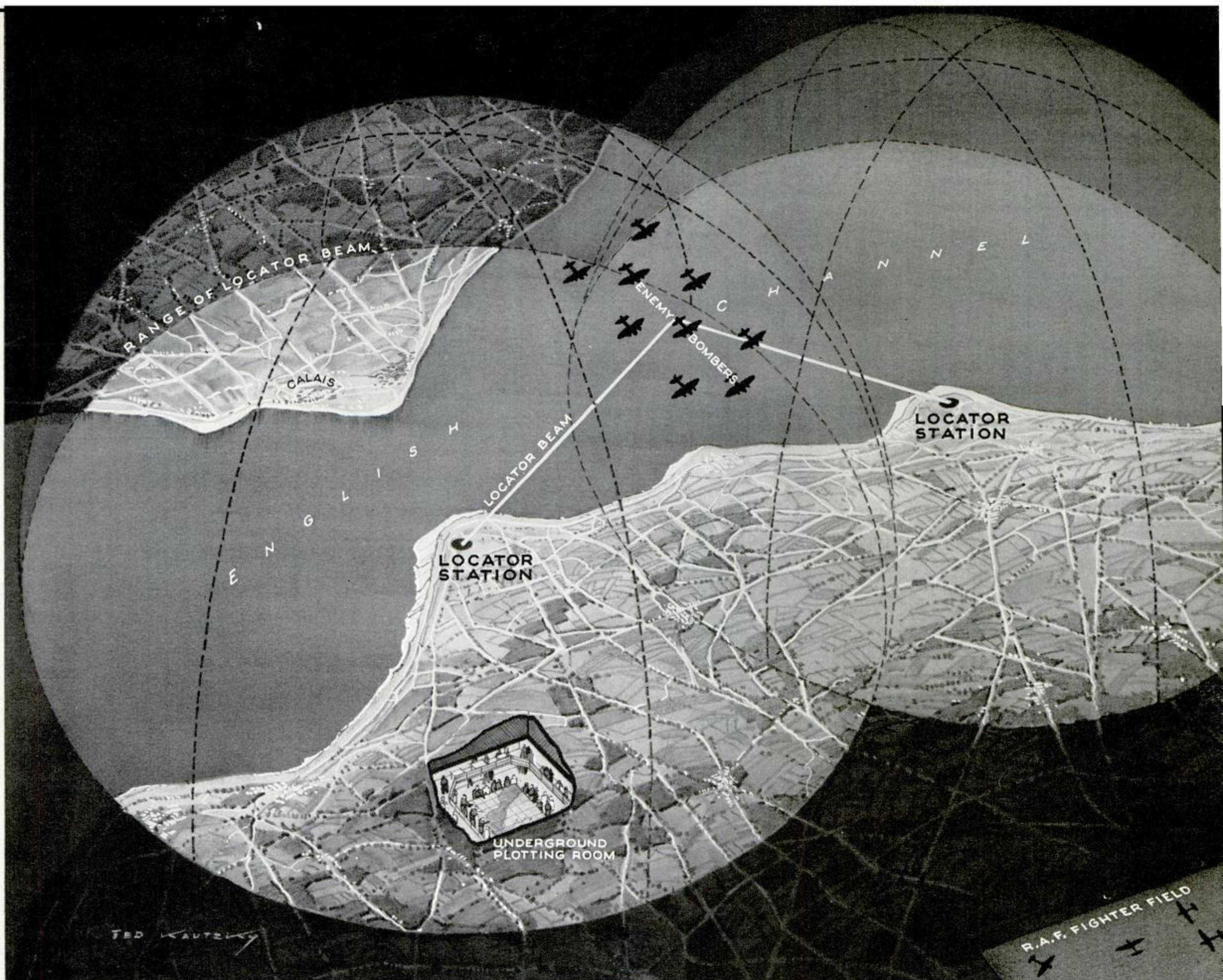
The bombers attack an "enemy" airport whose surface has already been well pitted by practicing bombardiers. A salvo of bombs has just landed (*lower center*) in a group of grounded

aircraft. Skeletons of others stand around the field. Destroying enemy planes is a highly important job so Barksdale bombers get practice on real planes—old crates, long since useless.



Coming home after a successful mission, the nine bombers flying in echelon formation, begin to "peel off" for the landing. Planes land in units of three, ships following each other at

20-sec. intervals. By the time the first three have landed, the others all have passed the field. They circle back and three more land. Remaining three then circle once again and come down.



Radiolocator waves, projected from ground stations, sweep through vast hemispheres of the night sky. The size of these aerial domes is determined by the effective power of the transmitter. Reflected back to their sources by enemy bombers, the waves provide geometrical data

by which the location, speed, altitude and course of the enemy can be triangulated. With indicated ranges upward of 30 miles and with speeds approaching the 186,000 miles-per-second speed of light, radio-wave locators are vastly superior to sound-spotting devices.

RADIOLOCATOR

IT IS A NIGHT BOMBER DEFENSE

By night bombing attacks, such as shown in color with U. S. planes on the preceding pages, Germany last winter brought devastation to the cities of England. But just as all new offensive weapons induce the development of new defensive weapons, night bombers have now met their match. On June 18 Lord Beaverbrook acknowledged officially the long-rumored existence of a radiolocator which, with increasing success during the last three months, has been stalking night-hidden Nazi bombers, setting them up for destruction by the R. A. F.'s night fighters. Since the famous night of May 10 when the radio-guided night fighters brought down a decisive 10% of the attacking force, there has been no large-scale raid on England.

To engineers, the announcement by Lord Beaverbrook and its accompanying statements by R. A. F. officers made it clear that the radiolocator operates in the microwave band of the radio spectrum. Waves in this band, shorter than one meter, approach the wave length of visible light, and like light can be focused, projected and reflected. These quasi-optical waves, transmitted from ground stations and offshore boats, sweep vast domes of sky around and above the

island of Britain. Reflected back by enemy planes flying through, the waves are picked up again at the locator stations. Flashed to R. A. F. plotting rooms deep underground, the data of the locator stations plot the location, altitude, course and speed of the attacking bombers on big maps of England, and are trans-

lated into commands to the night-fighter fields. The fact that German bombers are spotted long before they reach the British coast indicates locator ranges upward of 30 miles.

Application of the locator is doubtless under research and experiment in Germany. But Britain has made good use of its advantage in time. Already, British statements have indicated, a smaller edition of this device is mounted in fighter planes themselves, reducing the task of night fighting to a simple operation in instrument flying. At sea it may soon help to locate submarine packs lurking on the surface in convoy paths.

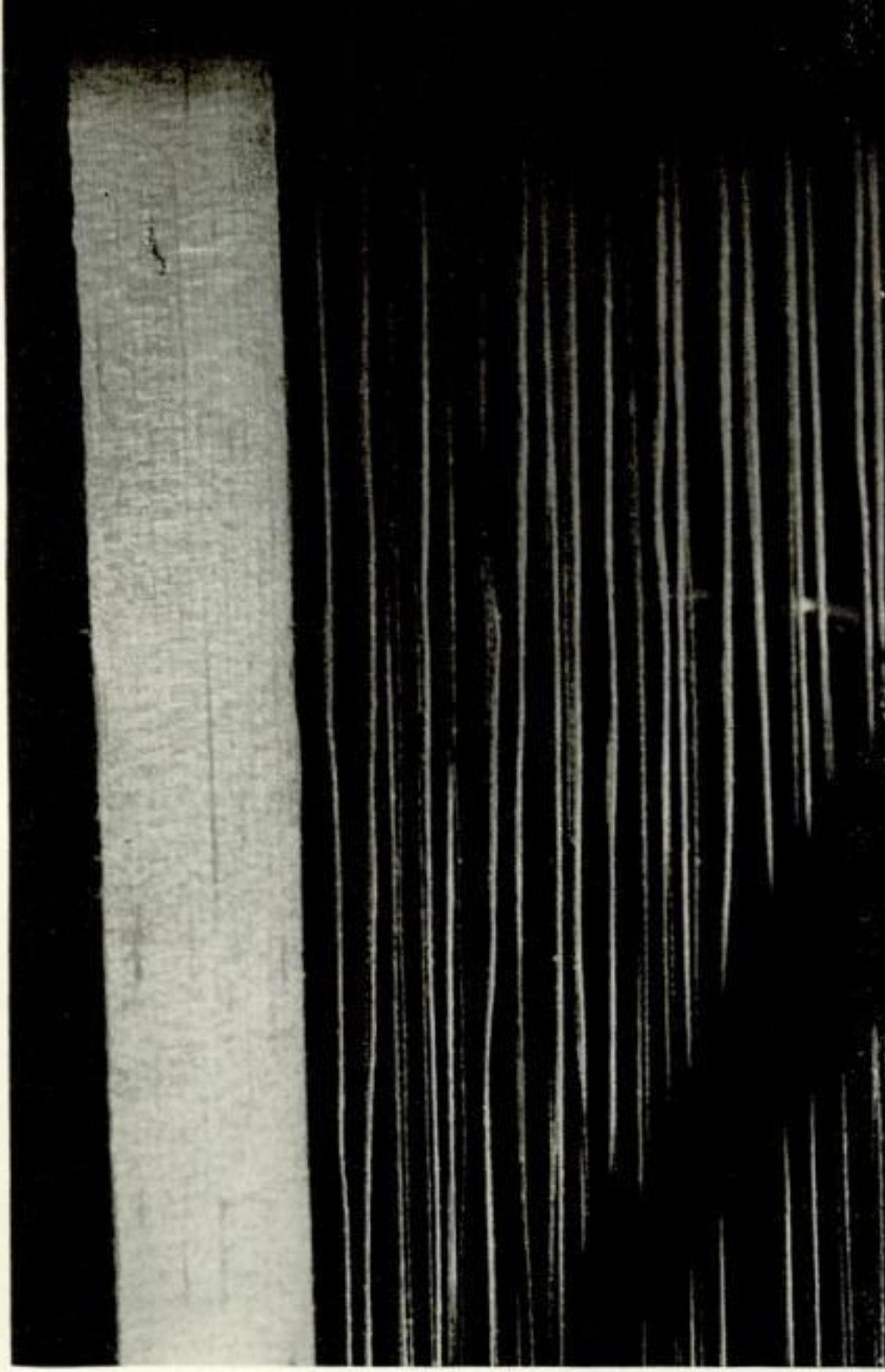
The U. S. Army, meanwhile, has not been napping. In its funds for 1941 the Army, in May 1940, secured \$6,000,000 for the production of radiolocators and establishment of mobile and fixed stations.



Plotting room, underground nerve center of R. A. F. night-fighter commands, spots Nazi planes on map of England with data flashed from radiolocator stations.



37-MM. SHELL, BURSTING FROM MUZZLE, IS HIDDEN IN FLAMING CLOUD OF GAS. NOTE WAD JUST BEHIND CLOUD



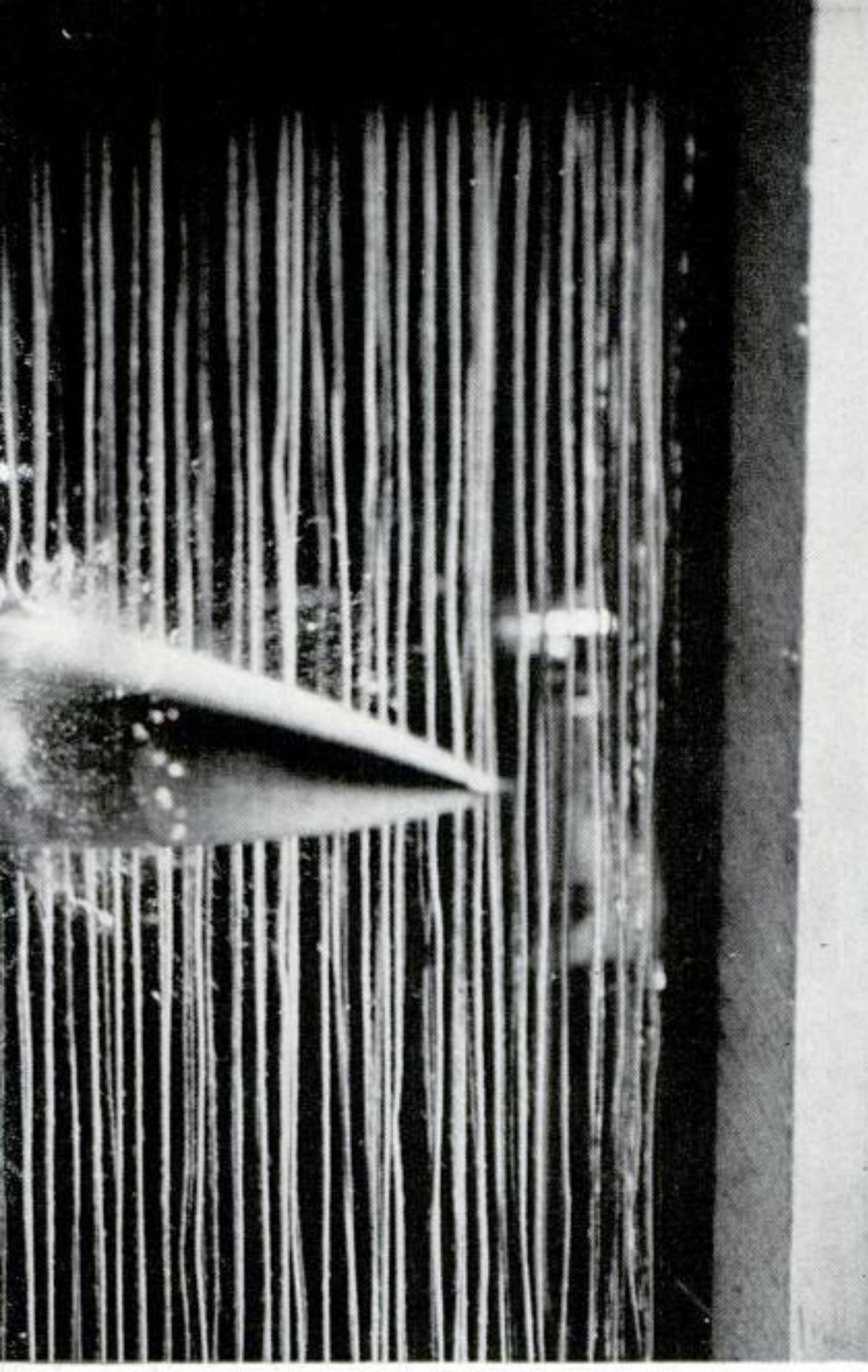
VELOCITY SCREEN WIRES ARE RIPPED BY SHELL. IMPACT



Indoor range at Aberdeen is big enough to permit the indoor firing of 75-mm. field guns. Barrels of various calibers can be

mounted in tubes at firing end of range (*left*). Beyond door down the range can be seen the two velocity screens, through

which the shell travels, tripping the timing mechanisms. At far end, ricocheting shells expend their energy in sand trap.



OF SHELL TRIPS TIMING DEVICE, GIVING SHELL'S VELOCITY



SHELL BENDS MOMENTARILY UNDER HEAT AND SHOCK OF IMPACT ON ARMOR. HEAT VAPORIZES CARBON IN STEEL.

CAMERA STOPS 37-MM. SHELL IN FLIGHT

Show here are the first photographs ever made of a 37-mm. anti-tank gun shell in flight. They show the 2-lb. hard-steel projectile starting from the barrel in a flash of powder at a muzzle velocity of 2,700 ft. per sec., ripping through the wires of a velocity screen and slamming into a slab of armor plate, with a flare of gas from the steel.

These pictures were taken in the indoor range at the U. S. Army's ordnance proving ground at Aberdeen, Md. by LIFE Photographer Gjon Mili, with the technical collaboration of Professor Harold E. Edgerton of M. I. T., inventor of the high-speed flash system that makes such pictures possible. To stop the shell on the camera film, they stepped the flash speed to 1/500,000th of a second. Pictures like these make news even for ballistics experts and are rapidly coming into their own as a tool for ordnance research.

Aberdeen Proving Ground is the Army's test and experiment laboratory for the prime tools of war—pistols, rifles, cannon, powder, bullets, shells, grenades, tanks and armor. At Aberdeen the abstract formulas of strategic needs are translated into things like a new 105-mm. howitzer, an improved tank turret, a smokeless, flashless powder. Into its shops come the pilot models for the grueling tests by which a new piece wins its "Mark" of official approval for production.

The daily schedule of the tests crowd the 36,000 acres of range and fill the air with the noise of a fair-sized battle. The longest gunfire range for coast defense is over the bay. The shortest is the indoor range for small caliber arms. A vital product of the daily expenditure of ammunition of all calibers is the firing tables that are the basis for the gun captain's trigonometry in the field. For exact performance tables, even the field artillery's big 75's are fired indoors through the velocity screens of the range shown on these pages.



Slab of armor plate is pocked with craters and studded with impacted 37-mm. shells. Craters, from which shells have rico-

cheted, indicate the tremendous heat and pressure generated by shell's impact. These shells were fired with varied charges.



FOR MOST OF THE 1,325,000 U. S. SOLDIERS IN 202 ARMY POSTS WHO HAVE CHOSEN DOROTHY LAMOUR AS THE MOST POPULAR SUBJECT FOR BARRACK DECORATION, LIFE PRINTS

*Dottie
Lamour*

**SHE IS THE NO. 1
PIN-UP GIRL OF
THE U. S. ARMY**

(AA)
Among a soldier's few personal belongings, none is more cherished than his "foot-locker art." This is his collection of photographs and drawings pinned inside the lid of the small Army trunk that stands at the foot of his cot. Besides a snapshot of his mother and maybe his sweetheart, the foot-locker gallery generally contains symbols of that powerfully attractive feminine world from which the soldier is temporarily removed. More exuberant rookies allow this art exhibit to burst from its secret locker, and then the barrack blossoms with printed portraits of the type of beauty closest to a soldier's heart.

Last month, when the editors and photographers of LIFE made an intensive survey of Army posts, they found one woman's picture outnumbering 3 to 1 all others pinned to foot-locker lids and barrack shelves. Beside her, Lana Turner and Ann Sheridan were merely runners-up. Compared to her, Artist George Petty's streamlined bathing girl was simply another also-ran. Everywhere, it seemed, an endless succession of portraits gave mute testimony that Dor-

othy Lamour is No. 1 pin-up girl of the U. S. Army. What there is about this sultry young woman that endears her to America's fighting men is hard to say. Though they crowd her movies at nightly shows in camp, they are indifferent to her acting talent. They neither know nor care that she was born in Louisiana 26 years ago, that she was once "Miss New Orleans" in a beauty contest, that she worked as an elevator girl in Chicago, that she is divorced from Band Leader Herbie Kay. What they plainly like is the pretty pout of her mouth, the easy languor of her movement, the seductive curve of her figure.

To put the Army's taste in women to a practical test, LIFE asked Battery A of the 15th Coast Artillery in Hawaii to give a party for Miss Lamour, vacationing in Honolulu. They jumped at the chance, chose lots to call for her, took her swimming in the surf, ate with her, sang with her, accepted her autographed sarong as a company trophy. Frankly enamored of Miss Lamour's unabashed sex appeal, Battery A decided she was "the world's best sport."



THIS PORTRAIT OF HER. THOUGH SHE HERE WEARS A SWIM SUIT INSTEAD OF HER MORE FAMILIAR SARONG, THIS PICTURE EXPLAINS WHY MISS LAMOUR IS THE ARMY'S FAVORITE



From an old campaign hat, Battery A men draw lots to determine which of them will be the lucky four to escort Miss Lamour to their beach party near their temporary camp in Hawaii.



An escort of honor calls for Miss Lamour at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Battery A's station wagon. In the lobby each escort (driver is extra) gave her a lei of pink and white carnations.

DOTTIE LAMOUR (continued)



BATTERY A MEN RUSH DOTTIE INTO THE SURF WITH SUCH GUSTO THAT THEY KNOCK THE WIND OUT OF HER. SHE WAS CUT BY CORAL AND DOCTORED BY THE CAPTAIN



DOTTIE GETS A MESS KIT AND SITS DOWN TO A BEACH SUPPER OF POTATO SALAD, COLD CUTS, CHOCOLATE CAKE AND ICE CREAM WITH 200 SLICKED-UP SOLDIERS



AFTER SUPPER DOTTIE AUTOGRAPHS EVERYTHING FROM PLAYING CARDS TO HATS, TIES AND HANDKERCHIEFS. FOR BATTERY SHE INSCRIBES GREEN-AND-WHITE SARONG.



A SONGFEST AROUND A CAMPFIRE ENDS THE EVENING WITH DOTTIE CROONING "MOONLIGHT AND SHADOWS." BATTERY MUSICIANS AND MEN JOIN HER IN A FINAL "ALOHA."



Stalin's portrait, showing him in what looks like a British "Thumbs Up" attitude, is captured by German engineers.



Two rubber boats bridged by a wooden platform form a ferry for Panzer troops where Russians have blown a bridge.



Big-scale shelling and bombing is indicated by this blazing wreckage of an unnamed town taken by German advance.

WAR IN RUSSIA

HITLER INVADES THE SOVIET UNION AND ADDS TO U.S. DEFENSE THE WHOLE RED ARMY

On the second day of the summer of 1941, Nazi Germany promoted Soviet Russia to the select company of its fighting enemies. By so doing, it temporarily increased the defenses of the U. S. by the whole Red Army, consisting of perhaps 140 infantry divisions, 33 cavalry divisions, 10,000 tanks and 4,000 combat planes. For Hitler's treacherous attack on his Communist ally was a gigantic stroke of luck for hard-pressed Britain and the unprepared U. S.

Hitler proposed to destroy the Red Army in a month. Even if the invasion of all the Russias turns out to be longer and more expensive than he expects, it may still give him the large industrial production and raw materials mapped on the opposite page.

The opening week of this "biggest battle in the history of the world" produced few facts and only the German radiophotos shown on this page. The pictures were almost indistinguishable from similar Nazi releases from Poland, the Low Countries, France, Yugoslavia and Greece. They gave the usual dim hint of what U. S. factories and soldiers must build to beat.

On this vast battlefield at least five million men in German gray-green and Russian khaki maneuvered. In the first dark week of battle, the Russians fought hardest to defend the Ukraine in the south, and there in Bessarabia and Galicia the Germans made slow going. In the north, between the Pripet Marshes and Lithuania, the Germans struck with all their might.

Even educated Americans know very little about this greater Europe east of Vienna, home of 200,000,000 Poles, Rumanians, Great Russians, White Russians, Finns, Ukrainians, Germans, Hungarians and assorted Slavs, Mongols and whatnot. Even less do Americans know the bloody story of huge, silent wars fought since the pre-dawn of history in these parts.

The rampaging hordes of Scythians, Avars, Goths, Huns, Slavs, Bulgars, Magyars crawled endlessly up one another's backs. They were all swept aside by the Mongols of Genghis Khan. A thousand years ago began the shifting feud between the Teutons and the Russians. In 1410 the Teutonic Knights were at last smashed by the Slavic Poles and Lithuanians. Headed by the Romanovs, the Great Russians made themselves slowly the masters of half the known world and 188 obscure races.

At Poltava in 1709 (*battles are marked on the opposite page with crossed swords*) Czar Peter the Great smashed the famed Yellow, Blue and Green infantry of the Swedes. At Friedland in 1807, Smolensk and Borodino in 1812, Napoleon smashed the Russians, but he lost his army in the undisciplined march home from burned Moscow. The Russians tried to gobble the crumbling empire of the Ottoman Turks and were opposed by the British and French at Balaklava and Inkerman in the Crimea. At Plevna in 1877 the Russians won an unprofitable victory over the Turks.

But the greatest and costliest war between the Germans and Russians was that of 1914-18. On the remote Eastern Front, such men as Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Hoffman, Mackensen won their laurels. The first three conspired to win the most complete victory of the war in its first month at Tannenberg, destroying the army of Samsonov, who committed suicide. Then at the Masurian Lakes the same three drove Rennenkampf off. But meanwhile the Russians had roundly defeated the rotten Austro-Hungarian Army at Lemberg and the Germans went south to help their allies. For lack of troops at critical times, Hoffman called it the War of Lost Opportunities. But at Gorlice and Riga, the Germans

began to win, experimenting with infiltration tactics.

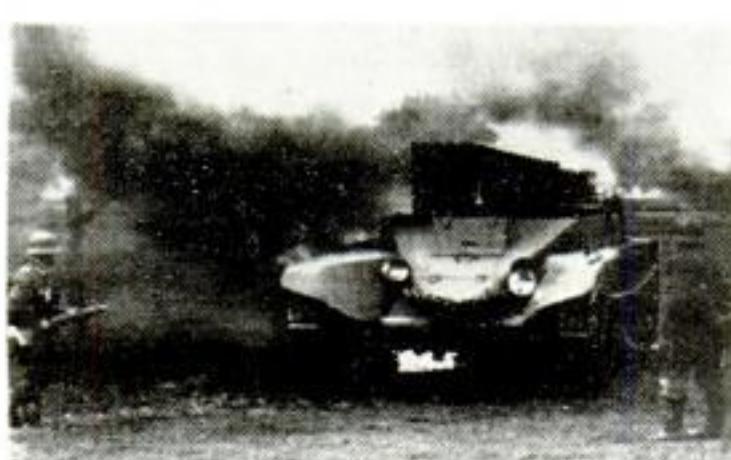
It was the German General Staff which helped on the Bolshevik Revolution by rushing Lenin across Germany in a sealed train from Switzerland to the Russian frontier in April 1917. Lenin offered the Germans peace and they made him pay for it with the brutal Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which set up puppet states in the Ukraine, Poland, Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia and Finland, and exacted a "non-indemnity" of 300,000,000 gold rubles from the Bolsheviks. The Russians escaped from this treaty only because Britain, the U. S. and France won the war. But in the 1918 breakdown of all the Russias, the German Army swept ever eastward, until it stood along the banks of the Don River and the Sea of Azov.

Of that "unknown war" of 1914-17 on the Eastern Front, Winston Churchill once wrote: "In its scale, in its slaughter, in the exertions of the combatants, in its military kaleidoscope, it far surpasses by magnitude and intensity all similar human episodes. It is also the most mournful conflict of which there is record. All three empires, both sides, victors and vanquished, were ruined. Ten million homes awaited the return of the warriors. But all were defeated; all were stricken; everything that they had given was given in vain. The hideous injuries they inflicted and bore, the privations they endured, the grand loyalties they exemplified, all were in vain. Nothing was gained by any. They floundered in the mud, they perished in the snowdrifts, they starved in the frost. Those that survived, the veterans of countless battle-days, returned, whether with the laurels of victory or tidings of disaster, to homes engulfed already in disaster."

To see the rough opening strategy of Adolf Hitler's 1941 invasion of Soviet Russia, turn the page.



Huge Russian prisoner is still dazed by the shelling that forced him out of his pillbox.



Russian tank, a lightly armored 10-ton type seen in Spain, burns after anti-tank gun hit.



Four-horse supply wagon, leading two extra horses, heads this German infantry column.

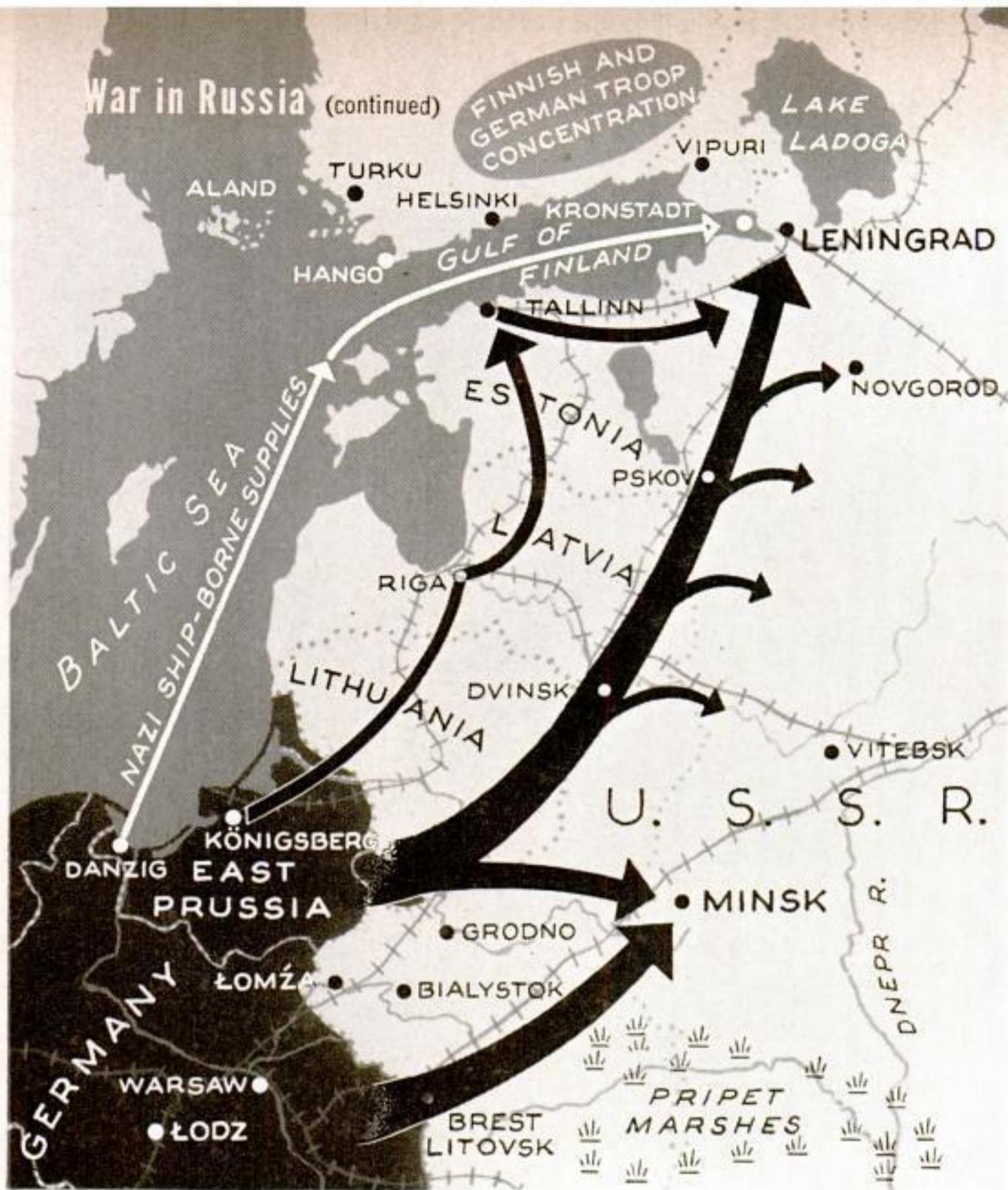


Civilians and police in Russian Poland throw up their hands for German photographer.



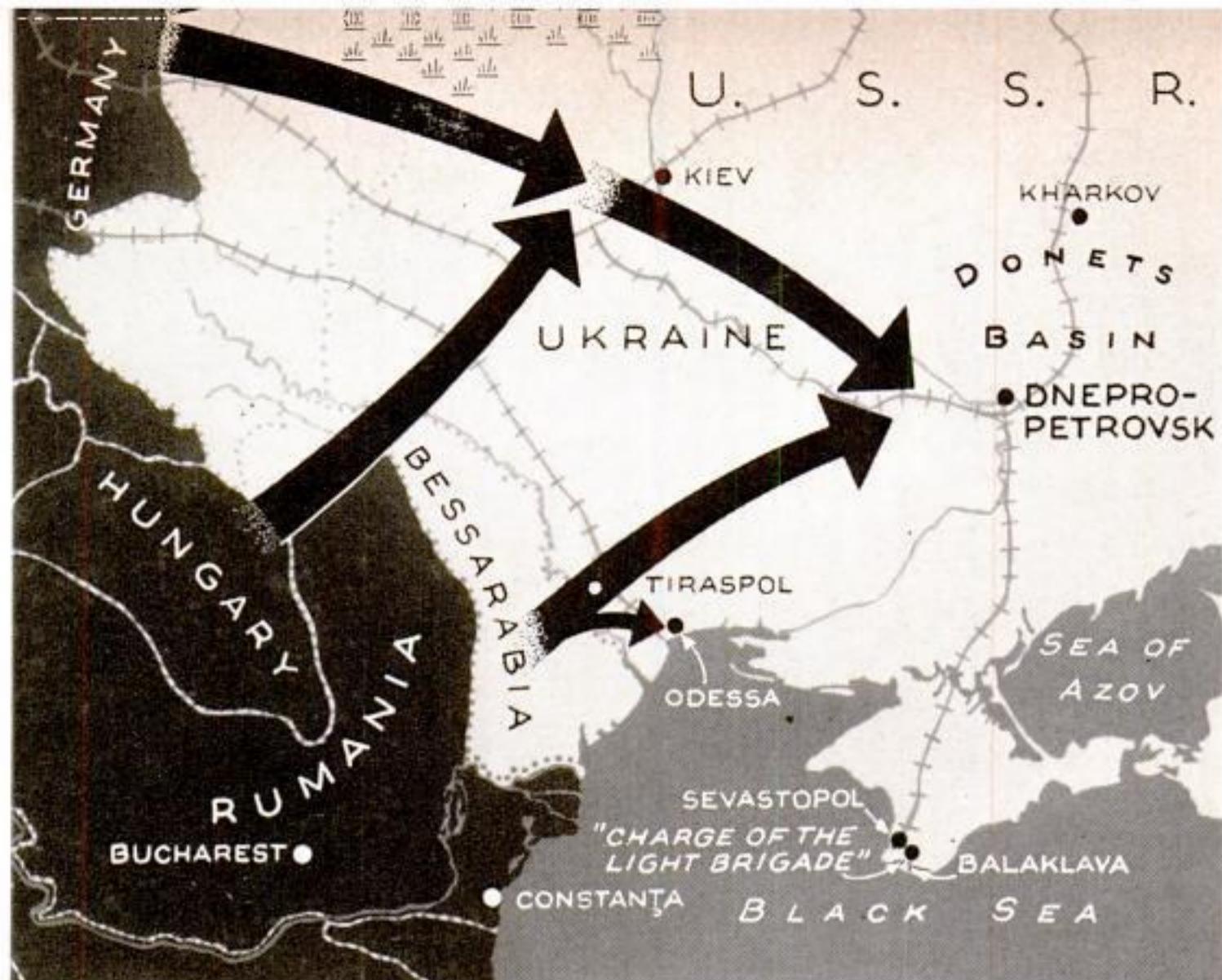
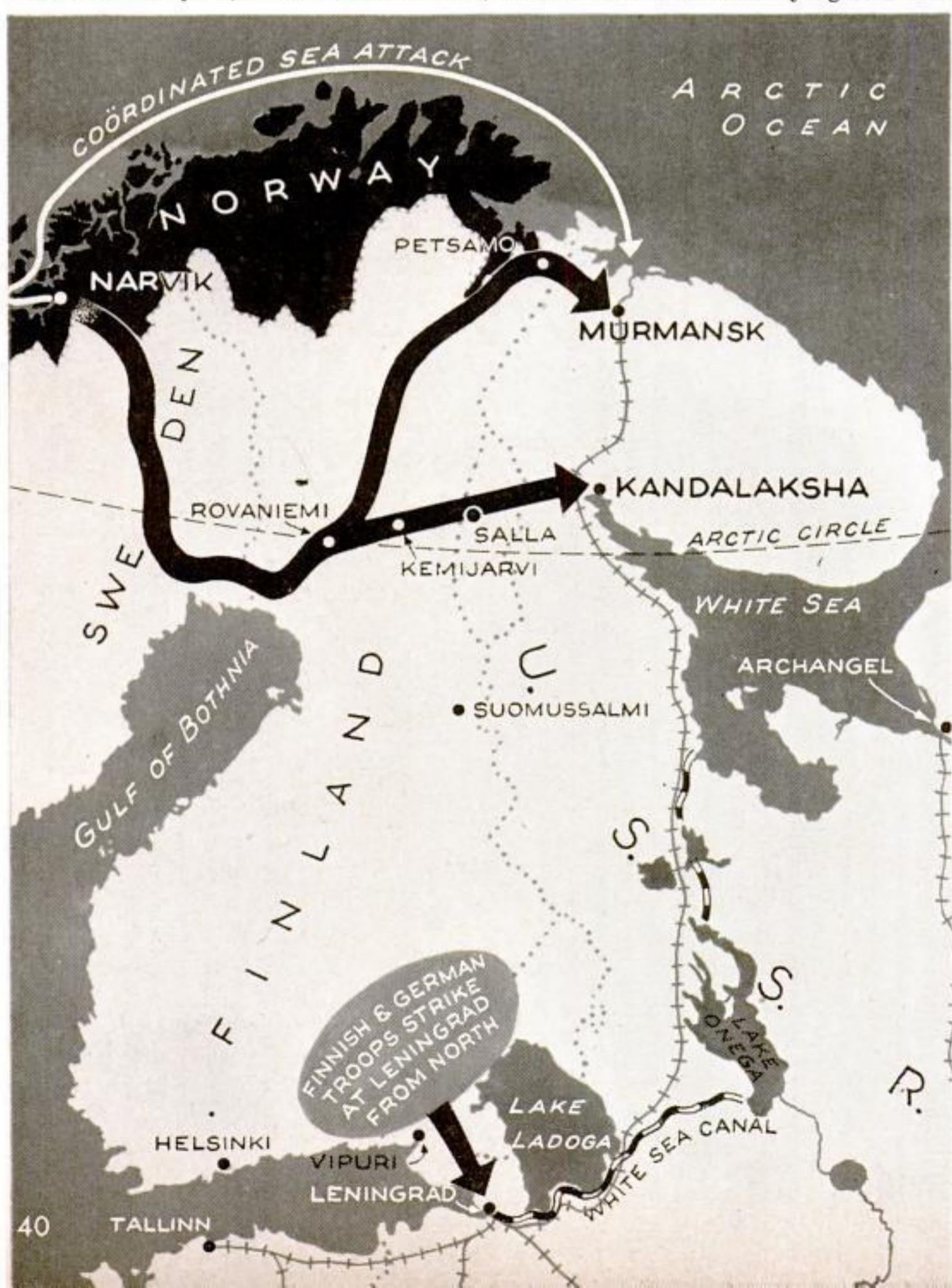
The riches of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (incorrectly called Russia) are shown above by symbols explained in the upper right-hand corner. Notice that the minerals are concentrated far from Germany in the Donets Basin, the Urals and the Caucasus, that the factories have deliberately been dispersed eastward. Even the fall of Moscow will not paralyze Russia. And the area north of the Pripet Marshes, where the Nazi horde advanced last week, is almost barren. The great grain-growing region of the south is shown in a gray tone.

All last week's fighting was in the non-Russian regions that the Soviet had previously grabbed while Germany's back was turned: Rumanian Bessarabia and Bukovina, eastern Poland, Lithuania and eastern Finland. German areas are shown black. Notice rickety Russian railway system, making north-south movement of troops difficult. Not much good in a quick war is the magnificent canal system, shown in double lines, which so links up the rivers that Moscow is connected with Leningrad, the Baltic, the Volga and the Caspian Sea.



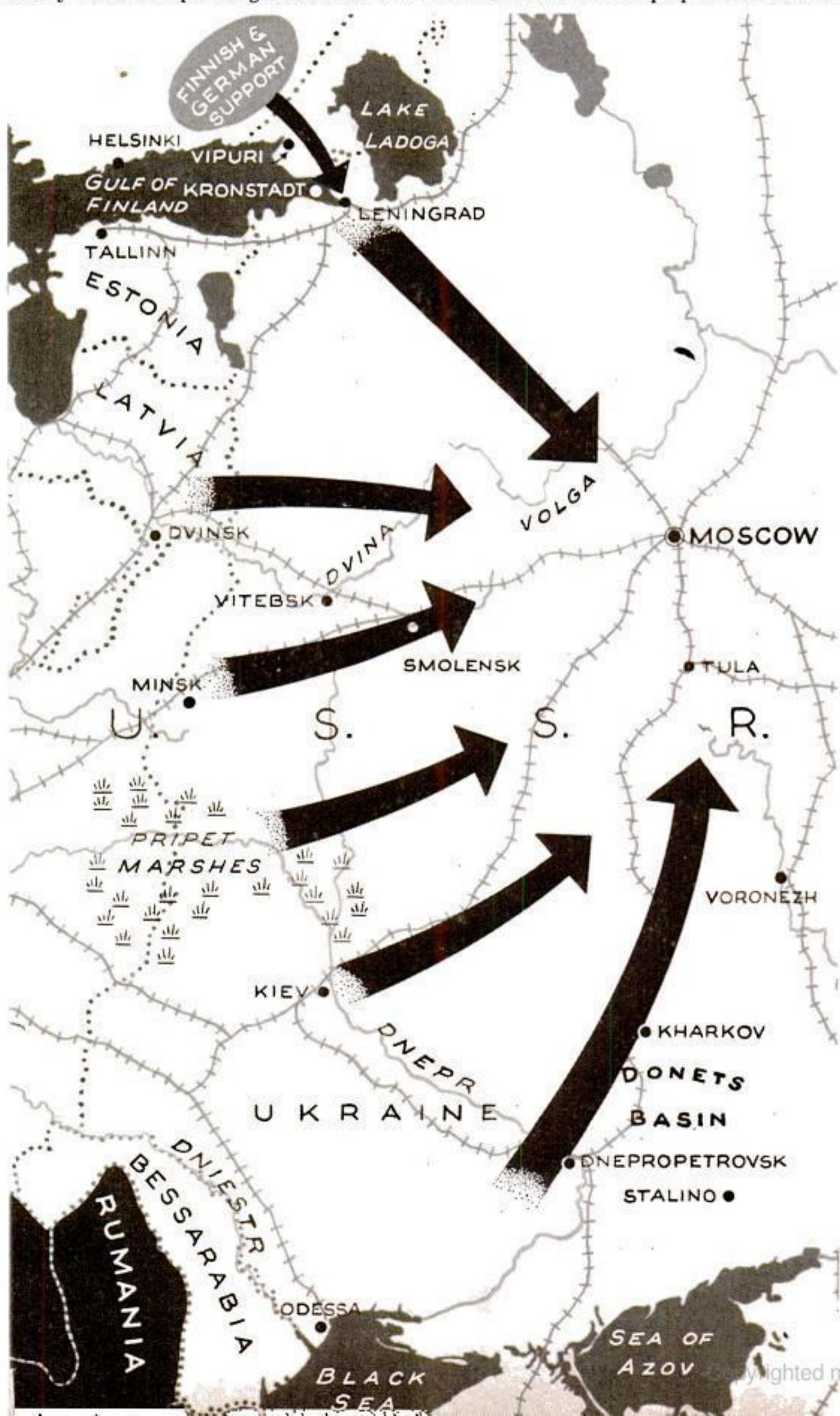
1 The main hammer blow of the Nazi campaign against Russia is shown above. Here are probably more than half the total of German divisions, armored, infantry and air. They face perhaps 600,000 Russians, not really big stuff in this battle, and about 25 Russian tank brigades. The Baltic and the Pripyat Marshes secure the flanks of the German attack. The immediate objective is Minsk, which they neared last week, and beyond that, following the railroad, Moscow. Parallel with this hammer blow is the sweep up the Baltic coast to Leningrad, through Russian-ruled Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, defended by perhaps 600,000 Russians in 42 divisions. This road to Minsk is precisely that followed by Napoleon in June and July 1812. If the Germans take Leningrad, they can supply troops also by ship.

2 To clean up the far north, Germany is using Finland. Last week Finland declared a "defensive war" against Soviet Russia but, reluctant to offend its democratic friends in the U.S. and Britain, did not expel the Russian Minister. However, Finland would be foolish to refuse Nazi aid to get back what Russia took last year. German troops, called from Norway across Sweden last week, headed for Murmansk and Kandalaksha, Russian outlets to the Arctic Ocean and possible inlets for U.S. supplies. Meanwhile German and Finnish troops may strike through the battered Mannerheim Line at Leningrad but the main blow at Leningrad will come from the south. Victorious Finnish battlefields in the 1939-40 war with Russia are Kemijarvi, Salla and Suomussalmi, where Russians learned many a good lesson.

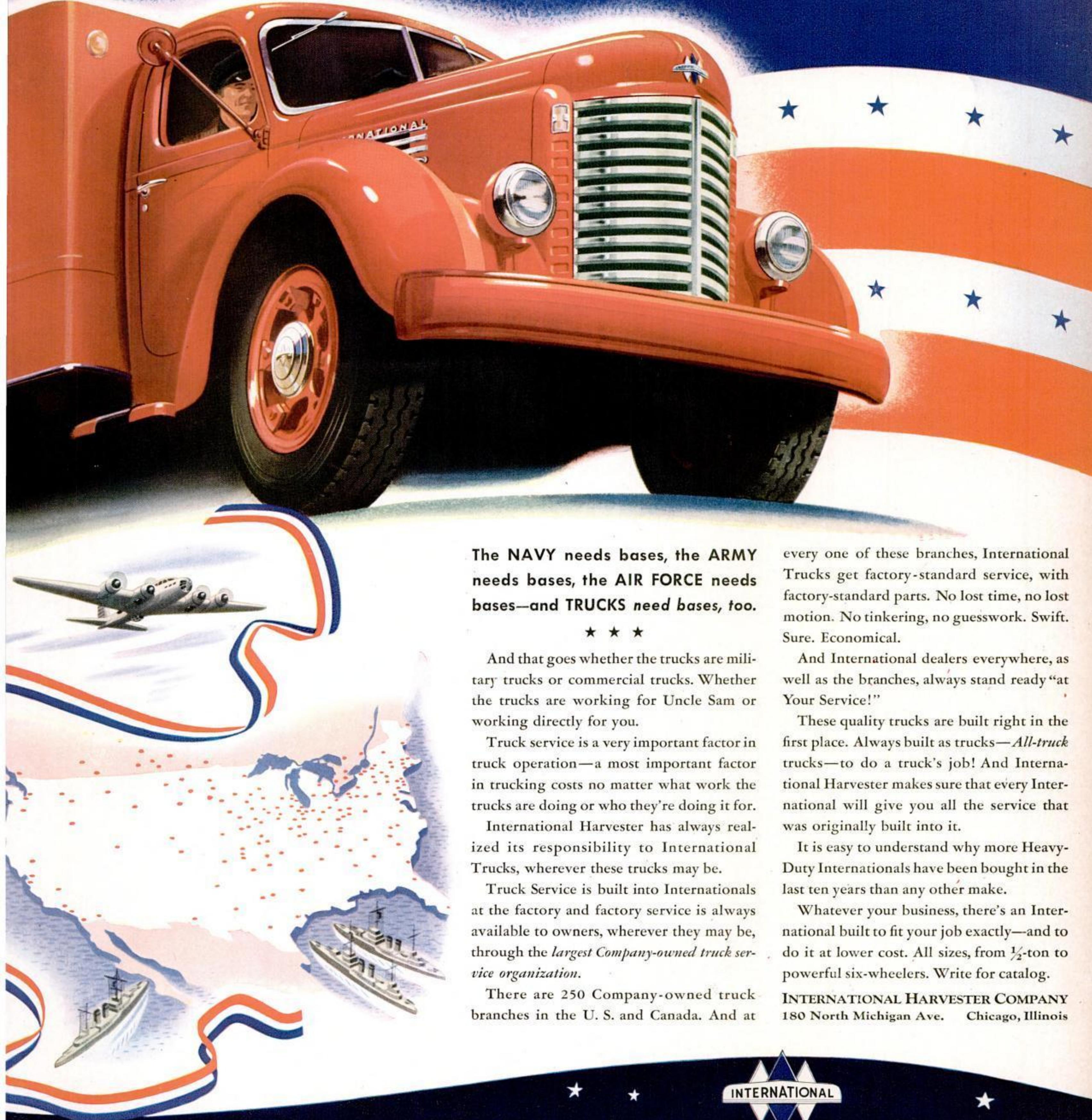


3 The second heavy smash of the German attack is in the direction of the top arrow above. It points toward Kiev, the capital of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, and the westward bulge in the Dnepr River. Thus, with its left flank protected by the Pripyat Marshes, the German Army will try to corner all the Russian troops between Bessarabia and the Dnepr, hammer them to pieces on the slower German advances shown by the two other arrows. Once at the Dnepr, the Germans are in the heart of the great Donets Basin industrial development, the huge Dnepr Dam and the Ukrainian wheat belt. But last week the Russians, who had concentrated their largest force here, defended this area with fury, reported vast tank battles close to the border and the repulse of every German and Rumanian attack into Bessarabia.

4 The over-all plan for the capture of Moscow is shown in its simplest terms below. It assumes that the Germans have successfully reached Leningrad, Smolensk and the long line of the Dnepr River. By that time, the Germans hope, they will have destroyed a large part of the Red Army by their pincer operations and most of the remaining Russian mass will fall back on Moscow. The great German ring may then close in on Moscow, just as they closed in on Warsaw in 1939 and Paris in 1940. While this huge movement is going on, only small detachments will be diverted to peck at the rich Ukrainian industrial area around the Sea of Azov. The fall of Moscow would presumably break up the complex administrative system by which the sprawling Soviets are ruled. Then the Nazis will mop up at their leisure.



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U. S. Chief of Staff. General George Marshall is personally responsible for everything the Army does in war or peace. The other generals here are responsible to him. A graduate of V. M. I., he has served in the Philippines and in France, has been called

America's greatest military genius since "Stonewall" Jackson. He especially likes to ride horseback, shoot and fish. On his rare days off, he often packs a lunch, hires a rowboat, trolls for bass up and down the Potomac River. He will retire in 1944.

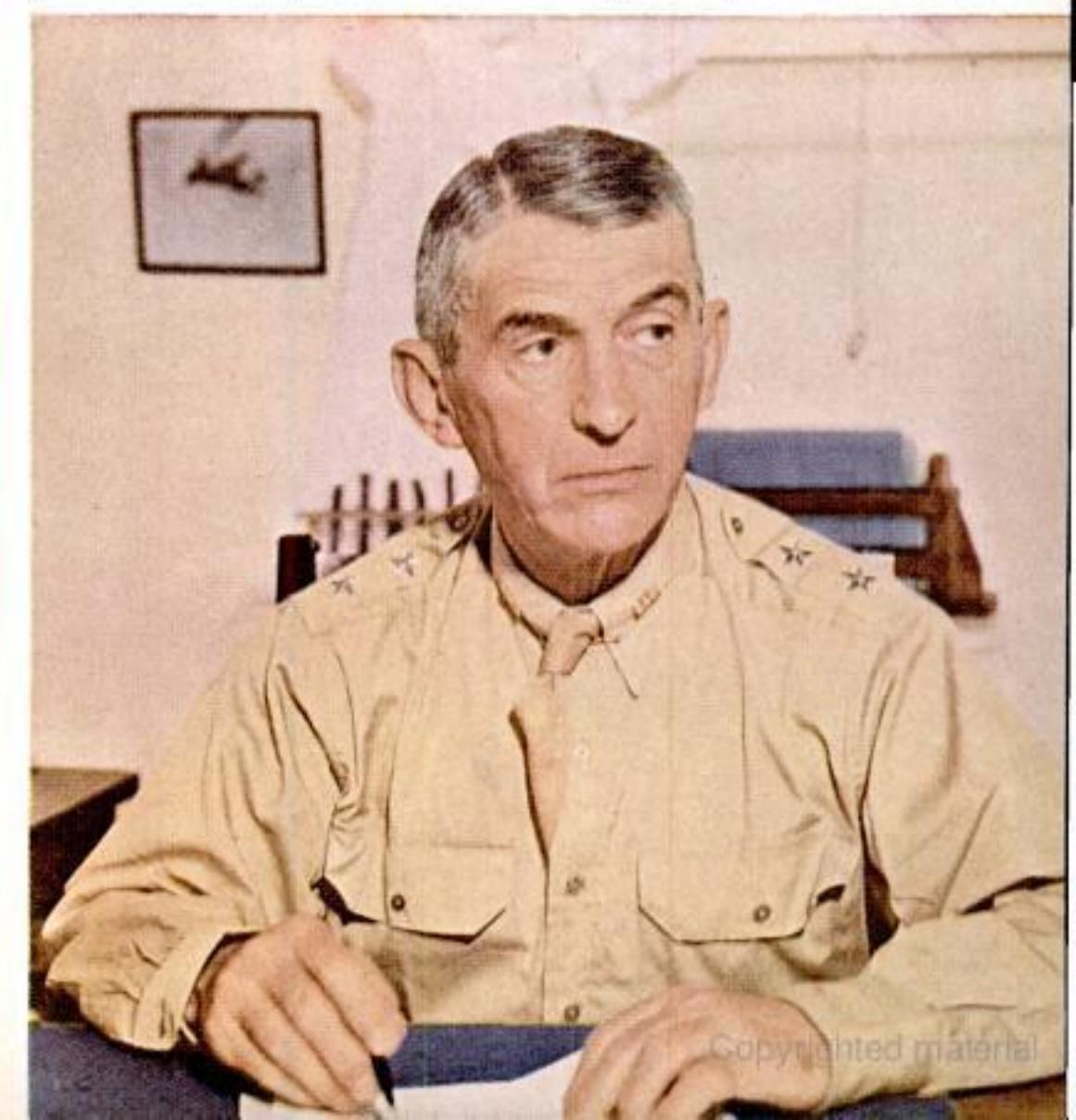
THESE ARE U. S. ARMY GENERALS

Commander of the First Army, with headquarters at New York, Lieutenant General Hugh Drum has had more active service than any bigtime general. In war, he may command a U. S. Expeditionary Force.

Commander of the Second Army, with headquarters at Memphis, Lieutenant General Ben Lear Jr. entered the Spanish-American War as a sergeant. He loves nature and horses. When his favorite horse, Cosmocrat, died, he had the hide cured, hung it up on wall of his home.

at a conference between General Marshall, Chief of Staff, Secretary of War Stimson and President Roosevelt. Marshall would then ask General Miles, (G-2), head of Intelligence, and General Malony, head of War Plans, to pull out all their information

Commander of the Third Army, with headquarters at San Antonio, Lieutenant General Walter Krueger was born in Germany, came to the U. S. when he was 8. Serving in Cuba, the Philippines and France, he worked himself up from private to officer.

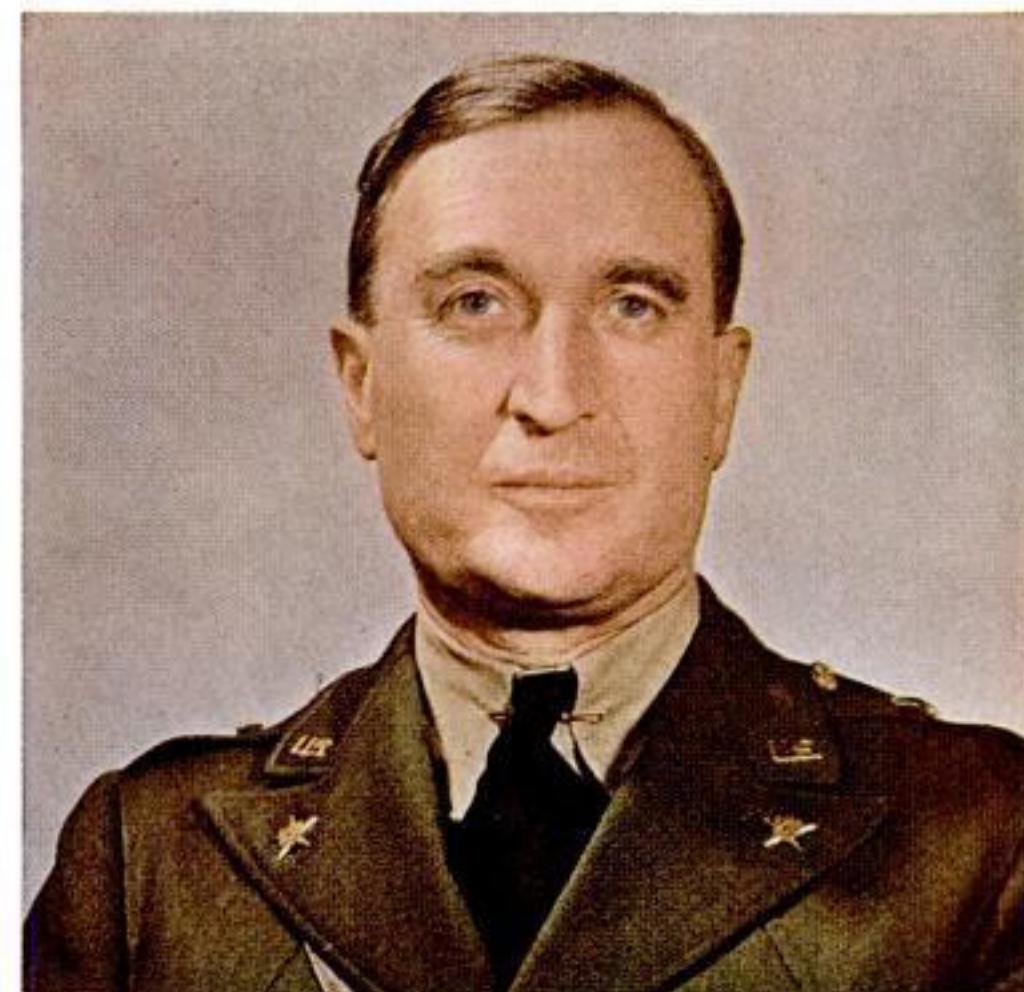




Deputy Chief of Staff. Major General Richard C. Moore is a graduate of West Point, class of 1903. Ever since then he has been an officer in the Army Corps of Engineers. Last year he was G-4 on the War Department's staff.



Deputy Chief of Staff. Major General Henry H. Arnold graduated from West Point with class of 1907, has just returned from special observer duty in England. Very popular, he likes to lecture to women's clubs, do cabinet work in his home workshop.



War Plans. Brigadier General Harry J. Malony is a graduate of West Point, class of 1912. In World War I, he was in charge of aircraft armament abroad, for which he received Distinguished Service Medal. He is one of the Army's best softball players.



G-2: Intelligence. Brigadier General Sherman Miles, a graduate of West Point, probably knows as much about the armies of the world as any man living. He owns a beautiful home, full of bric-a-brac collected all over the world.



G-3: Operations and Training. Brigadier General Harry L. Twaddle looks like Vice President Wallace. An infantryman, he was stationed at Fort Gibbon, Alaska, during World War I. There he became one of the best dog-sled drivers in the Army.



G-4: Supply. Brigadier General Eugene Reybold graduated from Delaware College, class of 1903, as Bachelor of Civil Engineering. His only sport is golf at which he excels, playing in the low 70's. He also has a passion for collecting antique furniture.

on the country to which the expeditionary force was to be sent. From this information, General Twaddle, (G-3), in charge of Operations, would decide on the method of attack to be used. Then General Haislip, (G-1), in charge of Administration, and General

Reybold, (G-4), in charge of Supply, would decide how best to co-ordinate and supply the soldiers during the operation.

Final "go ahead" would be given by General Marshall after consultation with his three deputy Chiefs

of Staff. For the action they would select the army of one of the field generals shown below. To go along, they would no doubt assign some units from the command of General Emmons, head of GHQ Air Force, and General Chaffee, head of the Armored Force.

Commander of the Fourth Army, with headquarters at San Francisco, Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt attended Princeton but left in 1898 to go as a second lieutenant to the Spanish-American War. A good field officer, he is an outstanding executive.



Commander of the GHQ Air Force. Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons has done much to make the Air Force an important and almost separate striking unit of the Army. Lately he has been spending considerable time on Civilian Defense Air Spotting (LIFE, Feb. 3).

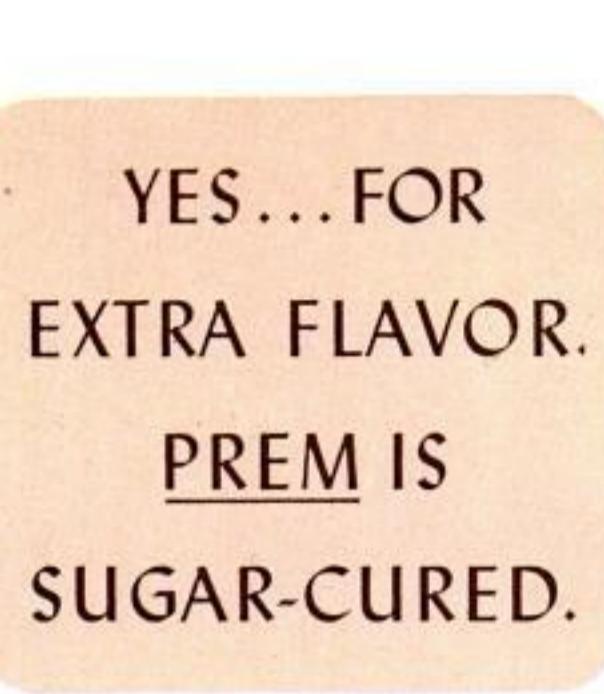


Chief of the Armored Force. Major General Adna R. Chaffee was a great second baseman at West Point. In World War I he won the Distinguished Service Medal for his work during Meuse-Argonne offensive.





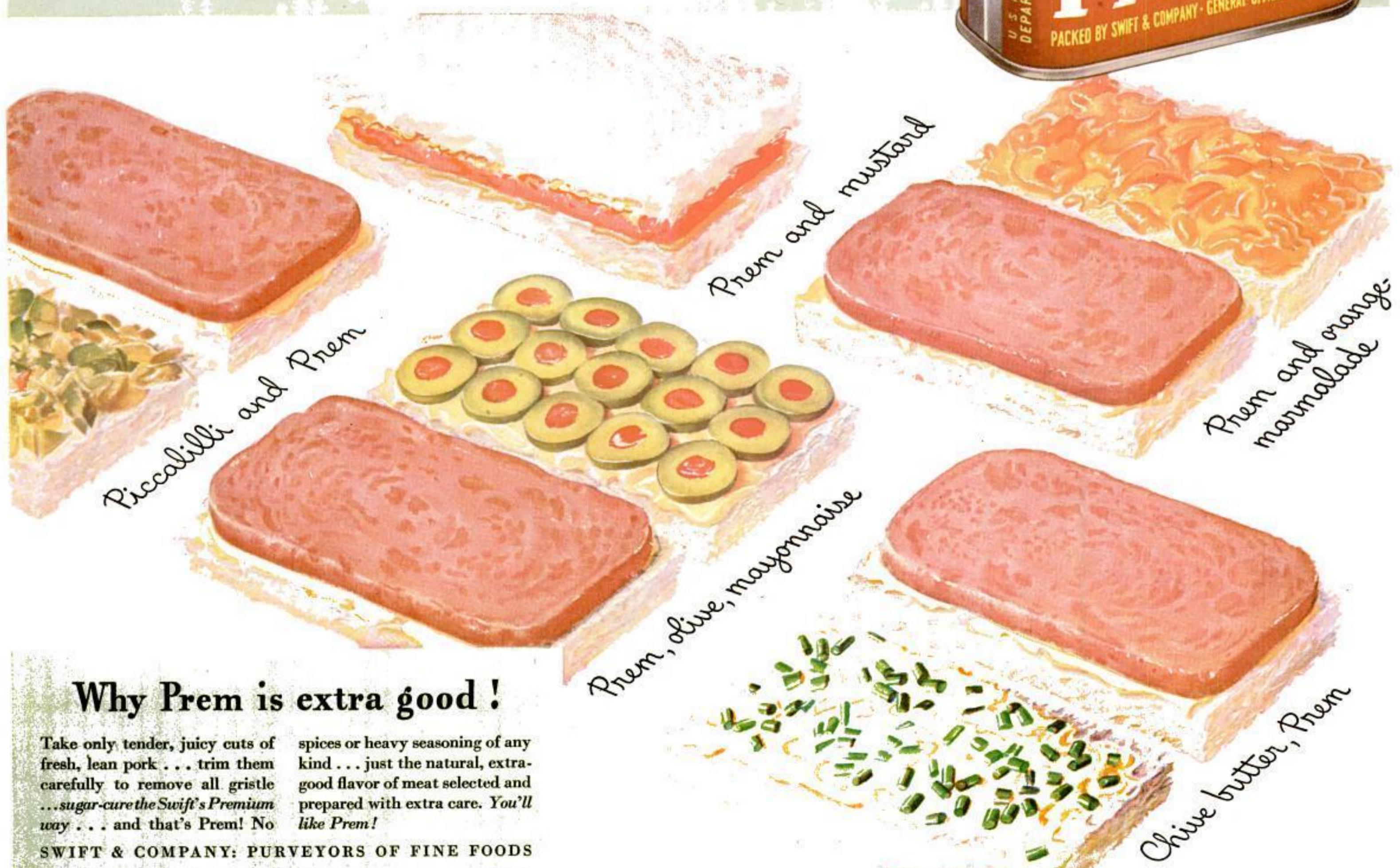
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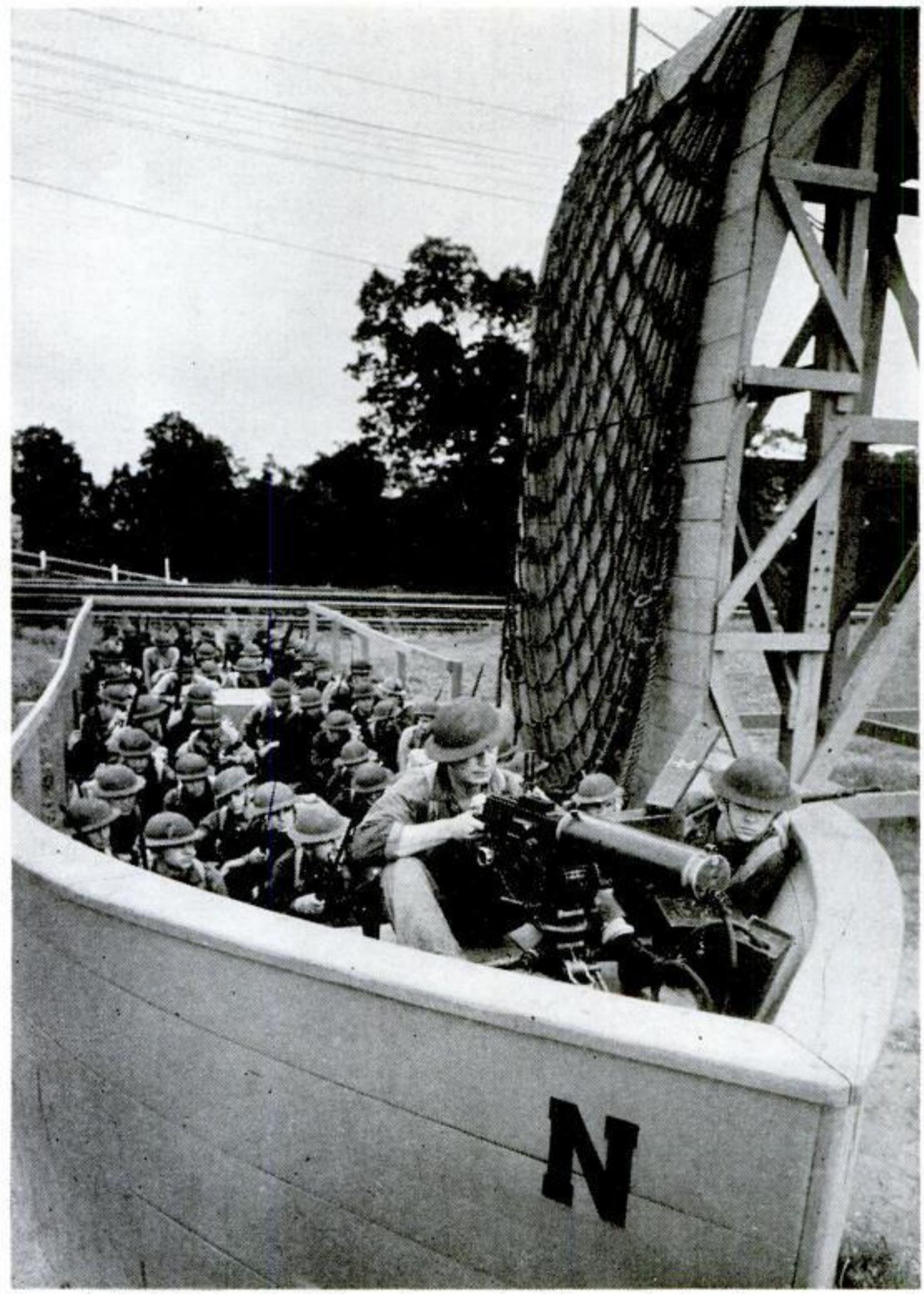


Swarming down a rope net, U. S. Marines at Quantico practice difficult first stage of landing exercise on dry land. Straight vertical descent under a pack is no easier than it looks.



Marines storm a steep slope in landing practice at Quantico training base. In the background is the Potomac River.

The lighter at shore is brand-new equipment. It carries two light tanks which are run ashore to assist the foot soldiers.



Bayonets fixed, Marines huddle beneath gunwales of dummy landing boat after a quick descent from ship's side, head to shore under cover of ship's guns and own 30-cal. in bow.

THE NAVY'S ARMY MARINES ARE ALWAYS READY FOR A FIGHT

The Marine Corps is the Navy's Army. It is a miniature expeditionary force to be landed from warships anywhere, anytime. Limited by law to 20% of the Navy's enlisted strength, the Corps is now composed of 53,000 officers and men and is recruiting itself toward a possible future strength of 102,000.

Principal Marine Corps bases are at Quantico, Va., San Diego, Calif., Parris Island, S. C. and Guantánamo, Cuba. Besides doing regular duty on warships (in detachments of 40 to 110), the Marines have two full Fleet Marine Force Divisions of 13,000 men each, one on the Atlantic Coast and one on the Pacific. The first to fight, these divisions with their planes, tanks, artillery, engineers and supply services are kept constantly at a high peak of training and ready to embark at the first signal of overseas trouble.

The Marines' great specialty is landing operations on an enemy shore. On this page you see them practicing this dangerous tactic at Quantico; on the next page, in water off Guantánamo. The first landing operation ever performed by the Marines took place successfully March 2, 1776 at Fort Montagu, New Providence, Bahamas. Since then they have staged some 200 armed landings in every corner of the globe.



Motor launch speeds Marines ashore. Machine gunner leaves the boat last, dismounts his gun for land use. Wooden sides

of this old-style boat are vulnerable to rifle bullets. Armored bulkhead (rear) protects coxswain and commander.

THEY SPECIALIZE IN SEA LANDINGS

On this page you see Marines practicing a real salt-water landing at their Guantánamo base. In this technique they are being constantly drilled. Most Marine landings have not constituted acts of war under international law, as would normally be the case in landing Regular Army troops.

In today's warfare, dive bombers from the offshore fleet and tanks ferried in on armored lighters add to landing-party strength. But the main thing is still to get men with guns from ship to shore as fast as possible, get cover, destroy hostile positions and hang on.

This operation is generally carried out in three waves. First is preliminary bombardment by planes and barrage from ships' guns. Then tanks, to blast a clear way for foot fighting, come in with the first line of men in boats, scattered out for protection. Covered by the rifles and machine guns of the first line, the support line of boats now comes up with heavier weapons. When local resistance has been wiped out, the Marines then fight on land like soldiers, enlarge their beach head into a full-sized battle-front.

On opposite page in color are pictures of the Second Fleet Marine Force Division on land maneuvers near their San Diego base. Major General Vogel (*lower left*) is the Second Division's commander. Marines go everywhere, have been in action in 95 of the 151 years of their existence. Since 1900 they have served in China, Siberia, the Philippines, Hawaii, Midway Island, Nicaragua, Colombia, Panama, Mexico, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Korea, France, Germany and Haiti. From Haiti, which the Marines occupied for 20 years ending in 1934, comes the name of General Vogel's dog. "*Quelle bagaille!*" is Haitian-French for "What a sight!" or "What a thing!" Marines, pronouncing it "Bug eye," use the expression for almost everything, including their nondescript Haitian dogs.



Splashing through the surf, Marines hold their bayoneted rifles over their heads to keep them dry. Once they have established a beach head, they will either advance alone, or hold

on doggedly for re-inforcements to come up. In battles at sea, Marines man guns of the warships. In World War I, 30,000 of them fought gallantly side by side with the Army.

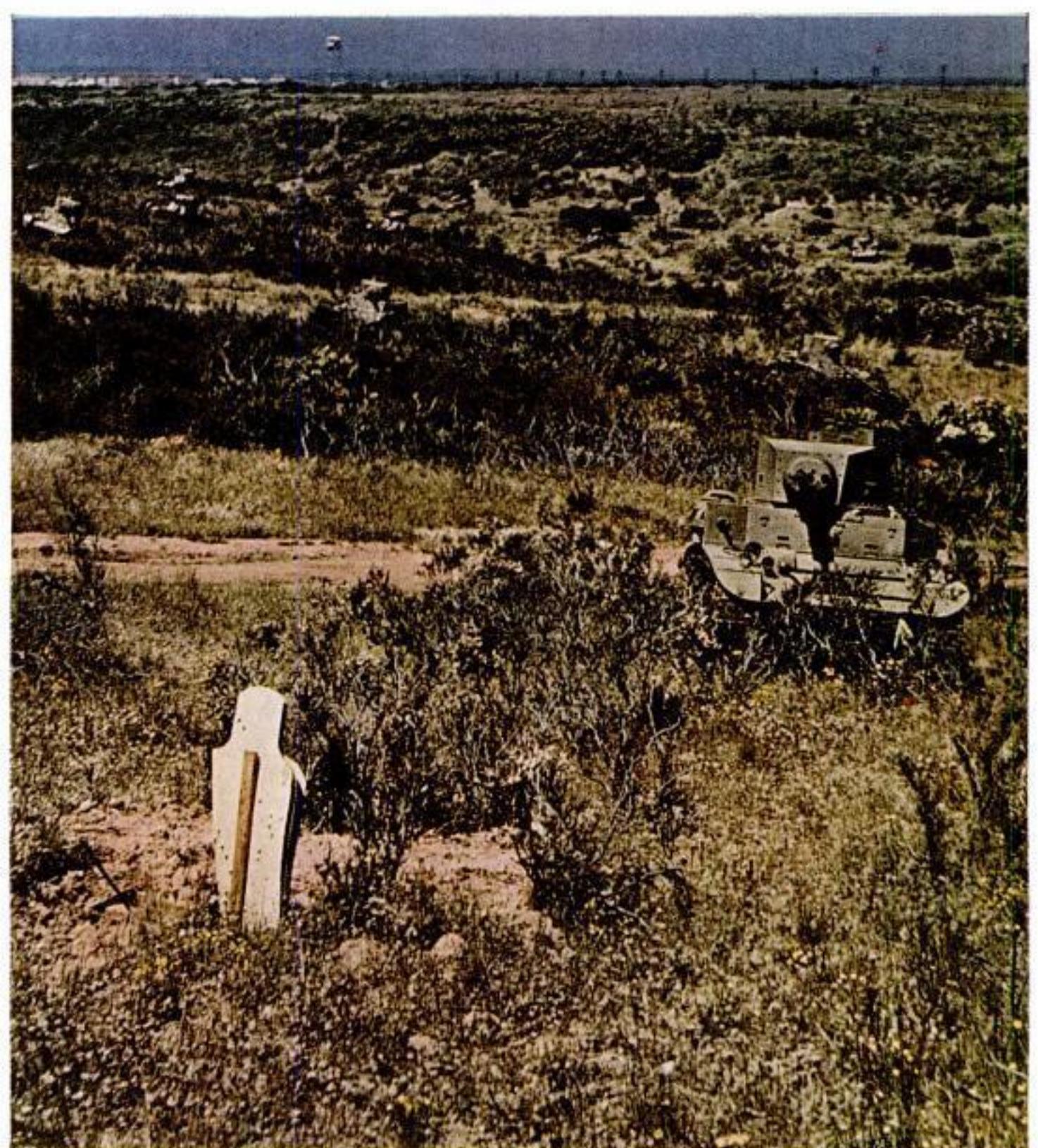


Outside headquarters tent, in bivouac near Descanso, Calif., officers of Eighth Regiment, U.S. Marines, plan next day's march. In background are pup tents of 2,400 officers and men.

Under full war equipment the Eighth hiked 180 miles in 18 days. There were plenty of sore feet but only illness was one case of the measles. Flag on right is that of Eighth Regiment.



In command of 2nd Marine Division, are Major General Clayton B. Vogel, 58, and his dog Bug Eye, 10. General Vogel has served in Peking, Panama, Cuba, Haiti and Nicaragua.



Shooting away at targets, like the one in foreground, which seem to pop up, tanks practice firing at Camp Elliott, Calif. Tanks are painted dirty brown to make them inconspicuous.

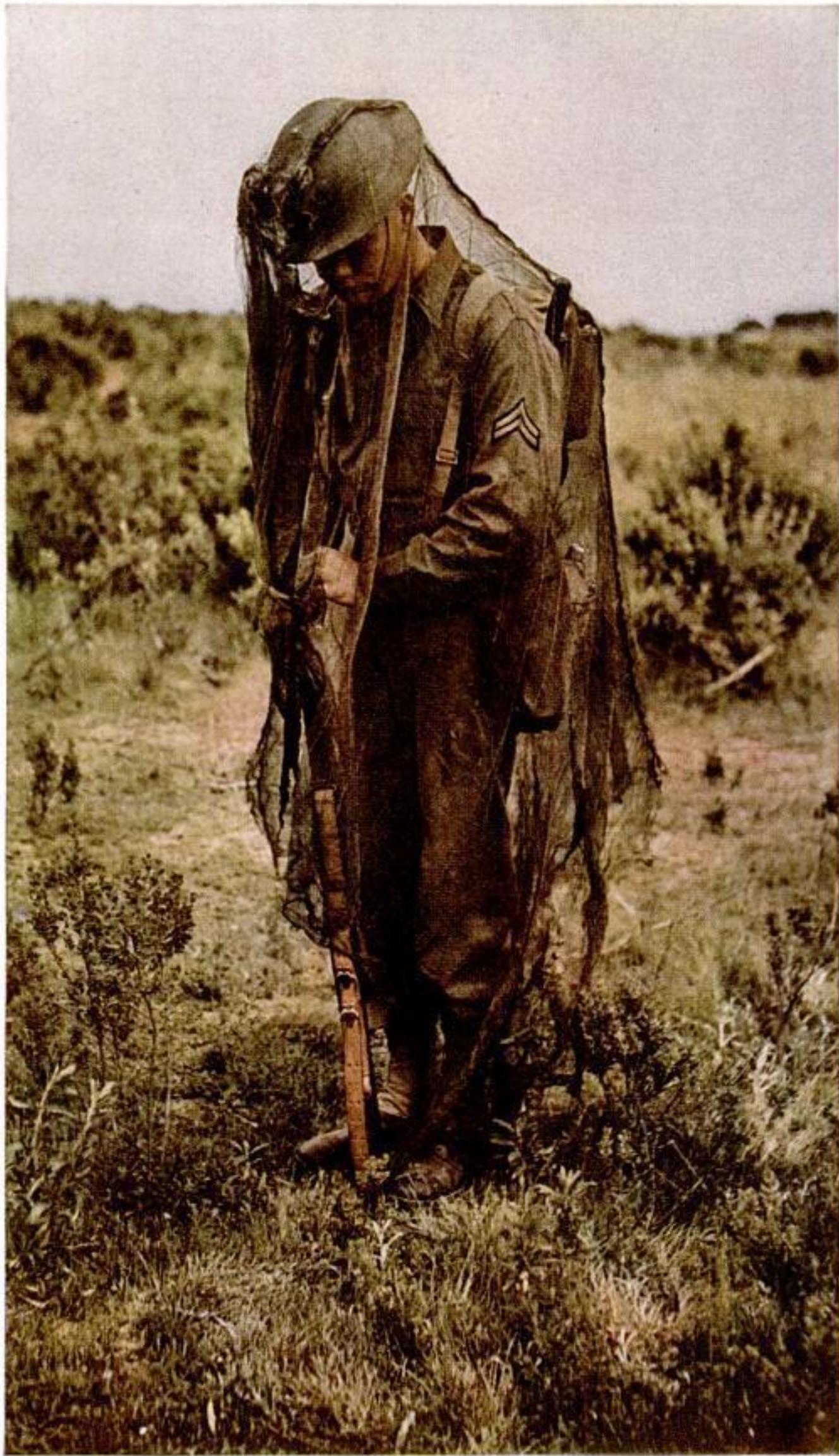
CAMOUFLAGE STUNTS

ARMY TRIES NEW ONES

During peacetime no function of the U. S. Army has been more completely neglected than camouflage. In peacetime maneuvers, when nobody is actually shooting at you, it seems silly to hide your trucks under trees and stick twigs in your helmets. During such maneuvers U. S. officers have even insisted that all trucks, guns, and equipment be highly polished, thus making them ideal targets for the enemy. What these officers forget is that soldiers who have been improperly trained in camouflage during peacetime will not take proper concealment in wartime. Only a disastrous shelling, killing many of them, will teach them a lesson.

Luckily, however, the Army is waking up. All U. S. guns and trucks are being painted a dull olive drab. The Corps of Engineers, in charge of camouflage, is conducting experiments in foliage preservation, non-fading paint, steel wool as a garnishing material, infra-red paint to deceive infrared photography, and on many kinds of protective coloration. Even the soldiers in the field are becoming camouflage-conscious. The pictures here show some of the stunts on which they and the officers of the Corps of Engineers are working. Some of the stunts are silly. Others have considerable military value.

The feasibility of this kind of tactical camouflage, which is practiced solely within a combat zone and has nothing to do with the strategic camouflage of factories and airports, depends to a great extent on the mobility of the frontline action. In a fast-moving situation, both the attacker and the defender will use little artificial camouflage, depending mainly on natural cover for concealment. As the action slows down, however, the side that can use camouflage will have a tremendous military advantage.



A sniper's net may make a soldier invisible at 100 ft. but sniper must put it on correctly. This one at Fort Ord in California has net on backwards binding legs and arms.



Mottled camouflage suits of green and pinkish brown, against a background of green trees, shadow and bright sunlight, make excellent concealment for infantrymen in woods near Fort Belvoir, Va.



Out of a spider hole comes Private Robert R. Jones of Fort Ord. This replacement for a trench is an adaption of a Chinese Army device plus an imitation of the trap door of a big California spider.



Artificial materials for a flat-top are strung together at Fort Belvoir. These flat-tops are placed over gun emplacements to conceal them from attack by enemy planes or from aerial photography.



Deep in a spider hole waits a soldier. He will wait until enemy has passed overhead, then will spring out, attack the enemy from rear. Mud in his face prevents reflection.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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CAMOUFLAGE (continued)



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Between dances a light, fragrant cigar—a slender, clear-burning Webster Golden Wedding! So widely has this classic, streamlined Webster set a new vogue in cigar shapes, that you'll often hear it used as a symbol in describing things "slim, trim and graceful." It is a cigar of such

flavorful mellow-mildness
that thousands of critical smokers prefer it even to imported Cuban cigars of much higher price. Custom craftsmanship, light-claro wrapper and CERTIFIED 100% extra-choice LONG Havana filler tobaccos.

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GOLDEN WEDDING 10c

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QUEENS 2 for 25c
FANCY TALES 15c

First in the Social Register



How to build a spider hole is demonstrated by Sergeant Thielmann D. Muse. Hole is concealed by cover made of twigs and net, over which dirt and sod are placed.



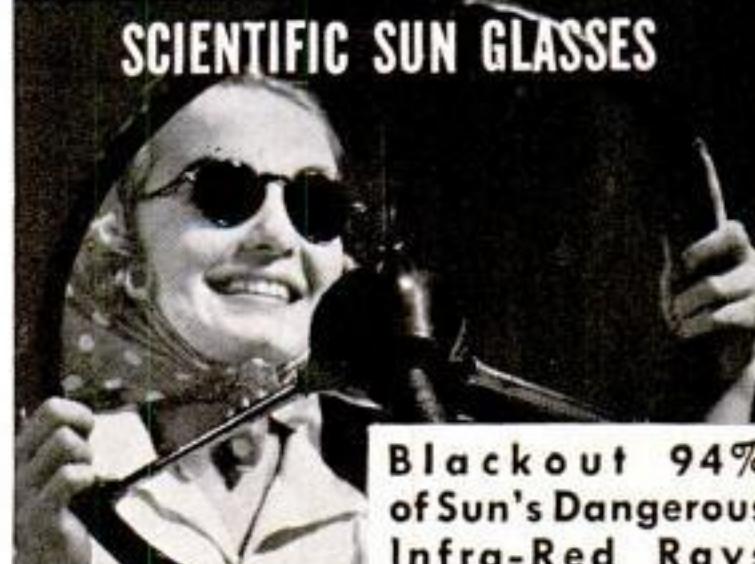
The snout of a rifle appears from a spider hole as soldier underneath, having heard the enemy pass overhead, begins to come out of his concealment to take aim for firing.



Out from his hole, ready to fire at the enemy atop the hill, comes the soldier. Such a spider hole, complete with lid, can be built by a trained man in less than two hours.

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Infra-Red Rays



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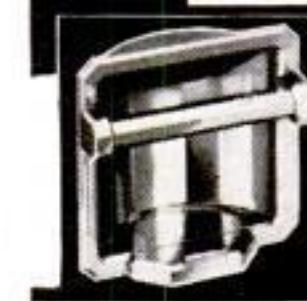
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*"I keep track of
who pays what—*

**"—and I know Luckies pay higher prices to get the
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independent leaf buyer of Kernersville, N. C.**

"I'm right in the front row at the tobacco auctions—and I can tell you it's Luckies that go after the lighter, milder leaf and pay the price to get it. That's why I smoke Luckies myself, like most other buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen!"

Everybody knows you get what you pay for...and Luckies consistently pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike!

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



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Head of



IN mill hand's home or millionaire's mansion—at the country club or in the farmer's cottage—the beer that made Milwaukee famous graces any table. • Not everyone can own the finest pearl, or drive the costliest car. But America's most distinguished beer is within the reach of everybody. • Here, indeed, is democracy in a bottle! That

T H E B E E R T H A T M A D E

the Table



—in the famous brown bottle

—in the can that opens like a bottle.

And, of course—for almost a century the supreme quality of Schlitz Draught Beer has made it the choice of those who love real draught beer.

*America's Most
Distinguished
Beer*

Schlitz



famous flavor found only in Schlitz knows no class distinction. • It is universally loved by all who know good beer. • Around the corner, or around the world, no amount of money can buy Schlitz quality in any other beer. There is no substitute for a beer so fine that it made a city famous.



M I L W A U K E E F A M O U S

Copr. 1941, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE

THE fellow who smokes in the movies is soon reminded that he's headed for trouble unless he stops. But he's not so lucky if he drives a car with a smoking exhaust—he's probably in trouble *already!*

For a smoking exhaust is a common sign that something is wrong; and the trouble is often excessive engine wear that calls for expensive repairs.

Act *now* before your car may become a costly "smoker"—a waster of gas, oil and power.

Change *now* to the oil that prevents needless wear. Change *now* to Insulated Havoline.

For here is the extra protection of an oil that's *insulated* against heat—against those high engine temperatures that break down ordinary oils. And it's distilled to remove harmful, carbon-forming impurities.

Here, indeed, is the oil for finer performance, safety and economy. Change to Insulated Havoline now at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

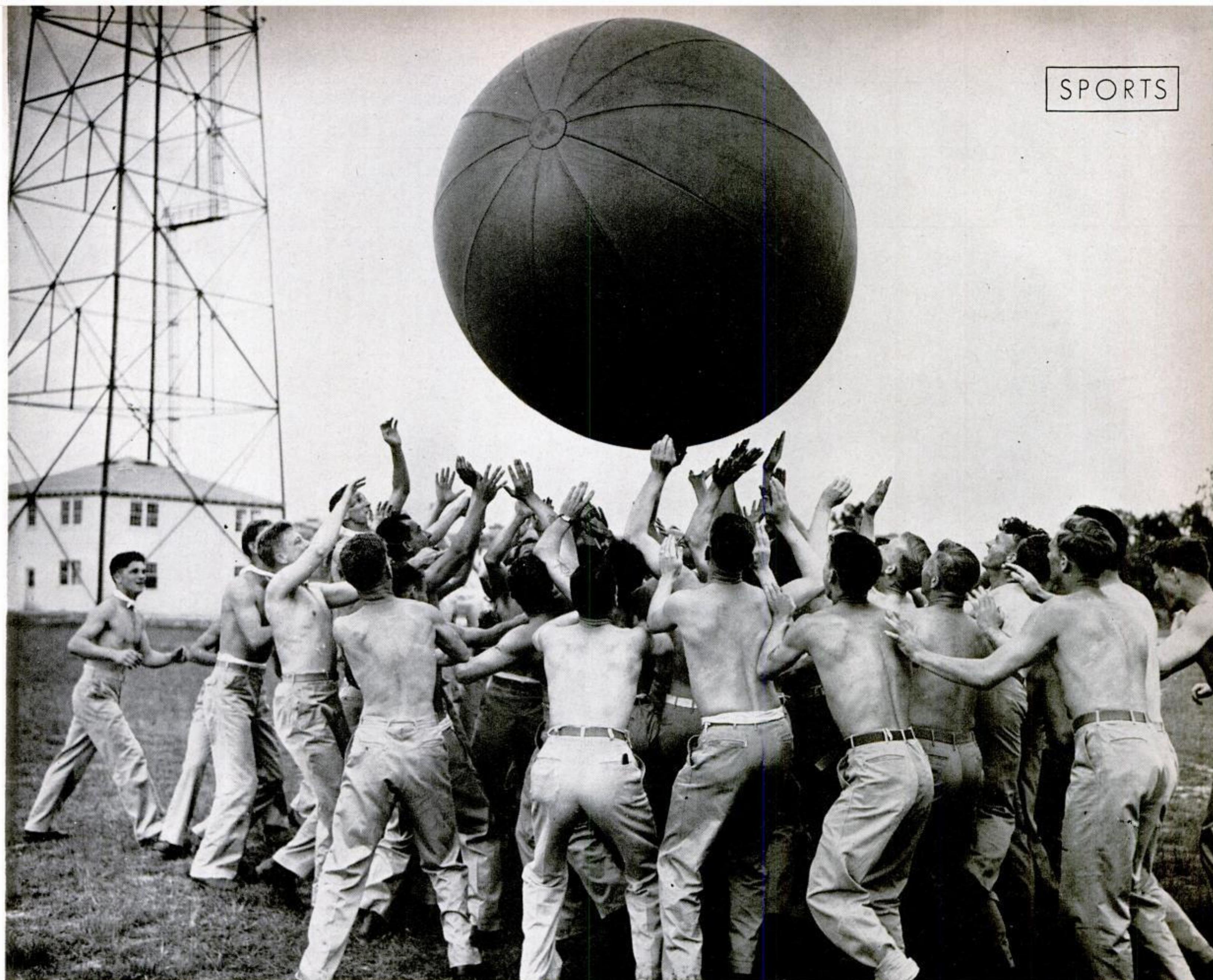
DON'T WAIT TILL IT'S TOO LATE!

There are 3,000,000 "smokers" on the roads in America today. You don't want your car to join the parade. Help reduce needless engine wear—change *now* to Insulated Havoline.

TUNE IN: All star radio program every Wednesday night, Columbia Broadcasting System, 9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.



You're Welcome
AT TEXACO DEALERS



THE SOLDIER PLAYERS FIGHTING FOR THE BALL, HAVE PUT ENOUGH PRESSURE ON ALL SIDES SO THAT IT SHOOTS UP INTO AIR. THEY BAT AT IT WITH OUTSTRETCHED HANDS

PUSHBALL IS ARMY'S GAME

Odest piece of equipment used by the U.S. Army to whip its men into shape is a huge inflated leather ball, 6 ft. in diameter, which weighs 50 lb. and is called a pushball. Invented in 1894, the game of pushball is peculiar to the Army. Eleven men usually compose a side and they exert as much muscle and teamwork as in a tug-of-war. Object is to push the ball the length of the field and through a set of uprights. A combination

of football, soccer and polo, pushball is as tough as any of them. Because of the mass effort needed to get the ball rolling, missing teeth and split lips are commonplace.

These pictures were taken during a game between members of "C" Company, 501st Parachute Battalion at Fort Benning, Ga. During one boisterous session, one soldier lost three teeth and another was knocked out.



Ball flattens out as teams push from both sides. In scoring, it counts five points when the ball is pushed under bar, eight points when thrown over. Pushball is sometimes played on horseback.



Everyone pushes the ball as game reaches an impasse. Under this extreme pressure, the pushball sometimes springs a leak and collapses. A leather pushball costs \$600, a canvas one \$75.

THE SPIRIT OF WEST POINT

The Episcopal Church service opposite, where the choir is a close-marching battalion of blue-gray-uniformed, white-belted young men, is the spiritual sanctuary of U. S. military might. Here is undoubtedly the outward and visible sign of the soul of the U. S. Army. Every Sunday morning the 1,800 young Americans of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point rededicate themselves under the old battle flags to three things: Duty, Honor and Country.

These are hard, exacting and uncomfortable words. They give no certified promise of a soft life, easy pleasure, a serene old age. They may some day, on some strange field, commit these young men to going forward to death when every sensible instinct of survival tells them to go home and crawl under their beds. For the fate of these young men is not to grow up to be citizens, but to grow up into an army.

West Point is the backbone of the U. S. Army, despite the fact that of the 90,000 U. S. officers now in service, only 7,000 are West Pointers. The non-West Pointers who poured into the Army during the Spanish-American and First World Wars bring to it the great gifts of the whole American people. West Point gives it standards of technique and loyalty and conduct as rigid and accurate as the Hoke measurement blocks in a machine-tool factory. Other officers may sometimes take the reasonable line of retreat but a West Pointer always tries to do exactly what he is told, even though he and his command are wiped out. Some officers may sometimes lie or cheat a little, but the whole Army knows that a West Pointer is precisely as good as his word, without alibis or reservations.

Surprising words are these in the Cadet Prayer recited by the Corps every Sunday morning: "Strengthen and increase our admiration for honest dealing and clean thinking, and suffer not our hatred of hypocrisy and pretence ever to diminish. . . . Make us to choose the harder right. . . . Endow us with courage . . . that knows no fear when truth and right are in jeopardy. Guard us against flippancy and irreverence." It is a fact that the 1,800 young men at West Point are one of the most truthful bodies of men in the world. They have a cadet honor system 124 years old, which has but one rule: that no cadet may commit an intentional dishonesty. For any breach of that all-comprehensive code, no matter how trivial, a cadet is summarily purged without mercy. There are no exceptions.

The regimen that produces such men is far from natural. No weakling can stand it. The result of this life is likely to be an untalkative and self-controlled young man, intensely self-respecting and yet considerate toward others, but partial to action and results. West Point produces the kind of intolerance of error that is the first law of a victorious army.

There is something more than this to the West Pointer. England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Japan maintain no single military school that dominates their armies. They usually train aristocratic youths in a variety of schools. But the boys at West Point come almost entirely from middle-class American families, largely from small towns and

farms, plus a heavy sprinkling of Army families. Their fathers probably average under \$2,500 a year. West Pointers have no loyalty to any class or party. They are even less political-minded than the German Army. They nearly all observe the unwritten law not to vote in elections. They are strictly West Pointers and Americans, nothing else. This does not arouse the antagonism of other Army men. Most officers frankly say that they would have liked to go to West Point. It is not hard for Army men to like West Pointers. There is rarely any pretense or swagger or bluff or bully-boy brutality about them, and they generally know their business. That business includes getting along with citizen officers and a citizen army. Nobody can miss the fact that a West Pointer lives to serve his country and his army, not himself.

In the past year under able Brigadier General Eichelberger, the cadets have assiduously followed the military campaigns in Europe and Africa. They study aerodynamics and wind tunnels, aerial photos and mosaics, ballistics, bombs, surveying, motor engines. They fire anti-aircraft, anti-tank and coast artillery.

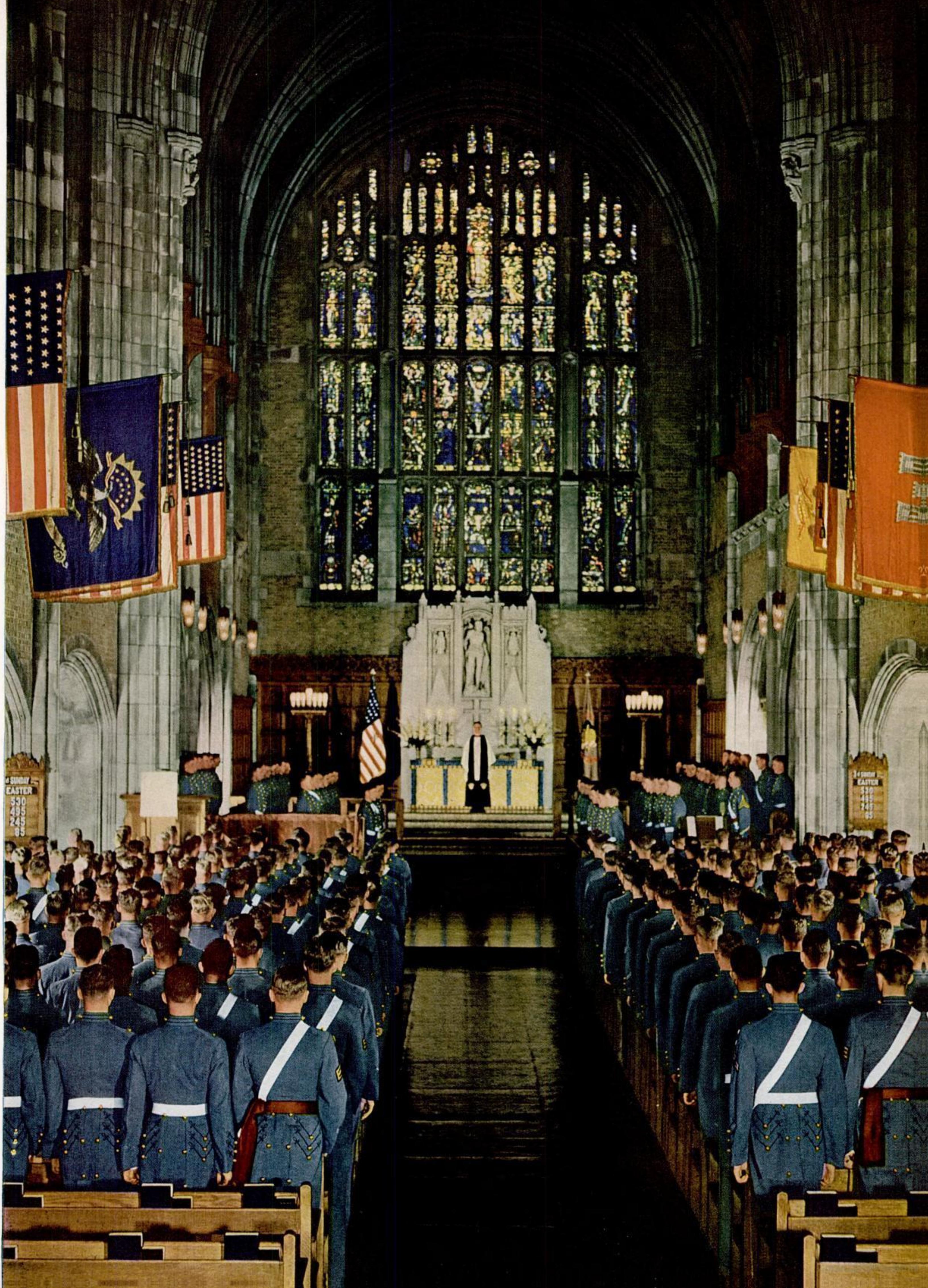
Upon graduation when they receive their commissions and a B. S. degree, many are normally assigned to engineering schools like M. I. T. and the staff colleges for further graduate work. To produce more officers for the present emergency, West Point is not likely to shorten its four-year course in basic engineering. Far-seeing leaders know that such abbreviated education would cause the Army to suffer 20 years from now. The West Pointer is a specialized product specifically trained to infiltrate the whole Army with the West Point spirit. As West Point goes so eventually goes the Army.

The setting of West Point is as romantic as ever and the uniforms as glamorous. But gone are most of the old close-order precision drills, company front and the frequent regimental reviews, with brass work shining in the setting sun and the knife-edged white ducks passing in review in steady guardsmen's parade. Two years ago West Point adopted the modern open-order Army drill. About their only regular marching today is to mess and to chapel. This visually modernizes West Point, transforms it from the old 18th Century military spirit to the spirit of today.

Nor are the cadets romantic about war. They are only romantic about the U. S. and about their duty and their personal honor. They have the simple guts which is the most universal characteristic of an American citizen, but they have it trained to a temper of resolution and action not matched anywhere in the world. They watch the victorious sweep of the German Army like a challenger who knows he can take the current champion of the world. The crack

graduates of West Point were the nucleus of an Army 23 years ago that swept into Europe and smashed the greatest European Army that had ever been seen up to that time. It will not be easy to do it again. But today West Point quivers with the calm intention to do the job, when the hour comes.





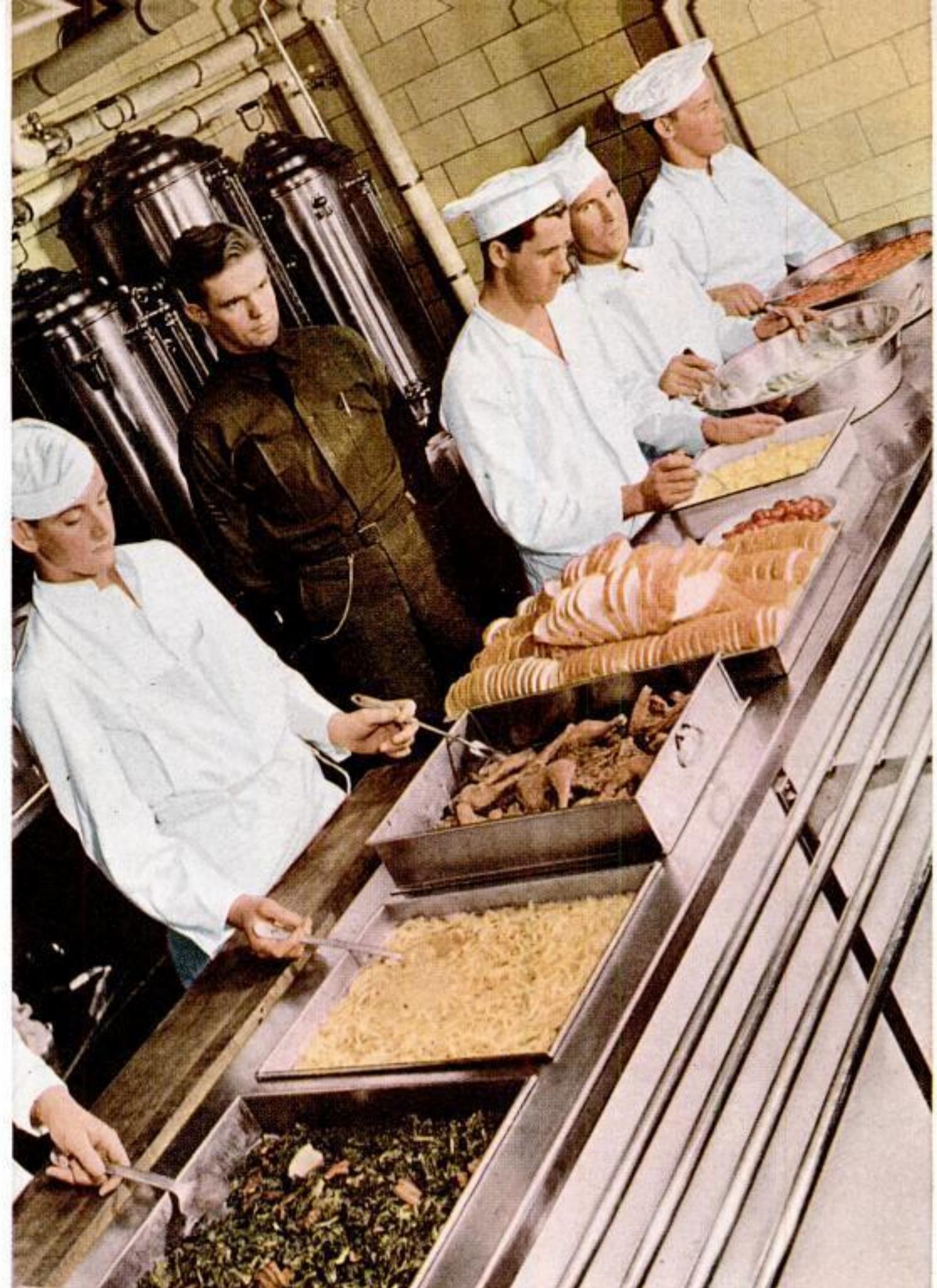
MODERN LIVING

ARMY APPETITES ARE BEST FED IN HISTORY

Without question the U. S. Army is the best-fed army in history. The Quartermaster Corps can prove it with an impressive battery of statistics. The daily ration, at a cost of 42¢ per man, is a dietetic triumph which supplies a calculated balance of proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals and a whopping minimum of 5,000 calories, 500 more than is considered sufficient for manual laborers. But the best proof is in the eating. No soldier's appetite is let down by a menu that has demoted beans to side-dish rank and is weighted heavily with fresh meats, fish, vegetables, fruit and salads. During their first six months in training new soldiers have been converting this diet into an average gain of 8 to 16 lb. of bone and muscle.

Under its wartime field ration system, now in force, the Quartermaster Corps spends 40¢ of the soldier's daily 42¢ for the bulk of his diet. The company commander spends the extra 2¢ on ice cream, cakes and goodies. But the soul of the Army's mess is still the company mess sergeant. He adapts the master menu to local supply and demand, and puts the recipes together. He knows best that soldiers like honest solid food served hot, that they rate beef and chicken best of all, and disdain the "light" dishes of civilian summer and Sunday supper tables. To check his performance, the mess sergeant pays little heed to "growlers," watches instead the contents of the garbage can.

The Army's new approach to cooking is best demonstrated in its numerous schools, like the one at Fort George G. Meade, Md. shown here, which are turning out 2,000 cooks and bakers a month. Emphasis is on the scientific planning of menus to balance the soldiers' rations through a weekly dietetic cycle. But by no means neglected are the gustatory aspects. They learn to serve leftovers in forms other than hash and are introduced to the art of sauces. That they learn something of the use of color in making a good meal better is indicated in the pictures below.



At Army cooking school at Fort George G. Meade, Md., novice cooks serve product of day's lesson. Kitchen staff for a company consists of sergeant, two cooks, privates on K. P. duty.



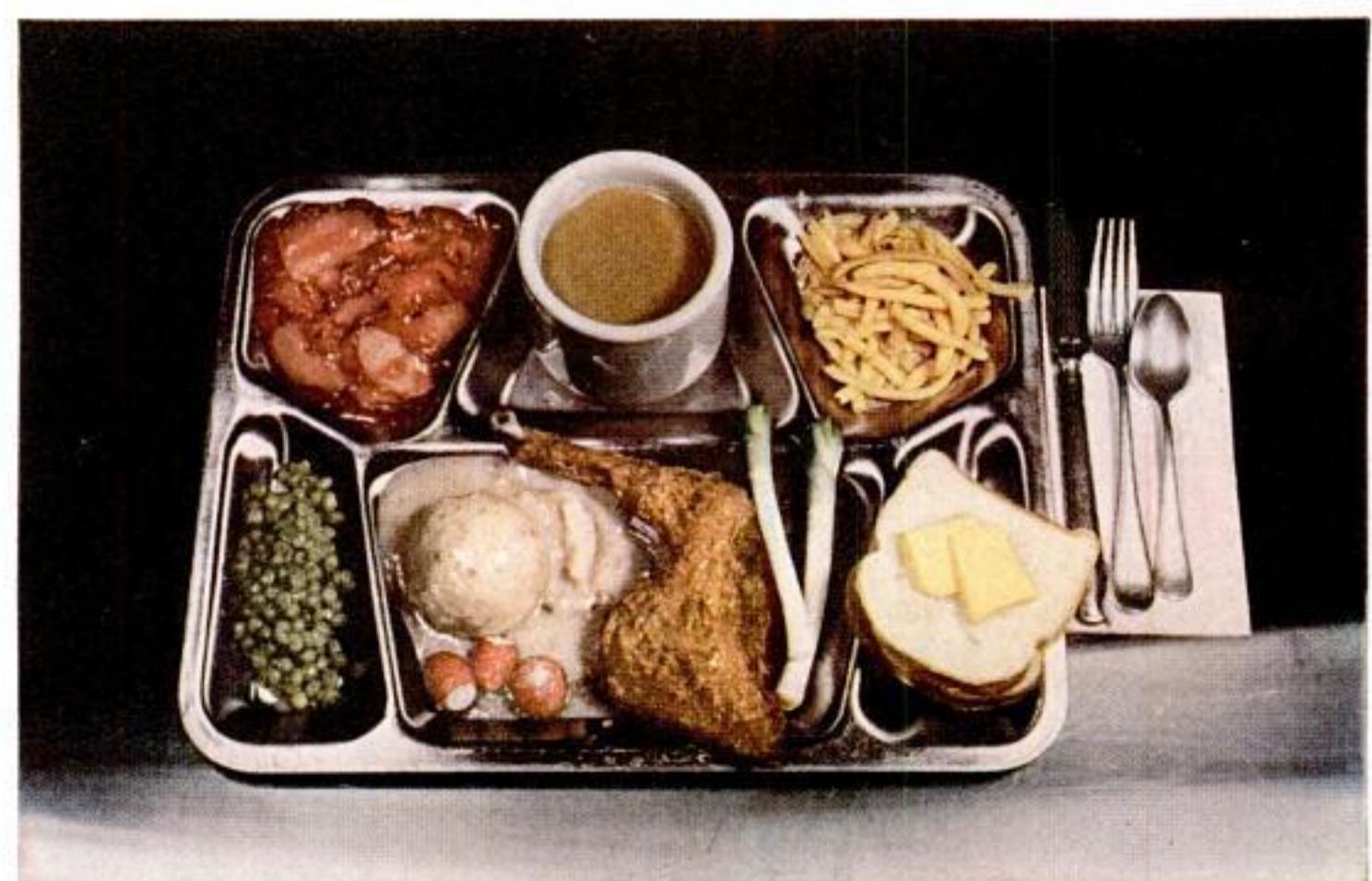
Breakfast is a solid meal that must carry the soldier through the most strenuous part of the day. It always includes fruit and milk. Here it is served on the Army's new all-in-one tray.



Dinner in the Army is the noon meal, with fresh meat, vegetables, soup and salad. Typical of the Army's new school of cooking is the slice of pineapple and the candied sweet potatoes.



Supper features a leftover meat dish, here chile con carne, on which cooks lavish skill to minimize opprobrium of hash. Soldiers wolf their meals, finish even dinner in 15 minutes.



Favorite Army meal is chicken dinner. Steak would be first if Army could serve the best cuts to all. With its bright spots of color, this meal is also an aesthetic masterpiece of Army kitchen.

FLEISCHMANN

announces a NEW defense weapon!

IMAGINE, if you can, a bomb so powerful that it could stun a whole city—leave all the people, young and old, dull—stupefied—fumbling. A bomb so powerful it would leave the nerves of the population hopelessly jangled.

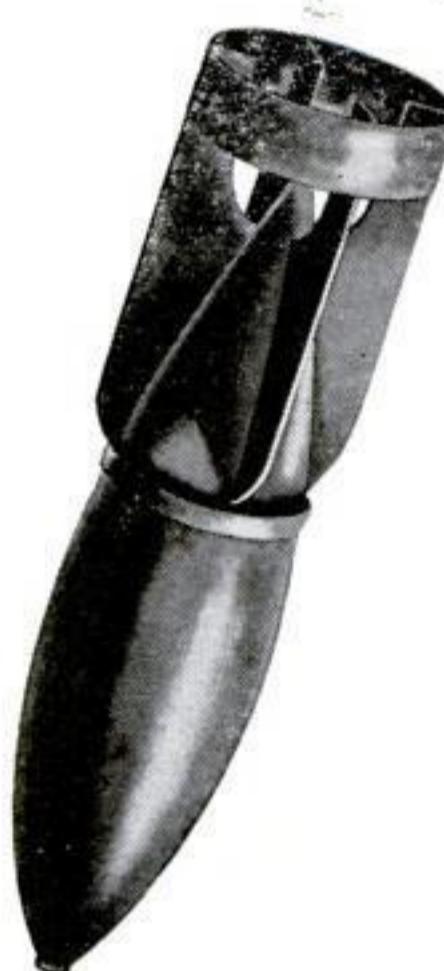
Now imagine this bomb to be noiseless—to fall like a mysterious blight on whole sections of the population without their realizing what has happened.

• • •
There is such a “bomb.” It is raining down on America today. And there is a defense against it—the defense weapon the U. S. Government itself is urging the whole country to accept. It is a contribution to this defense that Fleischmann is offering the nation.

The “bomb” is a lack of certain vital health substances, notably parts of the Vitamin B-Complex and iron. *Millions of Americans probably suffer from this lack in some degree.* There are not even any accurate estimates of the damage. But this we do know—a too-limited supply weakens and incapacitates the victims.

Here is the new defense weapon:

Today the nation's bakers are being offered a new improved yeast to



enrich bread. This product, called Fleischmann's Enriched Hi-B₁ Yeast, does not change the taste, the color or the texture of bread. But when added in sufficient quantities it helps ward off the insidious and weakening effects caused by lack of those important B vitamins and the food iron recommended for “Enriched Bread.”

Isn't it indeed a strange turn of events to find a food manufacturer in the first line of defense? One thinks ordinarily of the food producers and distributors as committed entirely to the arts of peace. But to Fleischmann

this new thing called “total war” is an old story.

For more than two decades, Standard Brands Incorporated, the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast, have had scientists in their laboratories fighting the continuous war against human ills, supplying nutritional factors so important to national health and national strength.

As a consumer you don't need to concern yourself about the technical details of Fleischmann's Enriched Yeast and what it does for you. You are welcome to these details, but, better yet, you can assure yourself that you are getting the benefit Fleischmann's Enriched Yeast can give you by eating the enriched bread containing it.

Fleischmann's great national distribution system contacts every baker. Fleischmann's technicians are now demonstrating to the baker ways in which breads can be enriched.

• • •
We wanted you to know about this service to the nation at this time when each of us must do his part and depend on his neighbor doing likewise.

STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED
595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Buy Bakers' Bread

All modern bakers' bread is rich in nourishment, delicious, economical. And the new Enriched Bread, now made by many bakers, provides all the nourishing, wholesome qualities of white bread, plus an extra supply of important members of the Vitamin B-Complex (including VITAMIN B₁), and iron.





PAUL SAMPLE



HENRY BILLINGS



FLETCHER MARTIN



AARON BOHROD



BARSE MILLER



TOM LEA

DEFENSE PAINTINGS

LIFE RECRUITS MAJOR ARTISTS

For more than 20 years American artists have been discovering America. Exhaustively and exhaustingly, they have painted its dust bowls and Main Streets, its sharecroppers and Ozark nudes. But today a new period of America brings them a new theme for art. This is the period of national defense.

Whether or not artists approve of this new martial vista, they cannot help but accept it as a reality. And they cannot ignore its pictorial possibilities. For their new canvas all America is background, from desert to seacoast, from vast city factories to island bases. In recognition of these facts, LIFE commissioned seven of the nation's leading artists, shown on this page, to do the paintings reproduced hereafter. Now owned by LIFE, they constitute America's first gallery of defense art.

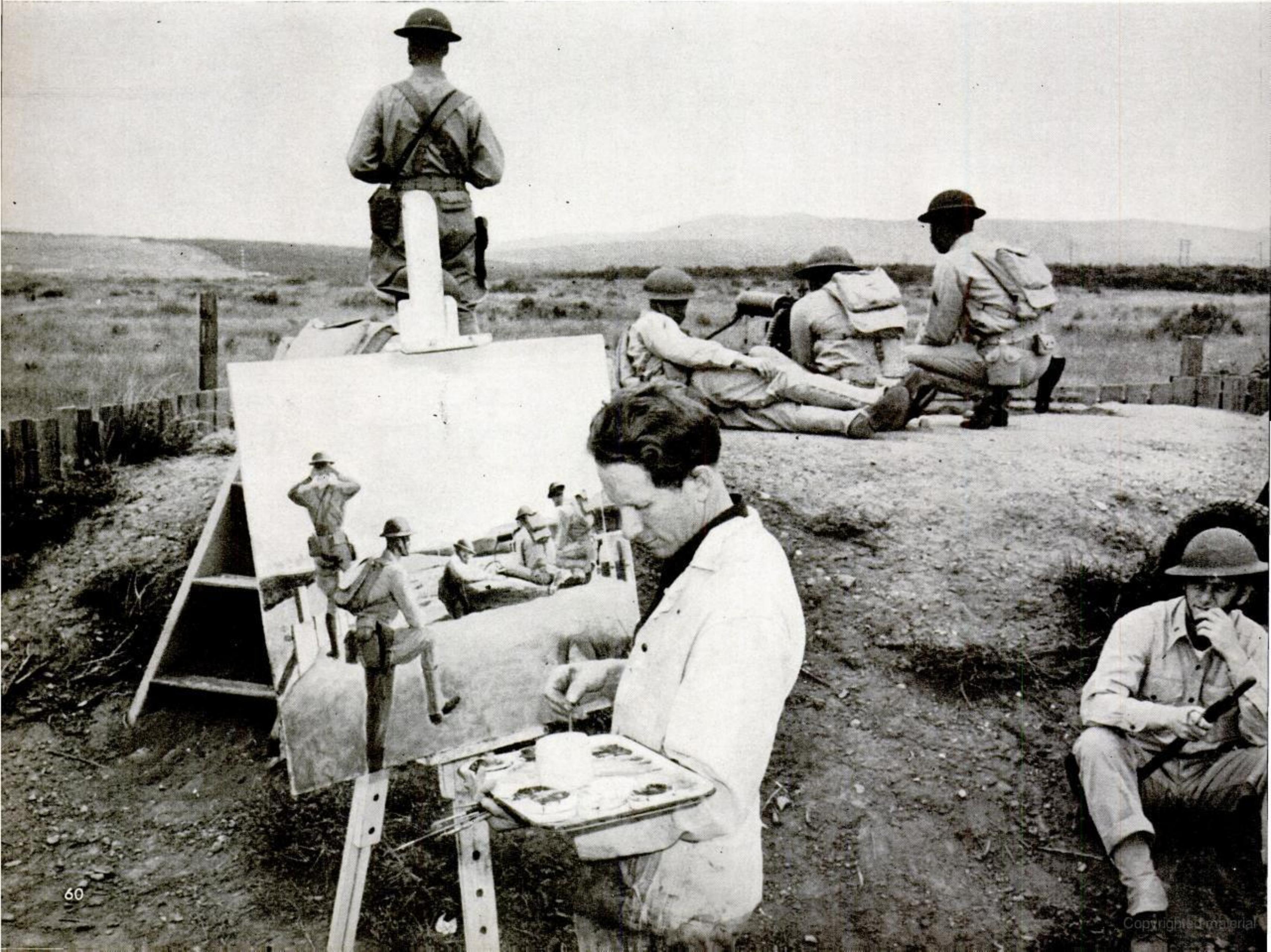
Each of the commissioned artists was assigned a definite subject, sent directly to the spot where he could paint it firsthand. It was taken for granted that one or more paintings would not turn out well, and could not

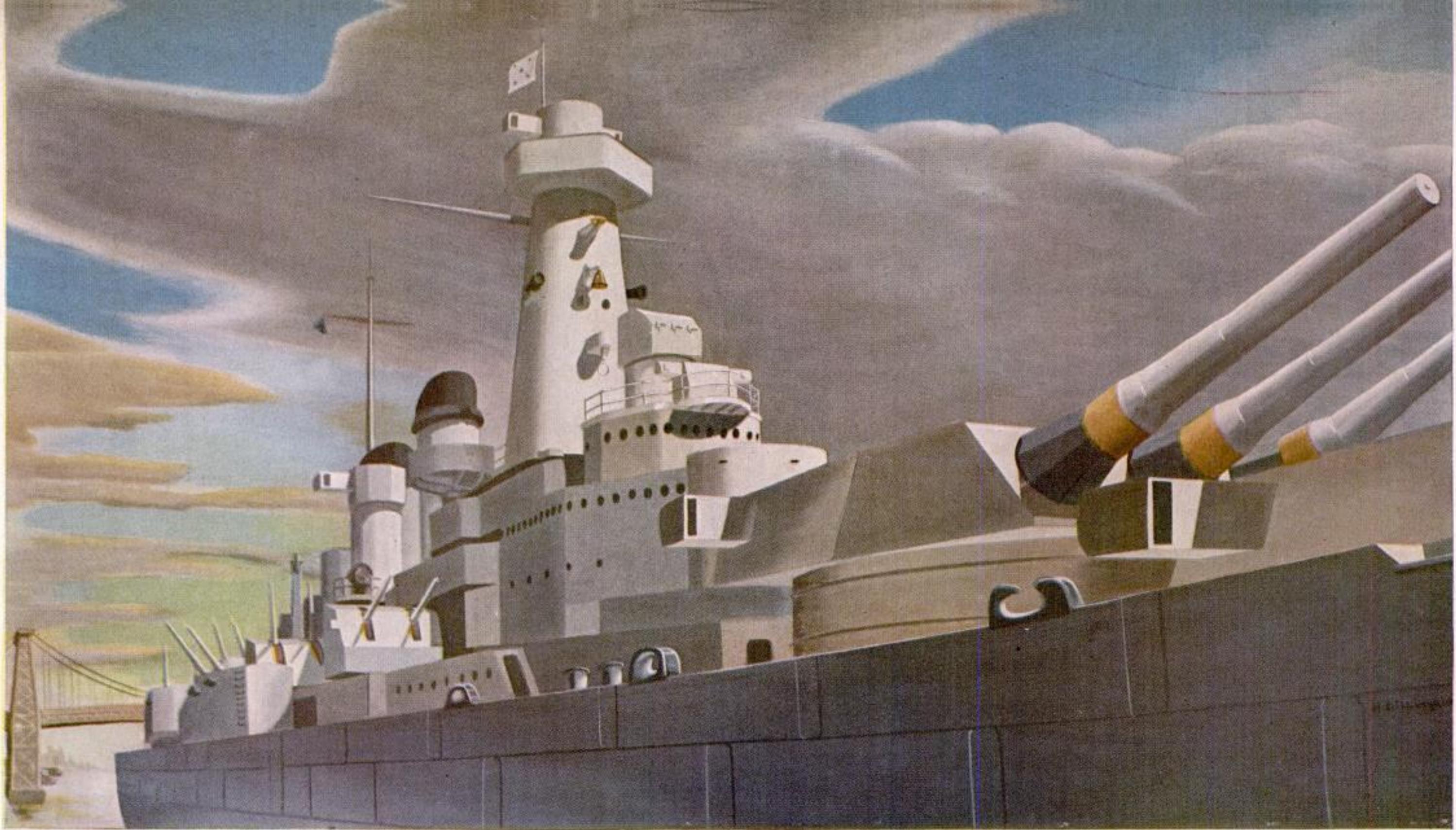
be used. But surprisingly, there were no duds. To meet the three-week deadline, every artist jumped to his job, and in spite of working to order, created something in his best characteristic style. There is no sacrifice of individuality in these defense paintings.

Chief reason for this success—and reason for any good painting—is that every artist was stirred by what he saw. To Paul Sample the Detroit shell factory was "a madhouse at first with the din, fumes and smoke. But later I grew used to it and felt very much at home

very exciting job." Peter Hurd found the San Diego Marines (below) "most friendly and helpful, with the result that the painting marched beautifully." Barse Miller, doing the Fort Ord mess line, reported, "The trip was a wonderful experience for me." In turn, most of the artists found their good feelings reciprocated. A lieutenant colonel at Ford Ord reacted typically to Artist Miller. "He was simple, direct and won over all the men in the outfit. He made a lot of men realize that good painters are not some sort of queer screwballs."

ARTIST PETER HURD OF NEW MEXICO PAINTS MARINES AT CAMP ELLIOTT (OPPOSITE PAGE). SAYS HURD: "MORE PATIENT AND WILLING MODELS I NEVER HOPE TO FIND"





U.S.S. NORTH CAROLINA

The great gray mass of the Navy's new battleship is painted by Henry Billings at Brooklyn Navy Yard below the Williamsburg Bridge. Launched this spring (LIFE, April 21), the *North Carolina* has such innovations as a welded hull unweakened by port holes, deadlier anti-aircraft guns and heavier armor than any other U. S. ship. Because she is superbly designed for maximum efficiency, she is both an engine of destruction and a thing of beauty.

MARINE TRAINING BASE

These marines painted by Peter Hurd at San Diego training base are firing a 30-cal. Browning machine gun at target practice. Note the tiny targets in background and striped poles marking off safety boundary. Marines are members of new Second Division, a streamlined war unit especially equipped to make first landings from troopships. The greatest immediate danger to marines are rattlesnakes, seven of which were killed on this spot in one day.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Printed material

(continued)



IDLE HOUR PARK

On weekends and paydays a 10-mile bus ride takes men from Fort Benning, Ga. to Phenix City, Ala. where their fun usually includes a night at Idle Hour Park pictured above by Aaron Bohrod. Attractions here are dance halls, skating, trick mirrors, shooting galleries where some men say they hold their first rifle since joining the Army. Girls come out from nearby Phenix City, pick up boys to dance. With no liquor sold, Idle Hour Park is reputedly a pretty orderly place. Its owner says: "We have 10 to 1 less trouble with soldiers than civilians."

SERVICE CLUB

From after supper until lights out at 10, the Service Club below is a hangout for all non-officers. Every camp has one or more such clubs. This one, painted by Fletcher Martin, belongs to 37th Division at Camp Shelby in Hattiesburg, Miss. Here in the general racket men read, write love letters, listen to a juke box (right), buy soft drinks and magazines, fool with a toy anti-aircraft gun. Soldier at left introduces his mother to one of the Club's three hostesses. For 50¢ relatives and fiancees may stay here overnight on Army cots.



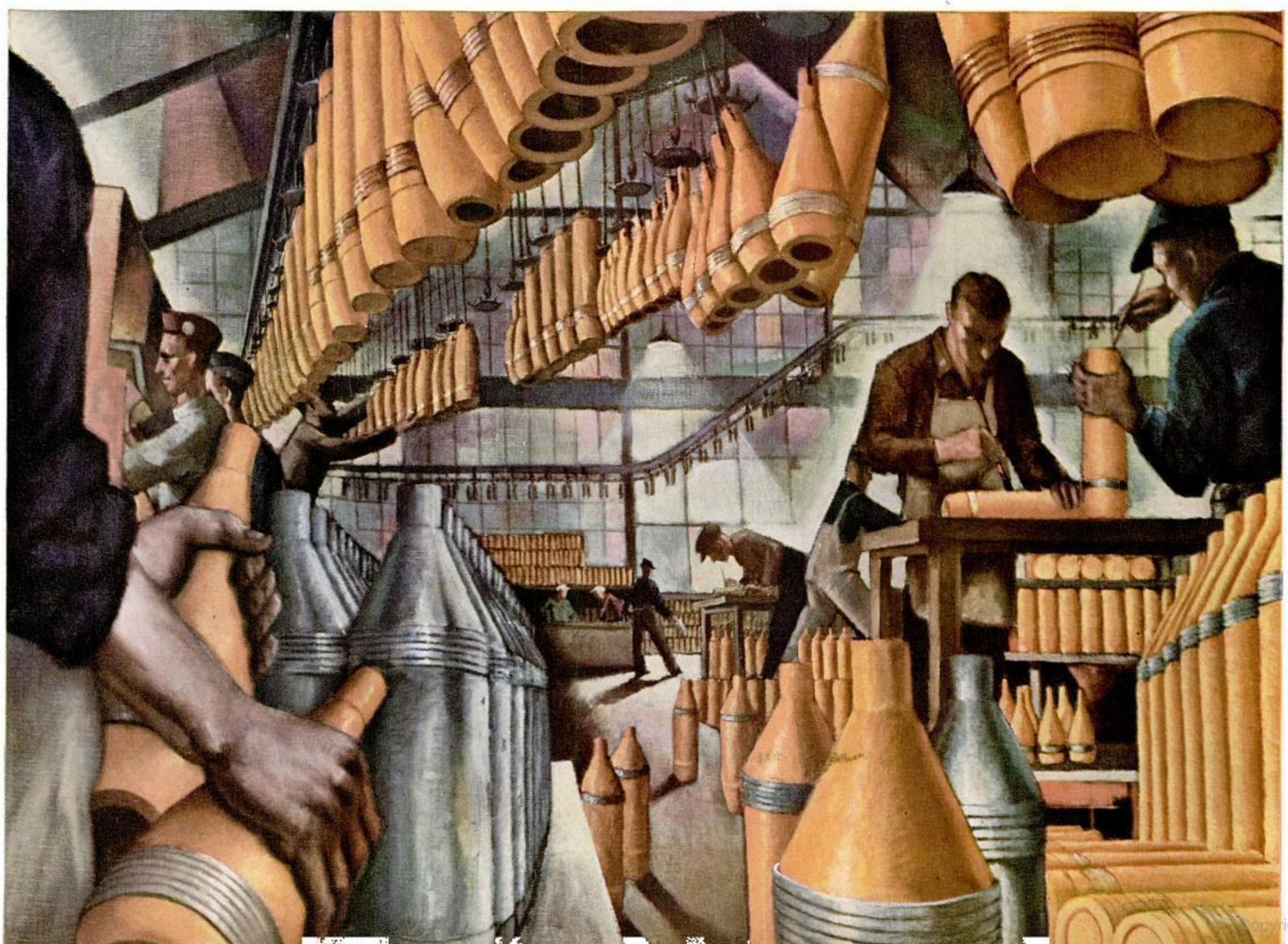


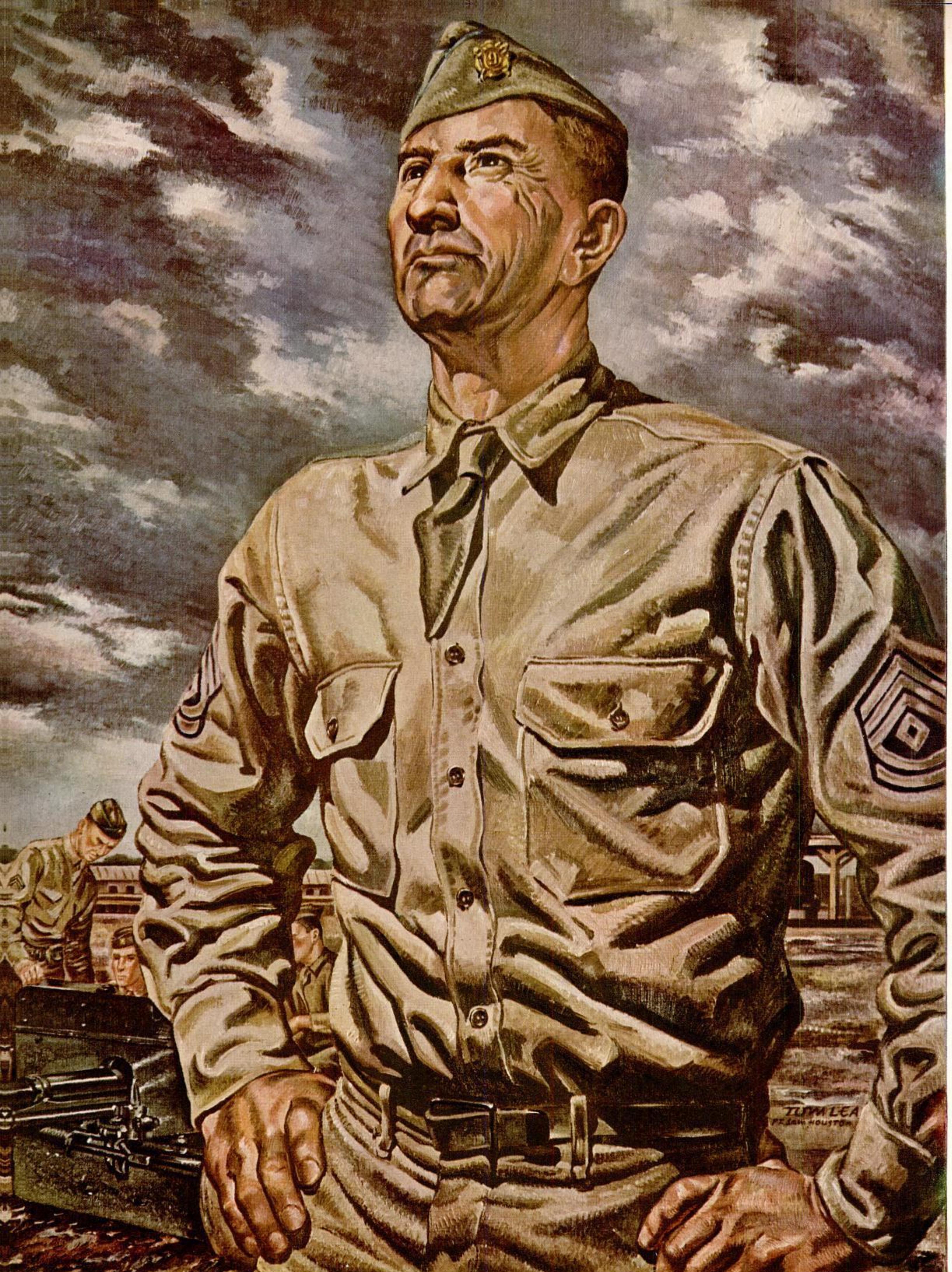
MESS LINE

On a Spring morning in California, Barse Miller painted this mess scene, showing three companies from Fort Ord, each lined up before its own canteen truck. Men are mostly green recruits getting first rifle practice in the field (*see soldiers shooting at upper left*). At noon men knock off for dinner, carry their plates like rookies at left to eat on the ground. Milk cans contain coffee and lemonade. On the day he began this picture, Artist Miller shared the company dinner of meat loaf, mashed potatoes, peas, string beans, salad, Jello, cake.

SHELL FACTORY

To paint the manufacture of shell cases (*below*), Artist Paul Sample set up his easel in Detroit's Budd Wheel works, now running 24 hours daily on three shifts. The unpainted shells hanging on overhead conveyors (*center background*) are carried to paint machines at far left to be sprayed with orange paint. Painted shells like ripe gourds are then suspended again on conveyors and carried to base at right where men do final paint job by hand. At left smoke bombs are being inspected. Shells are sent to munition factories to be loaded with explosive.





THIS IS BRUCE BIEBER OF THE NINTH INFANTRY, A TOP SERGEANT WHO LOOKS LIKE A TOP SERGEANT. ARTIST TOM LEA PAINTED HIM AT FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS



SALUTING HIS COMPANY COMMANDER, WHOSE BACK IS TO THE CAMERA, FIRST SERGEANT BIEBER REPORTS THE COMPANY PRESENT, ACCOUNTED FOR, READY FOR ACTION

TOP SERGEANT

BRUCE BIEBER MAKES SOLDIERS OUT OF CITIZENS

BY JOSEPH KASTNER

First Sergeant Bruce Bieber of the Anti-Tank Company, 9th Infantry Regiment, stationed at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, is as tough looking as the traditional top sergeant is supposed to be. His mouth is a straight line. His opaque brown eyes peer between narrowed lids. His face and neck look as if the sun and wind had long since sealed up the skin against the action of future suns and winds. His nose shows clearly the result of being broken in an ancient brawl—probably, Bieber thinks, the brawl in the Poodle Dog Bar in Manila the night he tangled with the Navy.

Yet, like the Springfield rifle, the *What Price Glory* type of top sergeant seems to be on the point of becoming extinct. In casual conversation, Bieber spatters his remarks with a few reflective hells and damns but when he really gets sore he stops swearing altogether. As good a top sergeant as you can find, he worries about his men's comfort, broods over them when they are ill or hurt, tries to keep them from spending their money unwisely and solaces them when they are homesick. When he really has to administer a tongue lashing, he sends everybody out of his

office so he can scold his man in private. But however kind and just Bieber may be, he is a very strict soldier. His men never talk back to him.

Next to the master sergeant, the first sergeant is the highest noncommissioned officer in the Army. He is the soldier's soldier, to whom mili-

tary life is a craft to be mastered by skill and devotion and long learning. In a way, the "top kick" is like a foreman in a factory. He has come up through the ranks, knows all the fussy details of operation; knows how much work his men and machines can do. He is still a working-man, not a white-shirted executive, and he probably will never occupy or want to occupy a desk in the front office. But the front office relies on him to keep production moving and the employes efficient.

Army officers, asked how important the first sergeants are to the Army, will reply: "My God, first sergeants *are* the Army!" It is Bruce Bieber and 9,500 other top sergeants in the U. S. Army who, more than generals, captains or even the men themselves, are currently doing the huge job of turning 1,000,000 U. S. citizens into 1,000,000 U. S. soldiers.

The military unit in which an infantry first sergeant works is the company. Sergeant Bieber's anti-tank company is now made up of 168 men, 33 motor vehicles, 87 rifles, 12 automatic rifles, six 37-mm. anti-tank guns and 92 automatic pistols. Its soldiers are divided into a company headquar-



The 9th Infantry's famous trophy, the \$50,000 Liscum Bowl, is shown to three privates by Sergeant Bieber who tells them how the regiment's bravery in China won the silver bowl.

TOP SERGEANT (continued)

ters section and three platoons. Each platoon is divided into sections and squads. A lieutenant and platoon sergeant are assigned to each platoon, a section sergeant to each section, and a corporal to each squad. Boss of the whole company is the commanding officer, usually a captain or a first lieutenant. At the commanding officer's right hand, as his chief assistant, administrator and adviser, is the first sergeant.

Sergeant Bieber, who is 47 years old, has been in the Army 24 years. His commanding officer has been out of West Point only two years. The other three lieutenants in his company have a total combined active duty record of about two years. Bieber's regiment has had four different colonels in command during the past 20 months. His division—the second—has had five different commanding generals in the past two years. In this new, hastily digested, gigantically expanding U. S. Army, the permanence and experience of the top sergeant is of vast importance. While commissioned officers come and go, the top sergeant stays.

Bieber is an all-around soldier

Bruce Bieber is an expert marksman with rifle, pistol, automatic rifle, 37-mm. anti-tank gun. He can drive and repair a truck, send and receive radio messages in code, read maps, lead his men through an untracked forest, cook a meal, type reports, take command of the company, devise and execute tactics for taking an objective and walk 20 miles a day. He not only knows how to do these things. He also knows how to teach his men—and sometimes his superior officers—to do them. Sergeant Bieber salutes his superior officers and addresses them respectfully as "Sir," but this is mostly a matter of form. If there is any deference shown, it is the young officers who show it to Bieber, a veteran of 24 years' service.

At Fort Sam Houston, Bieber gets to work about 6 a. m., half an hour before reveille. Mrs. Bieber drives him to company headquarters in their 1940 Plymouth coupe and then goes home to bed again. The Sergeant's office is in the Orderly Room, a bare-walled cubbyhole in one of five wooden buildings along "Splinter Row," where anti-tank company headquarters are located. The Sergeant sits at a scarred oak desk crammed in between the company clerk, the lavatory and a drab green filing cabinet.

Here he checks equipment, makes assignments, goes over the roster and, in general, administers the company. To the Orderly Room, first knocking politely on the screen door, come the men of the anti-tank company with their woes and wishes. "If the men stop griping," says Bieber, "something is wrong." Soldiers complain about being in the anti-tank company, being in Texas or being in the Army. They want to go home to see their sick mothers or to find out if the girl friend is going out with any other fellows. The supply sergeant complains about the commissary and the mess sergeant swears at the dietary dunderheads in Washington who make him serve ham two days in a row.

More than anything, Bieber worries about morale. Without the sharp fact of war to point up their military service, selectees have to be handled carefully lest they go sullen and slack. Oldtime sergeants might have shivered to hear everyone at a recent first sergeant's conference agree with Sergeant Bieber that the way to prevent too much A. W. O. L. was not more and harder drill, but organized sport, like volleyball.

Bieber does very little drill instruction, leaving training to the other sergeants or to the company's officers. When he gets a chance he drops around the barracks to see that rifles are all cleaned and the quarters in order. He always stops at the mess hall. "Morale," he observes, "is 50% how good the food is." Bieber himself eats midday dinner in the mess hall and observes at the end of the meal what the men leave on their plates. There is stress nowadays on green vegetables. Considerable grumbling results. Much as he appreciates the nutritive value of vegetables, Bieber is inclined to sympathize with his men who consider them a nuisance. As an old soldier, Bieber is a meat-and-potato man himself.

Sergeant Bieber is fiercely proud of his company. He was delighted recently when men from other companies came in saying they heard what a fine company the anti-tank outfit was and they would like to join up. Presently Bieber got suspicious. He checked up and learned that the men in his company had been crowing over the fact that, while other companies have to march 20 miles a day, the motorized anti-tank company is required to march a maximum of only four or five miles a day. Other first sergeants in the regiment, following top sergeant custom, were encouraging their leg-lazy men to go over to anti-tank. When Bieber discovered this, he became less cordial to applicants.

When groups of new soldiers come into the company, Bieber gets them together and delivers a homely speech, advising them to keep out of trouble if possible, to avoid M. P.'s when drunk, to report

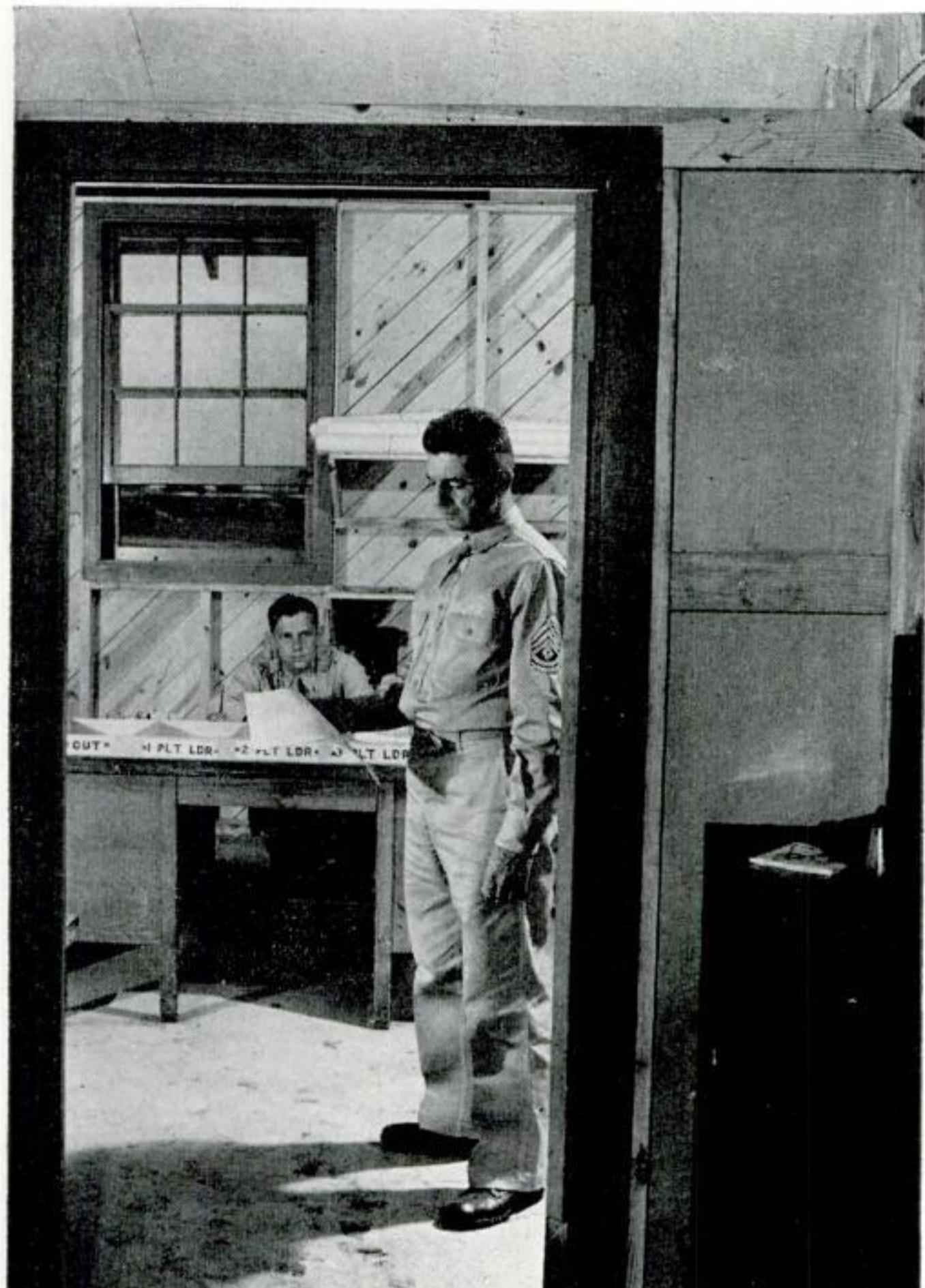


Loading an anti-tank gun into dummy airplane at Fort Sam Houston was a problem which Bieber and his company commander worked out. Contribution of practical top sergeant was use of water cans as support for ramp. Company carries cans anyway. By using them here Bieber eliminated need for carrying extra material.



Into plane comes the 37-mm. gun (*above*). Men quickly dispose themselves (*below*, Bieber seated at front left) as they would in actual combat, when they would probably be flown to help defend or capture an airport. Bieber is now working on a new problem: how to get "blitz buggy," which can pull gun, also into the plane.





In the company commander's office, Bieber studies order by Lieutenant Miller. From look on his face, he is probably about to make sensible and polite suggestion for revision.



At the door of the Orderly Room, Bieber receives wrongdoer brought in by Military Police. Offense: drunk and disorderly. Sentence: week digging up grounds for lawn.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Berger



Bud: C'mon, now! A big locomotive for the team!

Sis: Well! Well! I never knew cheerleaders did homework. But why don't you open up and give? That yelp would make any team run the wrong way!



Bud: Who asked *you* in here? Cheerleading has to be practiced, like anything else. You have to develop timing—and rhythm—and pep.



Sis: Pep, is it? Well, you don't get *that* in front of a mirror! You can't have it unless you eat right, and a few more vitamins might do wonders for your oomph, my lad. Scram down to the kitchen. Here's where we do a favor to dear old Alma Mater.



Sis: And right here is where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have 'em all, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important ones—vitamins B₁ and D.

Bud: Holy cats! Why didn't you tell me it tastes so good? If getting the other vitamins can be this much fun, I'm going to be the most vitaminized cheerleader you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

TOP SERGEANT (continued)



The company's noncoms are called together in the recreation room. Leaning against the pool table, Bieber explains a new procedure to his 15 sergeants and 25 corporals.

for prophylaxis after they visit the girls on Matamoros Street. As custodian of company tradition, he winds up by telling the men about the rich history of the 9th Infantry, which was awarded a regimental *Croix de Guerre* with two palms at Blanc Mont in 1918, saved itself from complete massacre at Balanga in the Philippines after the insurrection and won itself one of the Army's most famous trophies during the Boxer Rebellion. This is the \$50,000 Liscum Bowl (see p. 65) made of silver given the regiment by a grateful Chinese ruler after the regiment saved \$376,000 worth of silver. The bowl is named after Colonel Liscum who died in the storming of Tientsin and who, with his last words, gave the regiment its motto: "Keep up the fire." Bieber will mention the heroism but he won't mention the scandal that shook the 9th when the officers borrowed the 20-gal. bowl for a party in honor of Bebe Daniels which ended with Miss Daniels, fully clothed, posing for a picture inside the punch bowl. Since then, the bowl is used only on ceremonious and chaperoned occasions.

Two weeks a month, Bieber's company moves out to Camp Bullis, 20 miles away, for field exercises and maneuvers. His place is beside the company commander, relaying orders, consulting on tactics, dispatching messages by motorized messenger or over the portable radio "walkie-talkie." Sergeant Bieber has a field soldier's scorn for swivel-chair strategists. "If they had to go out and get tick bites," he observes, "maybe they wouldn't have so many ideas." Several times Bieber has been cited for work in Army maneuvers. Once with a detail of about 20 men he captured a troop of 100 cavalry by putting half his men on a ledge to attract the cavalry's attention, then sneaking up behind the horsemen. Another time, his company captured a whole battalion, largely because Bieber's advance guard nabbed a colonel and his staff. This was disallowed on a technicality by the umpire who, a stickler for Army propriety, thought it unbecoming for a senior officer to be captured by a noncommissioned officer.

He will have a dangerous job

During battle, Bieber's company would do dangerous work. His light 37-mm. guns, which might stop small tanks or jam the treads of bigger ones, would be the first line of anti-tank defense and the first objective of the enemy's artillery and dive bombers. This pleases its top sergeant all the more because, in all his two dozen years of service, he has never been in a battle or even a skirmish.

Bruce Bieber, Pennsylvania Dutch, born in Kutztown, Pa., had been a weaver and then a mechanic when he tried to join the Army the day America declared war in 1917. The Army turned him down for a minor disability from which he recovered in time to join the air corps and spend 17 months of the war in Ohio and Texas as instructor in gunnery and armoring. When mustered out in April 1919, Sergeant Bieber was reluctant to settle down to a peacetime job. He made a feeble attempt to get his old job back. Ten days after being demobilized, he had re-enlisted as a private in the 15th Infantry, for service in China.

Thrown together in his dresser drawer is Sergeant Bieber's official

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BIRD SEED and BISCUIT

LARGEST SELLING CANARY DIET IN U.S.



Out in the field, Bieber works at a portable field desk which he designed himself. It fits neatly into back of command car. Three top sergeants in the 9th have copied it.

record of his Regular Army life—his honorable discharges, citations and warrants. The seven discharges, spaced three years apart, are all dated April 17—1922, 1925, 1928, 1931, 1934, 1937, 1940. Stamped on each one is the date of his re-enlistment—April 18, 1922, 1925, 1928, 1931, 1934, 1937, 1940.

The first discharge certificate after the war, made out at Camp Eldridge Laguna, Philippine Islands, indicates that Bieber was appointed a corporal in 1920, a sergeant in 1921 and that he served with the China expedition during those years. Bieber liked China. One U.S. dollar was worth \$3 Mex and after payday a private could live like a general for a weekend. Bieber remembers such weekends as among the most enjoyable of his life. The 15th Infantry's job in Tientsin was to guard a railroad menaced by war between Manchurian warlords. The Chinese, however, gave neither Bieber nor the railroad any trouble and always stopped fighting on Chinese holidays, of which there were many.

He couldn't get along with British sergeants

Foreign soldiers in China spent their evenings drinking and fighting with each other. Mostly Bieber fought with the British who got on his nerves. British noncoms snubbed privates. When Bieber invited a soldier to his table, a British sergeant would get up and walk away. "Then," says Bieber, "there would be a rooccus."

After China, the 15th Infantry was transferred to the Philippines. Bieber remembers a period of hot days marching through high rows of sugar cane and of warm evenings spent "wrassling" with the ballerinas at the Santa Ana dance hall. The 1922 discharge papers note that Bieber was paid off with \$380.99—which included fare back to the point of enlistment which had been Paterson, N.J. Some days after his discharge—he had re-enlisted immediately—Bieber and a fellow sergeant named Van Blyman went out to celebrate the \$380.99. Late in the evening, they commandeered a *calesa* (two-wheeled pony cab), tossed the driver overboard and careened about Manila until a native policeman named Flores tried to stop them. The rest of the story is preserved in the quaint army language of the court-martial:

"Before a special court-martial which convened at Cuartel de España, Manila, P.I., pursuant to Paragraph I, Special Orders No. 70 as modified by Paragraph 2, Special Orders No. 89 and Paragraph 1, Special Orders No. 95, was arraigned and tried:

Sergeant James Van Blyman, 3-2008811, Company A 15th Infantry
Sergeant Bruce Bieber, 2-1087887, Company A 15th Infantry

CHARGE: Violation of the 96th Article of War

Specification 1: In that Bruce Bieber . . . and Sergeant James Van Blyman . . . acting jointly and in pursuance of a common intent did wrongfully strike G. Flores, a policeman in the execution of his duty, in the face with their fists.

Specification 2: In that . . . Bieber . . . and Van Blyman were drunk and disorderly in uniform and did thereby bring discredit upon the military service.

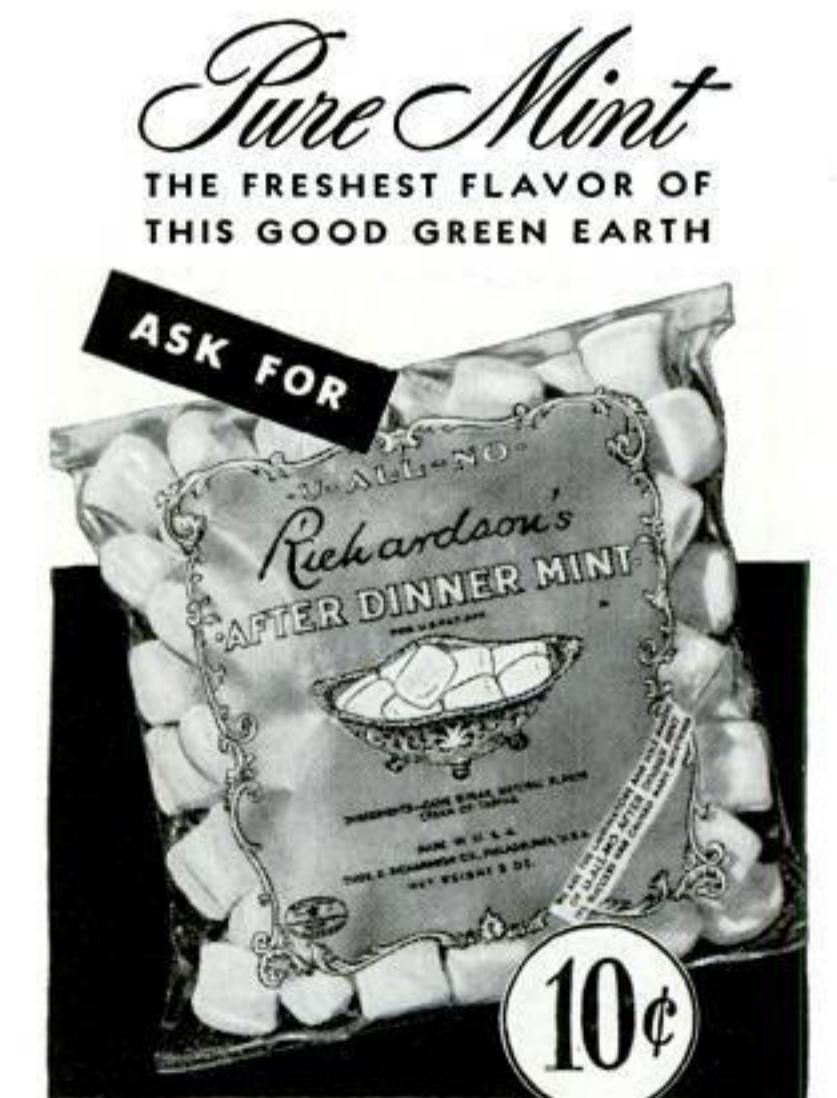
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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THOS. D. RICHARDSON CO.
Philadelphia, U.S.A.



TOP SERGEANT (continued)

PLEAS: To specification 1, Not Guilty.

To specification 2, Guilty excepting the word "disorderly."

FINDINGS: To specification 1, "Not Guilty."

To specification 2, "Guilty."

To the charges: "Guilty."

SENTENCE: to be reduced to the grade of private.

Action: the findings and sentence are approved but, owing to the past good record of both the accused, the sentence is suspended."

Saved from being "broken" by his good record, Bieber became a model soldier. His next discharge papers, 1925, bear a long list of the times he qualified as an expert marksman. There is also an interesting notation. When demobilized from the air corps in 1919, he had answered the *Knowledge of any vocation* question on his paper with "Weaver." In 1922, he had answered, "Machinist." In 1925, he answered, simply, "Soldier."

In 1928, the discharge paper was made out in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where Bieber had been sent to join the famous 9th Infantry. The 1931 discharge papers disclose two major changes in Bieber's life. He had become a first sergeant and, in 1928, had married Orpha Middleton, a Michigan girl who had settled in San Antonio. He was stationed at Fort Sam Houston until 1940 when he and his company commander were assigned to organize the regiment's first anti-tank company.

The Army pays him well

Bieber and his wife, a plain and pleasant woman, live in a one-family stucco house at Fort Sam Houston, which looks like a high-grade suburb. Their house, set back from a tree-lined street on a dipping lawn, has a living room, two bedrooms, sleeping porch, kitchen, dinette, bathroom, cellar and garage. Bieber pays no rent and gets free gas, light, heat, refrigeration. Base salary for a top sergeant is \$86 a month. Because of his long service, Bieber gets the maximum of \$105. Counting free rent and service, free medical care, 40¢-a-day ration allowance, free uniforms, service shoes and underclothes, Bieber figures his pay equals at least \$200 a month.

What's more, his wife shops at the Commissary or the Post Exchange where food is usually cheaper than it is downtown and where she can buy cigarettes or tobacco for her husband's strong pipe without having to pay Government tax. A few years ago, the post sold gasoline tax-free and at cost. Bieber then owned a fancy secondhand Packard which had wonderful horsepower but used a lot of fuel. When the cheap gasoline privileges ended, Bieber switched to a more economical Plymouth.

In six years, at 53, Bieber will have served 30 years and can retire, on \$94.50 a month. If before he retires he becomes a master sergeant—who functions in regimental headquarters as a first sergeant functions in company headquarters—his pay will be \$157.50 and his retirement pay \$133 a month. Bieber is much concerned about becoming a master sergeant. He wants to retire to a place on the Gulf of Mexico or in California where the fishing and hunting are good. He has a few hundred dollars saved and owns a house and lot in San Antonio which he expects to sell. But plenty of things may happen to Bieber before his 30 years are up. The Second Division is one of the three or four marked for immediate action and, if war comes, Bieber may end up as a captain or a major.

Civilians often wonder why crack soldiers like Bieber are not more

Bieber at home mows the well-kept lawn in front of his trim Spanish-style bungalow, which is furnished him free by Army on the post. Mrs. Bieber likes flowers, grows a few.



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Before Dinner—serve Bacardi cocktails
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WORTH KNOWING...

BACARDI

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copyr. 1941

did he
mean ... doggy
legs



or doggie legs?

Was his remark candidly canine... or was he being sweet and complimentary?

If there is any question in your mind, lady, then you'd better get NEET, today! For NEET cream hair remover will quickly remove both uncomplimentary hair and doubt simultaneously.

Simply apply this cosmetic cream hair remover to your legs, or under your arms, or forearms... leave it for a few minutes... then rinse off. NEET leaves the skin satiny, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp razor stubble to mar the contours of lovely legs, or create runs in sheer hose when NEET is used. Nor does NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of new NEET today from your department, drug, or ten cent store.

**Better Get
neet today**

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Avoid imitations...ask by name for O.W.D.



rapidly promoted. There are several reasons. One is that after the World War, the Army was pathologically swollen with commissioned officers. Enlisted men were not encouraged to go to officers' training school and were thereby prevented from advancing, even if they had wanted to. But a great many noncoms do not want to become commissioned officers. One sergeant in Bieber's company is content to remain a noncom because, he observes, officers not only have to work on weekdays but also have to worry on Sundays. Though Bieber's pay is less than a commissioned officer's, his expenses are also a lot less. As a noncom, he is not bound by the protocol of social life which absorbs an officer's time and money. If Bieber received a commission and kept it in the peacetime Army, he would have to change his whole social life. Probably Mrs. Bieber would feel uncomfortable in a group of smart Army officers' wives. Since officers have no social contact with noncoms, however friendly they may be around company headquarters, the Biebers would have to give up many of their friends. Furthermore, men like Bieber have a special pride in their own kind of work. They know how useful they are. Bieber feels that he has done pretty well for himself and his country. He loves the Army in the matter-of-fact way a long and happily married man loves his wife.

Bieber gets home from work at about 5 o'clock. After supper he takes Blackie, his cocker spaniel, for a walk. The Biebers rarely go to the movies and don't belong to the post's noncommissioned officers' club. Mostly what noncoms do there is drink or dance. A touch of sinus trouble prevents Bieber from drinking and his wife's foot, broken some years ago, hurts when she dances. Evenings are spent listening to the radio. The Sergeant likes Fibber McGee and Molly, news broadcasts and speeches.

Bieber remembers the Poodle Dog

When friends drop in for a game of four-handed pinochle or a bottle of beer, Bieber often gets around to the tale of how he met the Navy in Manila—the time he got his nose broken. At that time, Bieber's top sergeant was a little guy named Vickery who was always getting into arguments with bigger men. One night in the Poodle Dog Bar, Vickery picked on a sailor who became belligerent. Feeling that he had to protect his top kick, Bieber butted in and invited the sailor out back. As soon as they got there Bieber, whose strategy was to hit the other man first, whirled around and smacked the sailor between the eyes. Instead of dropping, the sailor simply shook his head and moved in.

The sailor, it developed later, was the welterweight champion of the Asiatic Fleet. After a few minutes, Bieber was out cold on the floor—his face bloody, his ribs aching. Hours later, he staggered back into camp, presented his battered face to Vickery and asked to be excused from guard duty next day. But the ungrateful top sergeant, instead of acknowledging Bieber's sacrifice in his behalf, raged at Bieber because the police had arrested him, Vickery, for starting a fight.

Sick, hurt and chagrined, Bieber walked guard next day in an unbearable sun. The unhappy day came to an even more unhappy end when the company commander gave him a stern dressing down—not for his disgraceful appearance, not for having been in a barroom brawl, not for having come in late. Not for anything like that. But for letting an unprintable sailor of unprintable ancestry lick a man in Company A. If First Sergeant Bieber doesn't act tough today it isn't because he wasn't brought up in a tough army.

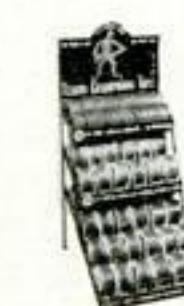
Four-handed pinochle is a favorite game. Here Sergeant and Mrs. Bieber (*left*) entertain the Tom Bartons. Barton, a retired master sergeant, knew Bieber in the Philippines.



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ARMORED FORCE



A MEDIUM TANK FORDS A STREAM

IT STAGES U. S. BRAND OF BLITZ

The weather was hot in Tennessee last month during Army maneuvers. All day long, blue-denimed soldiers, tanned and unshaven, drove trucks over dusty roads, crawled solemnly through woods and cornfields. At night they lay exhausted and silent in their tents.

But in one camp there was not much silence. In the fields of Chickamauga, where the Second Armored Division was bivouacked, soldiers of the Armored Force talked far into the night, boasting of their military might. With their 385 tanks and 1,900 vehicles, they were, as their commanding officer, Major General George S. Patton Jr. (*see front cover*), said, "the strongest force ever devised by man."

Although strict military observers might have called General Patton overenthusiastic, it was apparent last week that the U. S. at last has created a military force which in gunpowder and mobility is fast becoming a match for a German Panzer division. Along with its counterparts, the First, Third and Fourth Armored Divisions, which altogether make up the U. S. Armored Force, the Second Armored Division is the most encouraging military news of the year. Even to military observers, it seems just as self-sufficient as a panzer division. Along with its tanks and scout cars, it has its own infantry, its own artillery, its own engineer, supply and medical corps. It even has scouting and bombardment aviation.

Furthermore, last week, as actual war loomed closer and closer for the U. S., it was this self-sufficiency of the Armored Force which was making news, impressing other military minds with the practical advantages of its unified command. Throughout the country an effort was being made to copy the Armored Force, to weld various units of the Army, Navy and Marines into co-ordinated fighting teams. From New York, elements of the First Infantry Division left to train with the Marines. In Washington, General Marshall announced that a Marine officer had been put in charge of an Army-Marine landing force, and that an Army flier had taken command of the Newfoundland air defense bases.

Until last summer all the U. S. had was 400 obsolescent tanks, deficient in gunpower and armor. Then on July 10, 1940—just a year ago—the War Department issued a directive creating an Armored Force under the command of Major General Adna R. Chaffee. Since then, the Armored Force has jumped from one brigade to two divisions, then to four divisions. Its task is to weld its tanks into great masses of hard-hitting, fast-moving offensive forces. The striking power of the Armored Divisions is always the tanks. The task of the aviation, infantry and engineer units attached is to aid the tanks as best they can, whether by bombing enemy troops, conducting scouting parties or building bridges.

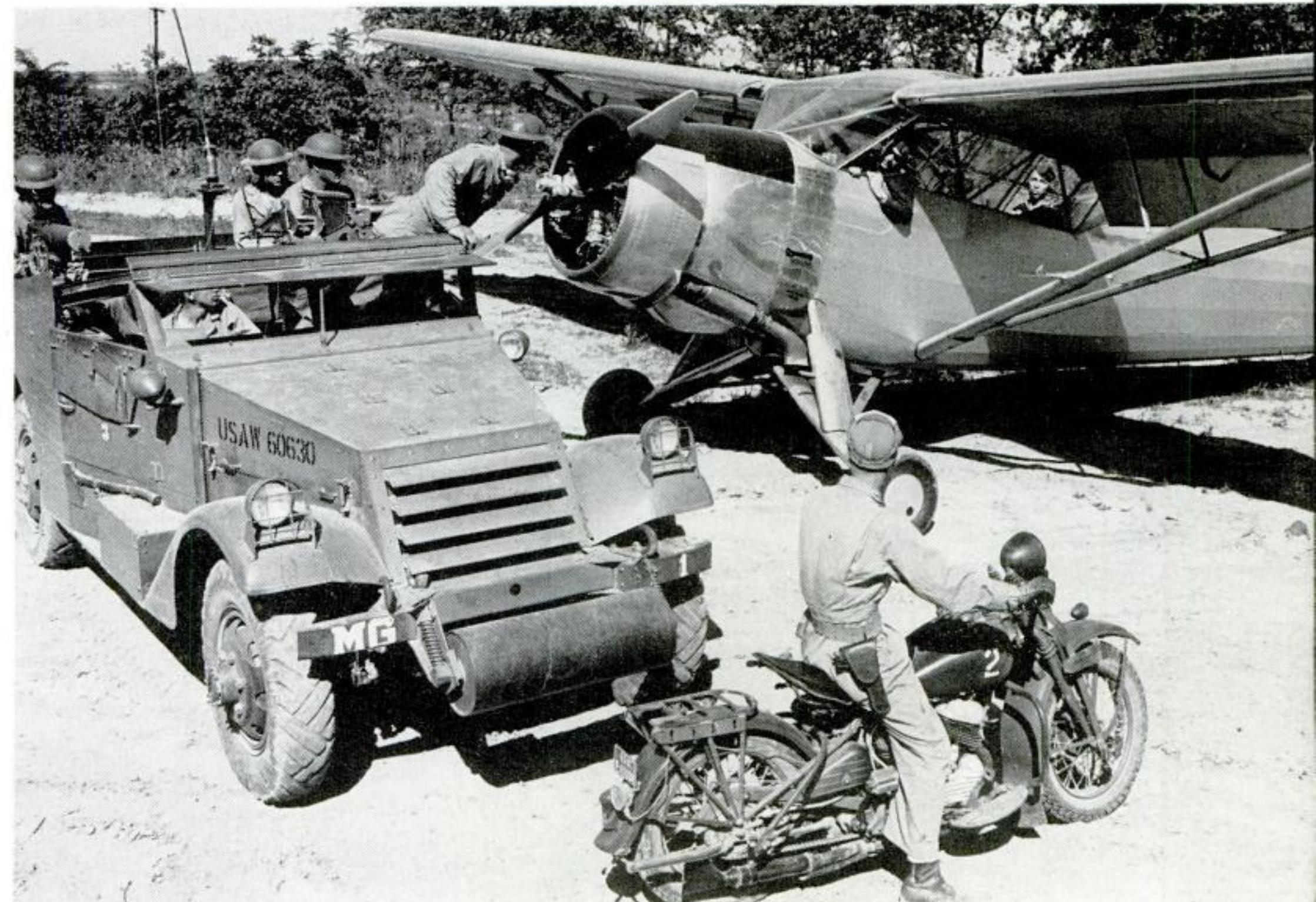
The battle technique of the Armored Force is simple: pick out the enemy's weakest point. Throw as big a force of tanks, infantry, artillery and aviation at that point as possible. When the line cracks, pour tanks, guns and infantry through the gap in ever-increasing numbers. Forget about your rear and flank. Let infantry divisions take care of that.

To show how these new armored forces operate, LIFE a month ago dispatched Photographer Eliot Elisofon to Fort Knox, headquarters of the Armored Force and of the First Armored Division, and to Fort Benning, headquarters of the Second Armored Division. From the resulting pictures LIFE here presents a composite sham battle. Although this particular battle has never taken place anywhere in the world, its general outlines are similar to all armored-force battles, especially to the battle on the Meuse in May 1940, when the Germans broke the French lines at Sedan.



The battle begins when a light observation plane, back from hovering over enemy lines, overtakes a column of scout cars and prepares to land to report evidence of weak spots in en-

emy positions. The Armored Force, to be most effective, must always be on the offensive. Observation planes, therefore, which can land almost anywhere, are especially valuable.



A scout car drives up, takes message from the pilot almost before the plane has come to a stop. Depending on what the message says, the contents may first be radioed to scouting

commander, then given to a motorcycle messenger who will deliver it to him on a stick. Here the message reads: "Undestroyed bridge three miles ahead. Appears weakly defended."





Through a smokescreen, men of the reconnaissance battalion storm the vital bridge on foot. The smoke has been laid down in advance by trench mortars or set out by hand in smoke pots. The men in left foreground of the picture are covering the attack with machine guns.

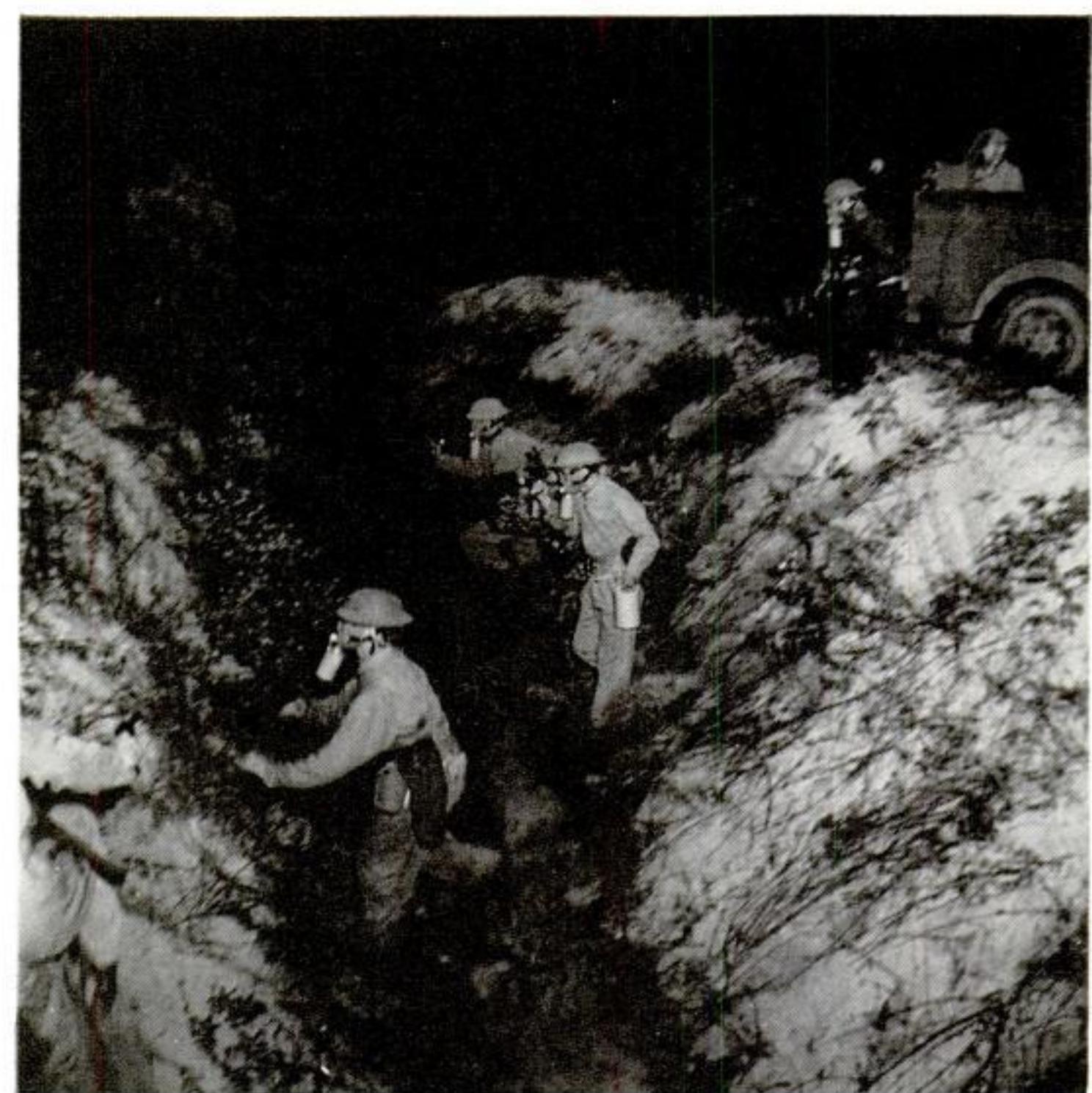
Others crouch waiting their turn to run out. Casualties in this local action straight into fire of the enemy may run high but the advantage gained is worth it. Most important positions to capture are bridges like this, mountain passes, airports and any natural gun positions.

SCOUTING FORCES FEEL OUT ENEMY

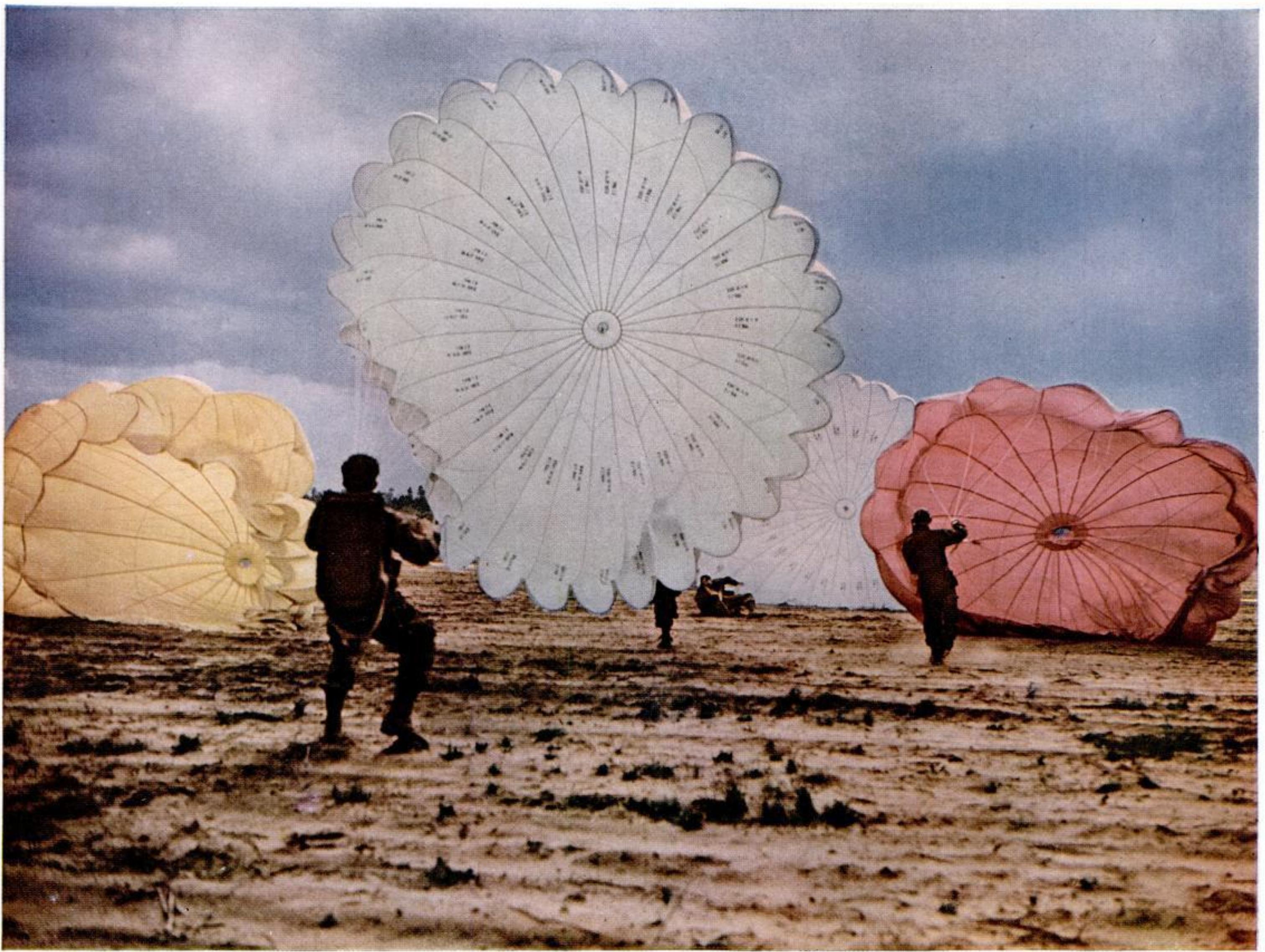
In an Armored Force battle, action develops quickly. After observation planes like the one shown on the previous page have delivered preliminary reports of enemy dispositions and weaknesses, advance troops equipped with a few tanks and scout cars go into action. Their task is to get control of bridgeheads, outposts and pillboxes. Also they must bring back more detailed reports on how strong the enemy is, where his best troops are located, how many tanks, guns and infantrymen he has in line. Not until the Armored Force commander knows all these things, and many more like them, will he order the main body of his tanks to attack.

Even in these preliminary skirmishes, however, the fighting action is often brisk and dangerous. Sometimes advance scouting forces are met by artillery fire. Sometimes they are met by gas (*right*). Always the paratroopers (*opposite page*) have a tough time subduing airports, and the engineers must be careful in their assaults on pillboxes (*opposite, bottom*).

Some of the firepower which will support the advance troops and the main action is shown in color on pages 76 and 77. While a medium tank blazes away with all its five forward guns in a night assault on the enemy, a 75-mm. gun, chief anti-tank weapon of the Armored Force, makes sure that no enemy troops approach its own positions. Heavy anti-aircraft fire from a new 90-mm. gun keeps enemy bombers away from the rear lines, where tanks are bivouacked, and a 240-mm. howitzer lays down an artillery barrage for an expected tank attack the next day. Meanwhile, far from the scene of the battle, a 16-in. coast artillery gun fires 28 miles out to sea to prevent the enemy from landing re-inforcements.



Swarming across a gully, a squad of infantrymen rushes up to plant smoke to conceal direction of attack on the bridge. The center man carries chemical smoke pot. In their training gas masks, with pistols drawn, they came out of the scout car at top right of the picture.

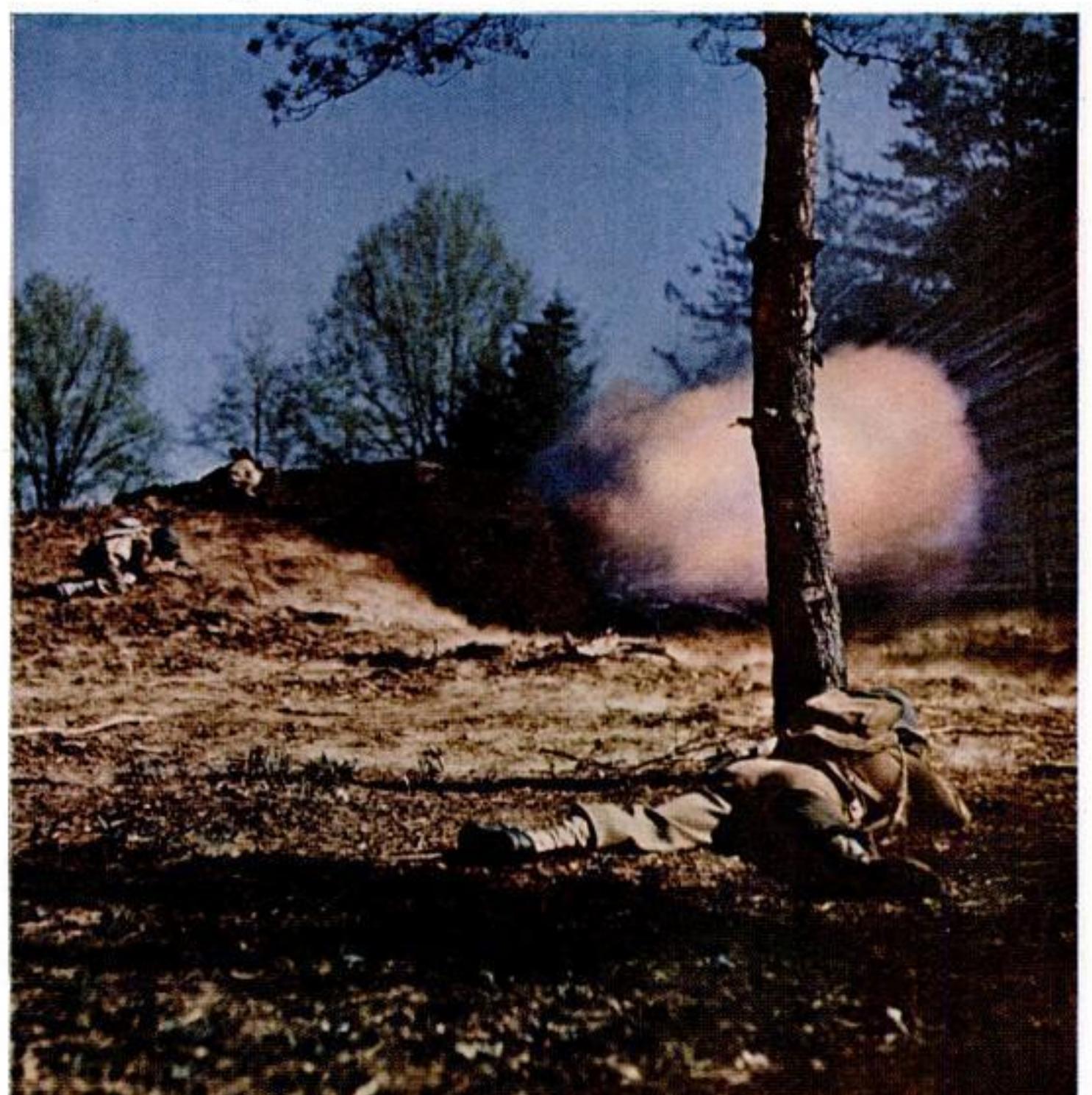


Down from the skies, far behind the front lines of the enemy, drop the parachute troops. Red, yellow and blue parachutes carry light machine guns, sub-machine guns, Garand rifles and trench mortars. As soon as parachutists land, they rush to the equipment chutes and

get their guns ready to attack an airfield, seize a bridge or take a railhead. Parachutists usually land like this at dawn, dusk, or even at night in order to escape detection. They are helpless as they dangle in air, drifting earthward, until their feet touch the ground.



With roasting fire from a Molotov cocktail (comprised of heavy oil and gasoline), engineers assault an enemy pillbox. Engineers have approached from blind side of pillbox, now lie low. Engineer at left is getting into position to detonate a charge of TNT in front of the porthole.



Boom goes the TNT, blowing in the pillbox's portal and stunning everybody inside. The engineers who have done the dangerous work hug the ground for safety. In addition to this roasting and blasting, U. S. engineers now use a secret flame thrower to burn out pillboxes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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(CONTINUED)



WITH A BANG AND A ROAR, FIVE FORWARD GUNS ON A MEDIUM TANK OPEN UP AT ONCE. GUN ON THE TURRET IS A 37-MM. CANNON. OTHERS ARE 30-CAL. MACHINE GUNS



FROM ITS TWO-WHEELED CARRIAGE, A MODERNIZED 75-MM. GUN HURLS A SHELL HARD ENOUGH TO STOP ANY TANK. BY FALL, THE ARMY WILL HAVE 75'S ON NEW MEDIUM TANKS



HIGH IN THE AIR SHOOTS A BLANKET OF FLAME FROM A NEW 50-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN



A 240-MM. HOWITZER, ARMY'S BIGGEST FIELD GUN, IS FIRED BY 79TH F. A.



WITH A NOISE LOUDER THAN FREIGHT TRAINS COLLIDING, A 16-IN. COAST ARTILLERY GUN SHOOTS 28 MILES OUT TO SEA

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Field headquarters for General Patton, commander of the armored division, is this light tank (combat car). Here Patton receives reports, gives orders to staff for attack. Note that major general's stars (*top of tank*) are thoroughly covered during an action.



Tanks move into night bivouac under cover of total darkness. Lamps or flashlights would be fatal give-away to enemy air observation. Consequently the tank driver has the difficult job of maneuvering his machine with only faint flicker of a white handkerchief, seen through tiny driver's slit, to guide him.



Through a smoke screen, after dawn, with cannon and machine guns blazing, these light tanks pound forward for an attack, followed by infantrymen. Heavier machines have gone on ahead, wiping out anti-tank nests, artillery installations, penetrating ever farther into enemy lines.

Now through the weakest points in those enemy lines are coming the light tanks and the riflemen, trying to paralyze the foe from the rear. Once past the front lines, infantry consolidates ground won while tanks fan out to destroy reserves, communications, supplies and personnel.



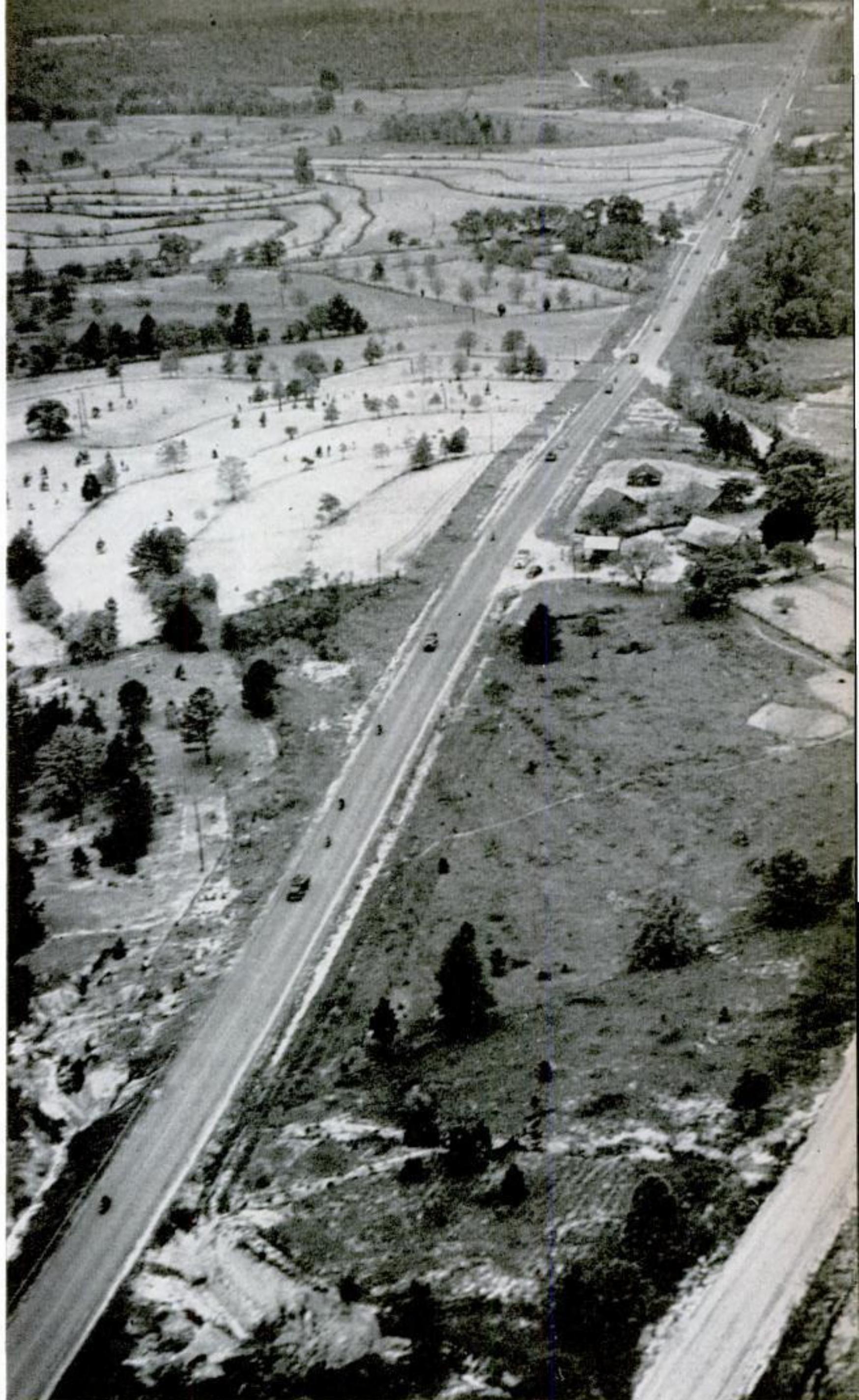
With a blow torch, tough sergeant tank commanders heat their canned rations, while their camouflaged tank looms grim and businesslike in the background. In night bivouac, in battle or on maneuvers, soldiers of the Armored Force sleep in the open, right beside their trucks or tanks.

UP TO FRONT GO RE-INFORCEMENTS

From his post in the woods (*opposite page, upper left*), General Patton is directing the fighting movements of his forces. The brief action of the tanks (*opposite page, bottom*) combined with the reports of scouting parties, engineers and parachutists has revealed to him how large the enemy forces are, how they are disposed and, most important, where their weakest positions are located. Now, General Patton can plan his all-out tank, infantry and artillery attack.

Because enemy forces are larger than he had expected, he must strengthen his main shock force. He must also prepare additional infantry and artillery support for his tanks, if he is to be successful in breaking through enemy positions and penetrating enemy lines.

The picture at right shows these re-inforcements moving up along a straight concrete road toward the front. As they arrive at a general assembly point, the river crossings shown on the following page will begin.



OVER A CONCRETE INLAND HIGHWAY, A LONG ARMORED COLUMN MOVES TO THE FRONT



A stop for refueling delays the tanks less than five minutes. As the tank column lumbers along, a gasoline truck runs along the line and passes out 5-gal. cans to each tank. Because American tanks have air-cooled airplane engines, only the best high-test gasoline is used in them.



At an assembly point still far from the front, tanks bunch up for inspection by officers. Like airplanes before a flight, tanks before a battle must be minutely gone over, every piece of armor, machinery and armament carefully checked. Carelessness now may mean a lost battle later.



**CROWDING THEIR ASSAULT
BOATS TO THE GUNWALES,
ENGINEERS CROSS A RIVER**



SPLASHING THROUGH A FORD TO JOIN BATTLE GOES A TANK COMPANY. COMMANDERS IN TURRETS USE FEET TO DIRECT DRIVERS. TURRETS ARE "BUTTONED UP" IN BATTLE

THE TANKS CROSS A BIG RIVER

The orders for the attack have now been issued. Enemy weaknesses have been discovered. Reinforcements of tanks, guns and infantry have been brought up from the rear and assembled. Everything is ready to go.

But there still remains one obstacle. Athwart the advance lies a big, muddy river. Even this, however, does not hold up the advancing forces for long. Some of them, like the engineers in the picture on opposite page, paddle across the river in assault boats. While paddling, they are screened from enemy machine-gun fire by a heavy barrage of smoke shells.

When they get to the other side, they will start building a bridge on which the main body of troops and tanks will cross.

Simultaneously other tanks find other means by which to get across the water. Some of them (*above*) use a shallow ford, wallow across on their own power. For others (*below*) pontoons were transported to the stream by the engineers. On these, light tanks can cross such a stream in less than ten minutes. Once on the other side, they will roll ashore on the overhanging steel runways and immediately roar on to take part in the action shown on the next pages.

TANK FERRY BRINGS UP A LIGHT TANK. FERRY RUNS ON A CABLE STRETCHED ACROSS RIVER AND IS DRIVEN BY RIVER'S OWN CURRENT. IT CAN BE SET UP IN 15 MINUTES

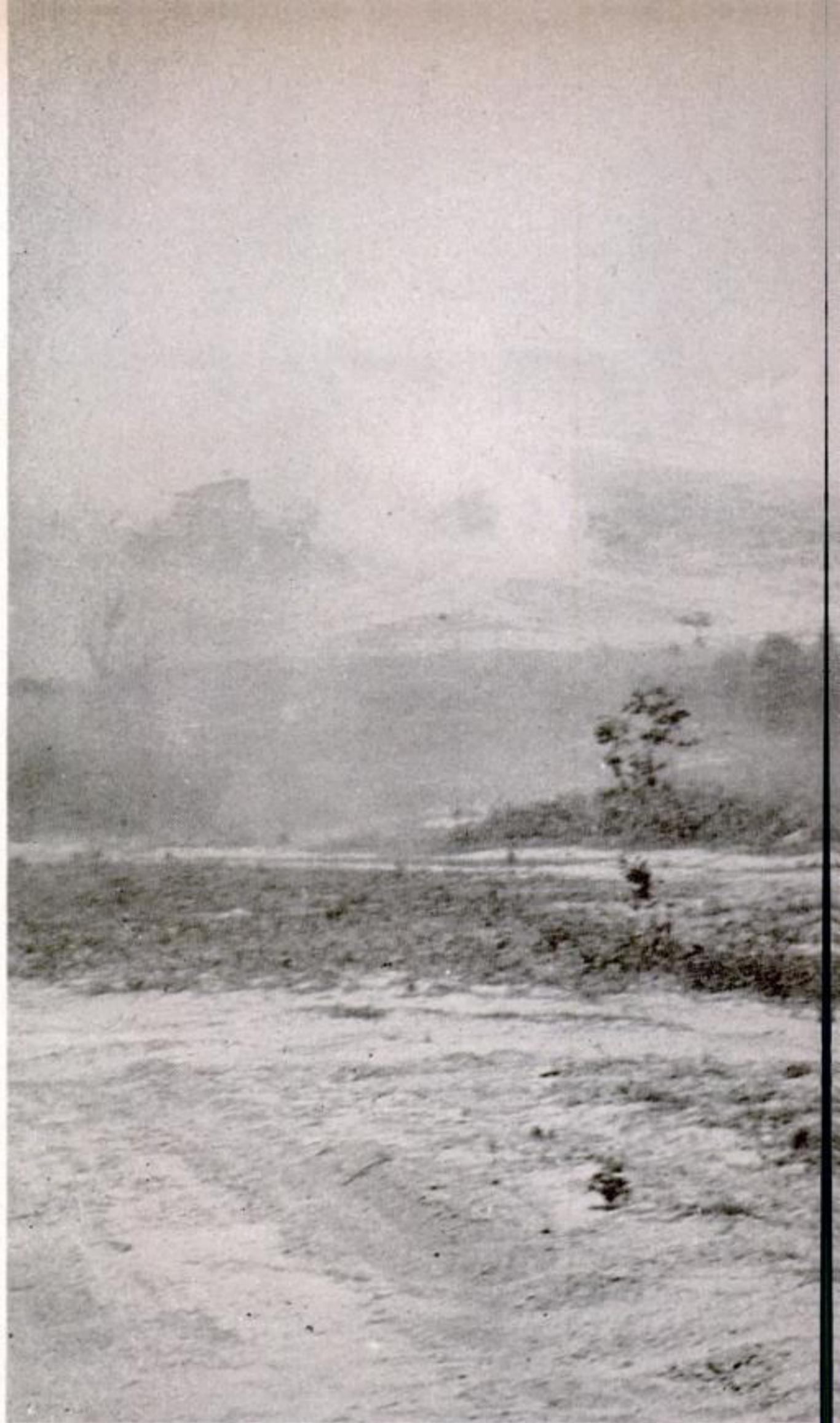


ACTION STARTS WITH GUNS, PLANES, TANKS



Light bombers attached to the Armored Force race over enemy troops, bomb enemy supply lines, air-

ports and artillery installations. They may even dive close to ground, strafe tanks and columns of men.



Explosion of a land mine almost underneath a moving tank slows up its advance for a second. These

land mines are planted a foot under the surface and explode when a heavy weight presses down on them.





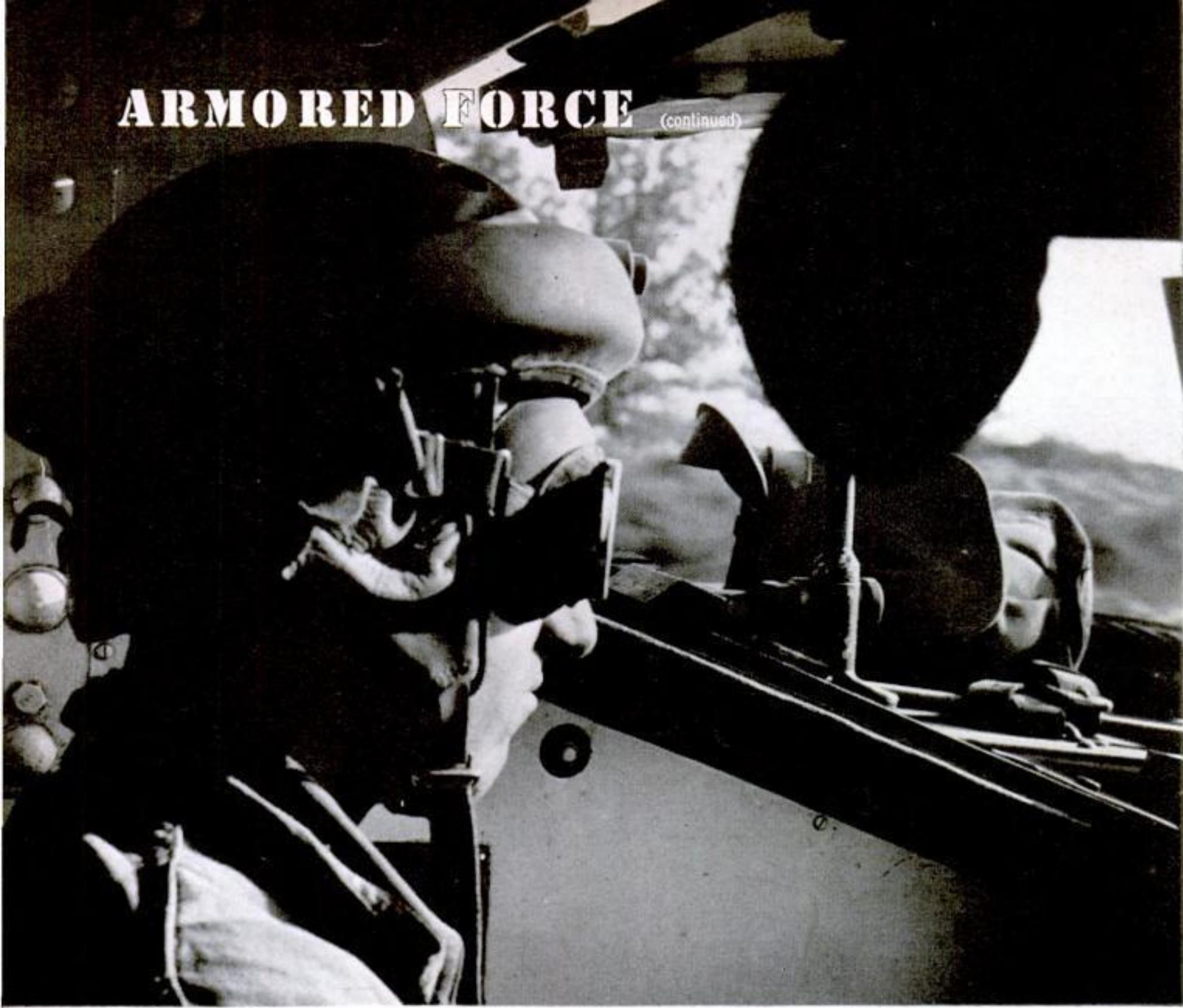
**WITH DUST BOILING IN THEIR WAKE
THE MEDIUM TANKS LEAD THE ATTACK**



**ARMORED CARS FOLLOW UP TANKS
TO EXPLOIT THE BREAK-THROUGH**

ARMORED FORCE

(continued)



Inside a light tank this is how the driver looks to the bow gunner who sits at the right of the driver.

Goggles and helmet protect eyes and head. On long dusty tank convoys, crews wear respirators as well.

TANK MEN GET A BUMPY RIDE

On the last page you saw tanks in action racing across an open field. Here you see what it is like to be inside one of those tanks.

Below you are looking out from a tank's front end, through the armored "windshield," which is open. You are going 45 m.p.h. but inside it feels like at least 145 m.p.h. Suddenly you are jerked backward as the tank shoots up a steep slope. Hardly have you recovered from that when your head is snapped from side to side as your vehicle seems to lose its balance in a foxhole. Then you are pulled up short as your tank plows into an obstacle. Worst of all comes when the whole side of the tank almost caves in with a crashing roar as the turret cannon goes off within 3 ft. of your head.

It takes stout, healthy soldiers to operate and fight a tank. The lurching, the speed, the bangs and roars from gunfire continually test stamina. Furthermore, tank men must have instinctive mechanical sense plus long and specialized training. Crack machine gunners, in their first practice from a moving tank, invariably miss their targets. Every member of a tank's crew (four for light tanks, five for medium) must know every other crew man's job, be ready to take over if somebody is killed or wounded.

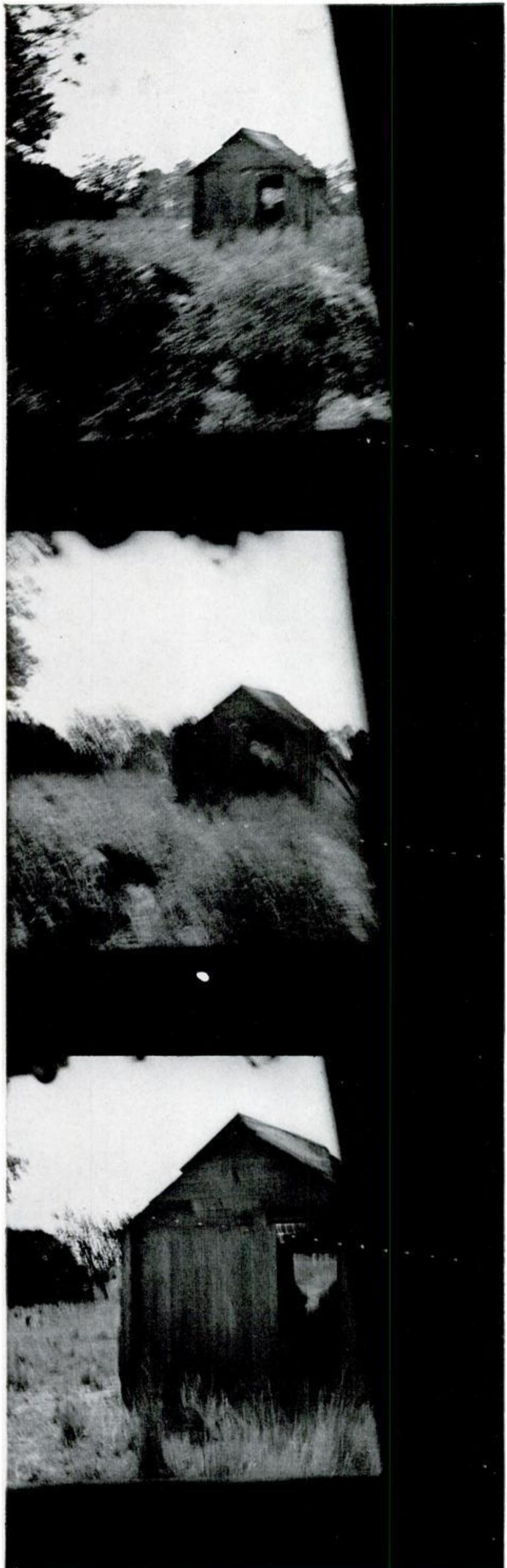
On opposite page, a medium tank smashes through a cornerrib used as an anti-tank nest. Tank men like jobs like this, develop jitters only when they have to fight from trucks or motorcycles.



Jouncing over bumpy ground, this is what a gunner inside a tank sees. The machine gun he operates shows in all four of the pictures. Limited area of vision lets him see only one or two



other vehicles at a time. In top pictures he gets fleeting glimpses of his own tanks in action. In bottom (left) he sees a truck, and (right) a crippled tank being pulled out of big hole.



An anti-tank nest in an abandoned corncrib is here seen coming continually closer and closer by the gunner. Note the outlined figures in bottom picture.



Driving head-on into anti-tank position, this medium tank is a dangerously good target for the 37-mm. gun. Everything depends on which happens first—the firing of the gun or the smashing fire of the tank. Point-blank at close range a "37" can do tremendous damage against any but the most modern heavy armor plate. Below: the tank wins. With one crushing blow, it shatters and knocks down the building.



ARMORED FORCE (continued)

UP FROM REAR MOVE INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY



75-mm. howitzers are being towed forward by artillerymen in "half-track" personnel carriers. Frequently these pieces are brought up so close to the enemy that they can be fired at point-blank range. In Armored Force, artillery uses guns as big as 155-mm. howitzers. In all pictures here tanks are in action forward and infantry and artillery are being used only to support their advance and mop up behind them.

Convoy of artillery trucks takes a woods road to deliver blows on enemy's flank. Guns are modernized U. S. "French 75's," good for anti-tank defense and light bombardment. The light weight of their shell (15 lb.) and the impossibility of lobbing the shell over ridges makes them obsolescent. Within a few months, the Armored Force expects to replace all its 75's with more flexible, more effective 105-mm. howitzers.



TO GIVE HELP TO THE FAST-ADVANCING TANKS



The infantry attacks. With help of smoke they rush in with fixed bayonets to mop up an area tanks have overrun. Armored Force infantry is specially trained in tank war. Besides rifles, they have 37-mm. cannon, heavy and light machine guns, mortars, submachine guns, pistols. An Armored Force division of 11,000 men has roughly three times the firepower of old-fashioned basic infantry division of 22,000 men.

Dust still flying from his sudden stop, an infantry motocyclist flops behind his machine to fire a rapid-shooting tommy gun at enemy. Motorcyclists go everywhere with every unit of the Armored Force. They serve as road guides and messengers (see p. 73), as reconnaissance scouts for division and each of its arms. On passable terrain they go under own power. If stopped by mud or sand, they are loaded into big trucks.



ARMORED FORCE (continued)



Out from cover race two medium tanks, machine guns spouting. Like guns, tanks may be concealed by camouflage of smoke or bushes and trees until troops are ready to use them.

BATTLE REACHES A NOISY CLIMAX

In the remarkable picture to the right, the battle of the Armored Force reaches its great climax. Out from the smoke and dust, across a tread-scarred field, comes a tank. Close behind it, in full support, are the infantrymen. From all over the battlefield, the deafening sounds of mechanized fighting still rise. As the tanks advance, their drivers let go with their shrill sirens which, mixed with the spattering roar of their unmuffled motors, the yell of men, the crackle of machine guns and the thuds of heavy cannon, are designed to terrify the enemy. Then there are the peculiar smells of battle—the greasy stench of burnt oil, the acrid stink of exploded powder, all mixed up with parched clogging dust.

By now, however, the main body of tanks has penetrated enemy positions and seized enemy strongpoints. Many of them have even swept into the rear lines of the enemy. There communications have been broken, prisoners taken, troops cut off and incredible confusion produced. To take advantage of this confusion, these newly arriving tanks, supported by infantry, will clean up the last enemy resistance, take prisoners. They consolidate newly won positions, and fortify them so that the enemy will have no chance of retaking them. Only when that has been done will the entire Armored Force have accomplished its immediate mission.



End of the battle comes for one medium tank when, pierced by enemy gunfire, it comes to grief and rolls off into a bush. An Army ambulance removes the wounded soldiers.







"THE DAY OF THE PARADE, SLAMBANGING DOWN THE STREET . . . THE BAND, THE FLAG, THE USUAL CROWD SILENT A SECOND AS THE FLAG GOES BY"

LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE

INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1941

by Stephen Vincent Benét

This dramatic poem is being presented over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network at 4:15 p.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Friday, July 4. LIFE herewith prints the full radio script in order that its readers may follow the performance at that time. It does so because its editors believe that Stephen Vincent Benét, one of America's great poets, has

experimented boldly and successfully in a new technique for dramatic radio presentation while at the same time creating a fine piece of patriotic literature.

In this program, sponsored by the Council for Democracy, famous actors will be the different Voices—Henry Hull, Narrator; Howard Lindsay, Conservative Voice; Otto Preminger,

Totalitarian Voice; Robert Gray, Radical Voice. Supporting the voices is an original musical score composed for a 40-piece orchestra by Vaclav Moravan. Permission for the non-commercial reproduction of the script by interested groups may be obtained without charge from the Council for Democracy, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

NARRATOR:

This is Independence Day,
Fourth of July, the day we mean to keep,
Whatever happens and whatever falls
Out of a sky grown strange;
This is firecracker day for sunburnt kids,
The day of the parade,
Slambanging down the street.
Listen to the parade!
There's J. K. Burney's float,
Red-white-and-blue crepe-paper on the wheels,
The Fire Department and the local Grange,
There are the pretty girls with their hair curled
Who represent the Thirteen Colonies,
The Spirit of East Greenwich, Betsy Ross,
Democracy, or just some pretty girls.
There are the veterans and the Legion Post
(Their feet are going to hurt when they get home),
The band, the flag, the band, the usual crowd,
Good-humored, watching, hot,
Silent a second as the flag goes by,
Kidding the local cop and eating popsicles,
Jack Brown and Rosie Shapiro and Dan Shay,
Paul Bunchick and the Greek who runs the Greek's,
The black-eyed children out of Sicily,
The girls who giggle and the boys who push,
All of them there and all of them a nation.
And, afterwards,
There'll be ice-cream and fireworks and a speech
By Somebody the Honorable Who,
The lovers will pair off in the kind dark
And Tessie Jones, our honor-graduate,
Will read the declaration.
That's how it is. It's always been that way.
That's our Fourth of July, through war and peace,
That's our Fourth of July.

And a lean farmer on a stony farm

Came home from mowing, buttoned up his shirt
And walked ten miles to town,
Musket in hand.

He didn't know the sky was falling down
And, it may be, he didn't know so much.
But people oughtn't to be pushed around
By kings or any such.
A workman in the city dropped his tools.
An ordinary, small-town kind of man
Found himself standing in the April sun,
One of a ragged line
Against the skilled professionals of war,
The matchless infantry who could not fail,
Not for the profit, not to conquer worlds,
Not for the pomp or the heroic tale
But first, and principally, since he was sore.
They could do things in quite a lot of places.
They shouldn't do them here, in Lexington.

He looked around and saw his neighbors' faces. . . .

AN ANGRY VOICE:

Disperse, ye villains! Why don't you disperse?

A CALM VOICE:

Stand your ground, men. Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here!

NARRATOR, RESUMING:

Well, that was that. And later, when he died
Of fever or a bullet in the guts,
Bad generalship, starvation, dirty wounds
Or any one of all the thousand things
That kill a man in wars,
He didn't die handsome but he did die free
And maybe that meant something. It could be.
Oh, it's not pretty! Say it all you like!
It isn't a bit pretty. Not one bit.
But that is how the liberty was won.
That paid for the firecrackers and the band.

A YOUNG VOICE, RADICAL:

Well, what do you mean, you dope?
Don't you know this is an imperialist, capitalist country,
don't you?
Don't you know it's all done with mirrors and the bosses
get the gravy, don't you?
Suppose some old guy with chin whiskers did get his pants
shot off at a place called Lexington?
What does it mean to me?

AN OLDER VOICE, CONSERVATIVE:

My dear fellow, I myself am a son of a son of a son of the
American Revolution,
But I can only view the present situation with the gravest
alarm,
Because we are rapidly drifting into a dictatorship
And it isn't my kind of dictatorship, what's more.
The Constitution is dead and labor doesn't know its place,
And then there's all that gold buried at Fort Knox
And the taxes — oh, oh, oh!
Why, what's the use of a defense-contract if you can't
make money out of your country?
Things are bad—things are very bad.
Already my Aunt Emmeline has had to shoot her third
footman.
(He broke his leg passing cocktails and it was really a
kindness.)
And, if you let the working-classes buy coal, they'll only fill
bath-tubs with it,
Don't you realize the gravity of the situation, don't you?
Won't you hide your head in a bucket and telegraph your
congressman, opposing everything possible, including
peace and war?

A TOTALITARIAN VOICE, PERSUASIVE:

My worthy American listeners,
I am giving you one more chance.
Don't you know that we are completely invincible, don't
you?
Won't you just admit that we are the wave of the future,
won't you?
You are a very nice, mongrel, disgusting people —

But, naturally, you need new leadership.
We can supply it. We've sent the same brand to fourteen
nations.
It comes in the shape of a bomb and it beats as it sweeps as
it cleans
For those of you who like Benito Mussolini, we can supply
him
(He's three doors down to the left, at the desk marked second
Vice President).
Now be sensible — give up this corrupt and stupid nonsense
of democracy.
And you can have the crumbs from our table and a trusty's
job in our world-jail.

RADICAL VOICE:

Forget everything but the class-struggle. Forget democracy.

CONSERVATIVE VOICE:

Hate and distrust your own government. Whisper, hate
and never look forward.
Look back wistfully to the good old, grand old days — the
days when the
Boys said "The public be damned!" and got away with it.
Democracy's a nasty word, invented by the Reds.

TOTALITARIAN VOICE:

Just a little collaboration and you too can be part of the
New Order.
You too can have fine new concentration camps and shoes

made out of wood pulp. You too can be as peaceful as
Poland, as happy and gay as France. Just a little
collaboration. We have so many things to give you.

We can give you your own Hess, your own Himmler, your
own Goering — all home grown and wrapped in Cello-
phane. We've done it elsewhere. If you'll help, we can
do it here.

RADICAL VOICE:

Democracy's a fake—

CONSERVATIVE:

Democracy's a mistake—

TOTALITARIAN:

Democracy is finished. We are the future.

(MUSIC UP AND OMINOUS)

NARRATOR, RESUMING:

The sky is dark, now, over the parade,
The sky's an altered sky, a sky that might be.

There's J. K. Burney's float

With funny-colored paper on the wheels
Or no — excuse me — used to be J. K.'s.
But the store's under different management
Like quite a lot of stores.

You see, J. K. got up in church one day,
After it all had happened and walked out,
The day they instituted the new order.
They had a meeting. Held it in the church.
He just walked out. That's all.

That's all there is to say about J. K.
Though I remember just the way he looked,
White-faced and chin stuck out.

I think they could have let the church alone.
It's kind of dreary, shutting up the church.
But don't you say I said so. Don't you say!
Listen to the parade!

There are the pretty girls with their hair curled,
Back from the labor camp.

They represent the League of Strength Through Joy.
At least, I guess it's that.

No, they don't go to high-school any more.
They get told where they go. We all get told.
And, now and then, it happens like Jack Brown,
Nice fellow, Jack. Ran the gas-station here.
But he was married to a You-Know-Who.
Fond of her, too.

I don't know why we never used to mind.
Why, she walked round like anybody else,
Kept her kids clean and joined the Ladies' Social.
Just shows you, doesn't it? But that's all done.

And you won't see her in the crowd today,
Her or the kids or Jack,
Unless you look six feet under the ground,
The lime-washed ground, the bitter prison ground
That hides the martyrs and the innocent,
And you won't see Dan Shay.

Dan was a Union man
And now we don't have Unions any more.
They wouldn't even let him take his specs,
The day the troopers came around for him.

"STAND YOUR GROUND, MEN. DON'T FIRE UNLESS FIRED UPON"



LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE

(continued)

(Half hysterically)

Listen to the parade!
 The marching, marching, marching feet,
 All with the same hard stamp!
 The bands, the bands, the bands, the flags, the flags,
 The sharp, mechanical, inhuman cheer
 Dragged from the straining throats of the stiff crowd!
 It's Independence — sorry, my mistake! —
 It's National Day — the Day of the New Order!
 We let it happen — we forgot the old
 Bleak words of common sense, "Unite or Die,"
 And the clock struck — and the bad dream was here.

A VOICE:

But you can't do this to me! I subscribed to the Party funds!

A VOICE:

You can't do this to me. We got laws. We got courts. We got unions.

A VOICE:

You can't do this to me. Why, I believe in Karl Marx!

A VOICE:

You can't do this to me. The Constitution forbids it.

A VOICE:

I was always glad to cooperate.

A VOICE:

It looked to me like good business.

A VOICE:

It looked to me like the class struggle.

A VOICE:

It looked to me like peace in our time.

TOTALITARIAN VOICE:

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Democracy is finished.
 You are finished. We are the present!

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

NARRATOR:

That is one voice. You've heard it. Don't forget it.
 And don't forget it can be slick or harsh,
 Violent or crooning, but it's still the same
 And it means death.

Are there no other voices? None at all?
 No voice at all out of the long parade
 That marched so many years.
 Out of the passion of the Puritans,
 The creaking of the wagons going west,
 The guns of Sharpsburg, the unnumbered dead,
 Out of the baffled and bewildered hosts
 Who came here for a freedom hardly known,
 Out of the bowels of the immigrant ship,
 The strange, sick voyage, the cheating and the scorn
 And yet, at the end, Liberty.
 Liberty with a torch in her right hand,
 Slowly worked out, deceived a thousand times,
 But never quite forgotten, always growing,
 Growing like wheat and corn.
 "I remember a man named Abe Lincoln.
 I remember the words he used to say."
 Oh, we can call on Lincoln and Tom Paine,
 Adams and Jefferson.
 Call on the great words spoken that remain
 Like the great stars of evening, the fixed stars,
 But that is not enough.
 The dead are mighty and are part of us
 And yet the dead are dead. This is our world,
 Our time, our choice, our anguish, our decision.
 This is our world. We have to make it now,

A hundred and thirty millions of us have to
 And make it well, or suffer the bad dream.
 What have we got to say?

A WOMAN'S VOICE:

I don't know, I'm a woman with a house,
 I do my work. I take care of my man.
 I've got a right to say how things should be.
 I've got a right to have my kids grow up
 The way they ought to grow. Don't stop me there.
 Don't tread on me, don't hinder me, don't cross me.
 I made my kids myself. I haven't got
 Big words to tell about them.
 But, if you ask about democracy,
 Democracy's the growing and the bearing,
 Mouth at the breast and child still to be born.
 Democracy is kids and the green grass.

NARRATOR:

What have we got to say, People, you people?

MAN'S VOICE:

I guess I haven't thought about it much.
 I been too busy. Way I figure it
 It's this way. We've got something. If it's crummy
 The bunch of us can change what we don't like
 In our own way and mean it.
 I got a cousin back in the old country.
 He says it's swell there but he couldn't change
 A button on his pants without an order
 From somebody's pet horse. Maybe he likes it.
 I'm sticking here. That's all. Well, sign me off.

NARRATOR:

People, you people, living everywhere,
 Sioux Falls and Saugatuck and Texarkana,
 Memphis and Goshen, Harrodsburg and Troy,
 People who live at postmarks with queer names,
 Blue Eye and Rawhide, Santa Claus and Troublesome,
 People by rivers, people of the plains.
 People whose contour-plows bring back the grass
 To a dust-bitten and dishonored earth,
 And those who farm the hillside acres still
 And raise up fortitude between the stones,
 Millions in cities, millions in the towns,
 People who spit a mile from their front doors
 And gangling kids, ballplaying in the street,
 All races and all stocks, all creeds and cries,
 And yet one people, one, and always striving. . . .

A MAN:

I'm on relief
 I know what they say about us on relief,
 Those who never were there.
 All the same, we made the park.
 We made the road and the check-dam and the culvert.
 Our names are not on the tablets. Forget our names.
 But, when you drive on the road, remember us, also.
 Remember Johnny Lombardo and his pick,
 Remember us, when you build democracy,
 For we, too, were part and are part.

NARRATOR:

One nation, one.
 And the voices of young and old, of all who have faith,
 Jostling and mingling, speaking from the ground,
 Speaking from the old houses and the pride,
 Speaking from the deep hollows of the heart.

MAN'S VOICE:

I was born in '63.
 There were many then who despaired of the Republic,
 Many fine and solid citizens.
 They had good and plausible reasons and were eloquent.

I grew up in the Age of Brass, the Age of Steel.
I have known and heard of three wars.
All through my life, whenever the skies were dark,
There came to me many fine and solid citizens,
Wringing their hands, despairing of the Republic,
Because we couldn't do this and shouldn't do that.
And yet, each time, I saw the Republic grow
Like a great elm tree, through each fault and failure,
And spread its branches over all the people.
Look at the morning sun. There is the Republic.
Not yesterday, but there, the breaking day.

TOTALITARIAN VOICE:

But, my worthy American listeners,
All this is degenerate talk.
The future rolls like a wave and you cannot fight it.

A VOICE:

Who says we can't?

A VOICE:

Who says so?

A VOICE:

How does he get that way?

A VOICE:

You mean to tell me
A little shrimp like that could run the world,
A guy with a trick moustache and a bum salute
Run us, run you and me?

TOTALITARIAN VOICE:

You mistake me.
Others have often made the same mistake
Often and often and in many countries.
I never play upon a people's strength.
I play upon their weaknesses and fears.
I make their doubts my allies and my spies.
I have a most convincing mask of peace
Painted by experts, for one kind of sucker,
And for another—I'm a business man,
Straight from the shoulder, talking trade and markets
And much misunderstood.
I touch this man upon his pocketbook,
That man upon his hatred for his boss,
That man upon his fear.
I offer everything, for offering's cheap.
I make no claims until I make the claims.
I'm always satisfied until I'm not
Which happens rather rapidly to those
Who think I could be satisfied with less
Than a dismembered and digested world.
My secret weapon is no secret weapon.
It is to turn all men against all men
For my own purposes. It is to use
Good men to do my work without their knowledge,
Not only the secret traitor and the spy.
It is to raise a question and a doubt
Where there was faith. It is to subjugate
Men's minds before their bodies feel the steel.
It is to use
All envy, all despair, all prejudice
For my own work.
If you've an envy or a prejudice
I'll play on it and use it to your ruin.
My generals are General Distrust,
General Fear, General Half-A-Heart,
General It's-Too-Late,
General Greed and Major-General Hate,
And they go walking in civilian clothes
In your own streets and whisper in your ears.
I won't be beaten just by sitting tight.

They tried that out in France. I won't be beaten
By hiding in the dark and making faces,
And certainly I never will be beaten
By those who rather like my kind of world,
Or, if not like it, think that it must come,
Those who have wings and burrow in the ground.
For I'm not betting only on the tanks,
The guns, the planes, the bombers,
But on your own division and disunion.
On your own minds and hearts to let me in,
For, if that happens, all I wish for happens.
So what have you to say?
What have you got to bet against my bet?
Where's your one voice?

AMERICAN VOICE:

Our voice is not one voice but many voices.
Not one man's, not the greatest, but the people's.
The blue sky and the forty-eight States of the people.
Many in easy times but one in the pinch
And that's what some folks forget.
Our voice is all the objectors and dissenters
And they sink and are lost in the groundswell of the people,
Once the people rouse, once the people wake and listen.
People, you people, growing everywhere,
What have you got to say?
There's a smart boy here with a question and he wants
answers.
What have you got to say?

A VOICE:

We are the people. Listen to us now.

A VOICE:

Says you we're puny? We built Boulder Dam,
We built Grand Coulee and the T. V. A.
We built them out of freedom and our sweat.

VOICE:

Says you we're faint of heart and little of mind?
We poured like wheat through the gaps of the Appalachians.
We made the seas of wheat, the seas of corn.
We made five States a sea of wheat and corn.

VOICE, LAUGHING:

We built the cities and the skyscrapers,
All the proud steel. We built them up so high
The eagles lost their way.

VOICE:

That's us. When did you do a job like that?

VOICE:

Wasn't enough.

VOICE:

No, and you bet it wasn't.
Not with the apple-sellers in the streets,
Not with the empty shops, the hungry men.

VOICE:

But we learned some things in that darkness and kept free.
We didn't fold up and yell for a dictator.
We built, even in the darkness. We learned our trade
By the licks we took and we're building different now.

VOICE:

We lost our way for a while but we've found our way.
We know it and we'll hold it and we'll keep it.
We'll tell it to the world. We're saying it.

VOICE:

Freedom to speak and pray.

VOICE:

Freedom from want and fear.

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like your wife's "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

BUFFER BETWEEN BLADE AND SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and oily sebum that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider forms a protective layer between the edge of your blade and the sensitive surface of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to remove each completely softened whisker at the skin line *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE—We're so positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've ever used that we'll send you a generous tube ABSOLUTELY FREE. No stamps—no cartons—no dimes. Just send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-12, Glastonbury, Conn., and we'll send you a tube of Glider. On this FREE trial test, we rest our case entirely. Don't delay—send in a penny post card today for your free tube of Glider. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Everett B. Kuehlburt
PRESIDENT

LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE (continued)

VOICE:

That's what we're building.

VOICE:

Now and here and now.

NARRATOR:

People, you people, risen and awake. . . .

VOICE:

That's what we're building and we'll build it here. That's what we're building and we'll build it now, Build it and make it shine across the world, A refuge and a fortress and a hope, Breaking old chains and laughing in the sun. This is the people's cause, the people's might. We have set up a standard for the free And it shall not go down. That's why we drill the plate and turn the wheel, Build the big planes. That's why a million and a half of us Learn here and now how free men stand in arms. Don't tread on us, don't hinder us, don't cross us. We won't have tyranny here.

VOICE:

We don't give one long low hoot for your master race. We think your slick new order's a bowl of raspberries. We'll pick the small and the free and the enduring, Wherever we find them and wherever they are. We won't have tyranny here.

VOICE:

We'll stick by Rosie Shapiro and Dan Shay, Paul Bunchick and the Greek who runs the Greeks, And all of 'em like that, wherever they are. We'll stick by the worn old stones in Salem churchyard, The Jamestown church and the bones of the Alamo. We won't have tyranny here.

VOICE:

It's a long way out of the past and a long way forward. It's a tough way, too, and there's plenty of trouble in it. It's a black storm crowding the sky and a cold wind blowing, Blowing upon us all.

See it and face it. That's the way it is. That's the way it'll be for a time and a time. Even the easy may have little ease.

Even the meek may suffer in their meekness. But we've ridden out storms before and we'll ride out this one,

Ride it out and get through. It won't be done by the greedy and the go-easies. It'll be done by the river of the people, The mountain of the people, the great plain Grown to the wheat of the people.

It'll be done by the proud walker, Democracy, The walker in proud shoes.

Get on your feet, Americans, and say it! Forget your grievances, wherever you are, The little yesterday's hates and the last year's discord. This is your land, this is your independence, This is the people's cause, the people's might. Say it and speak it loud, United, free. . . .

MANY VOICES:

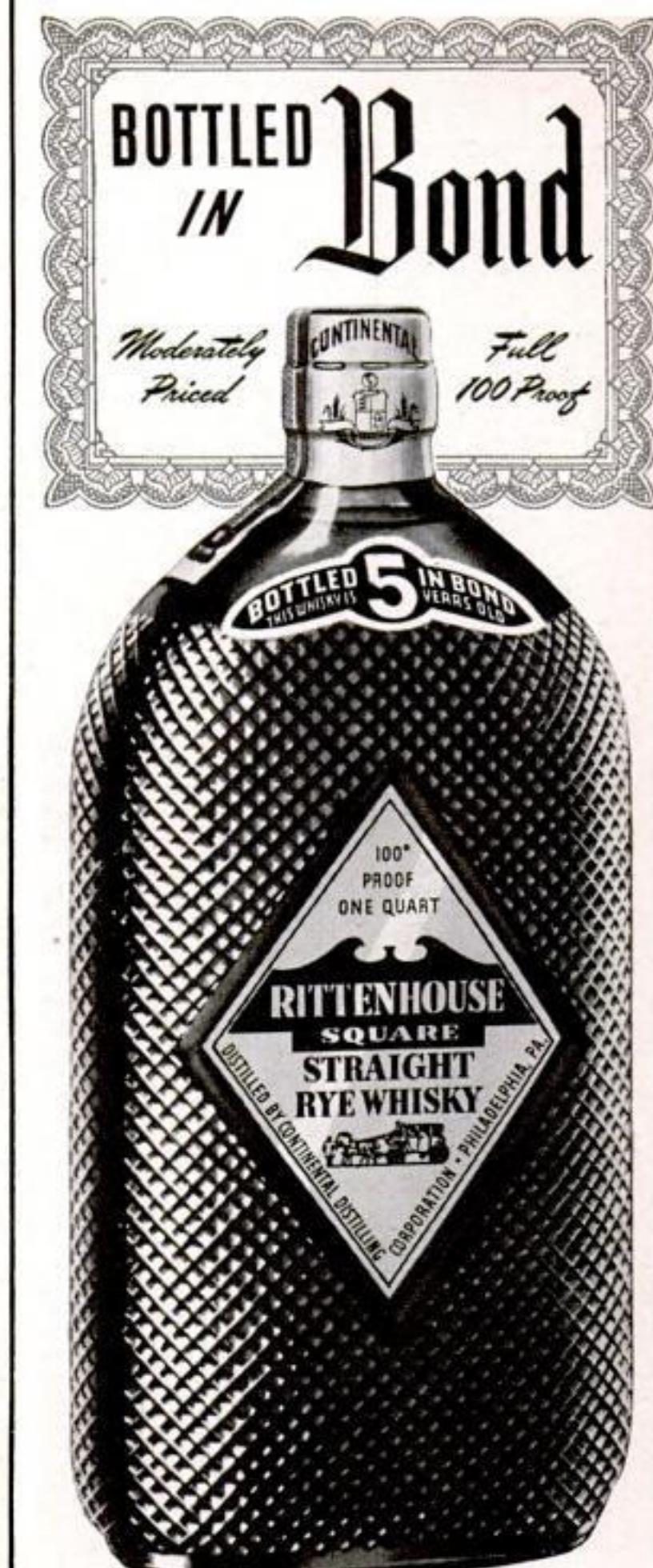
United, free.

VOICE:

Whatever happens and whatever falls. We pledge ourselves to liberty and faith.

MANY VOICES:

To liberty and faith.



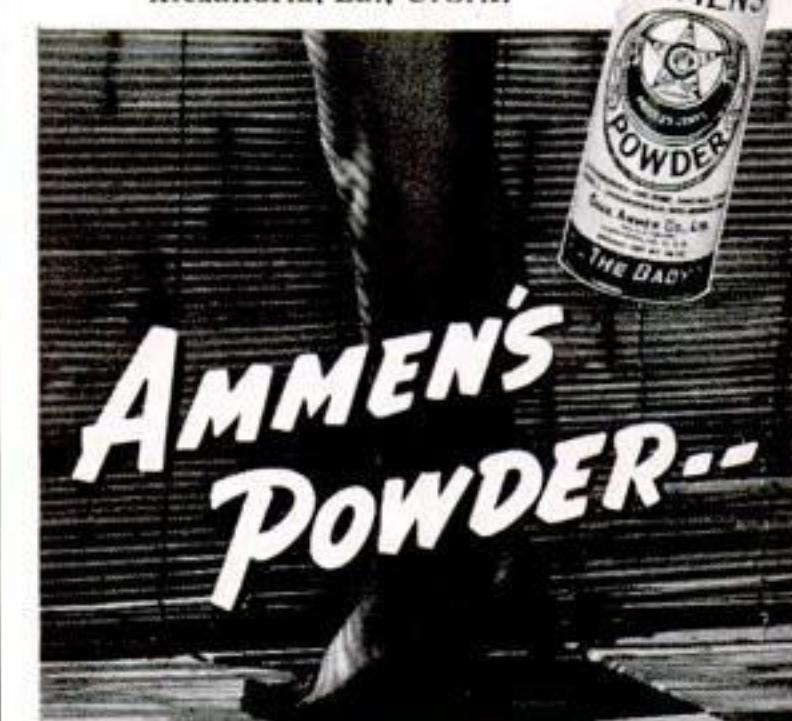
Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.



Where Skin Comfort is Vital

To many thousands throughout most sections of the United States and the Tropics, AMMEN'S POWDER has been depended upon for generations as the most effective and safest skin protection. It absorbs moisture . . . It will not cake the pores of the skin and it is antiseptic, a combination so vitally important in the relief of summertime skin rashes and irritations. Unexcelled for the baby as well as the grownups. For the utmost in skin comfort, be sure to ask for AMMEN'S POWDER at your favorite drug or toilet goods counter.

CHARLES AMMEN CO., LTD.
Alexandria, La., U.S.A.



(continued on p. 96)



LIBERTY—TO DO WHAT?

THREE soldiers on a street corner, wondering where to go from here.

Where next—in a town whose sidewalks are overflowing with men on leave from camp? A dance somewhere? No such luck, soldier. The movies? Take a look at that line down the block. Somewhere to meet a friend, to write a letter...

"Dad used to tell me about places back in '17..."

"We were at war then, Buddy. People cared."

Isn't it time America woke up to the fact that building an army is more than camps and guns? An army is men. And one of the most urgent problems in any all-out scheme of national defense is how to provide for these men off duty.

Within the camps and naval stations the services themselves have excellent facilities—canteens, athletic equipment, movies for all. But in the surrounding cities and towns, where the men off duty spend

their leisure hours, the problem is urgent and serious.

Many of the newer army camps, housing up to 50,000 men, are located far from the larger cities. Into towns of 1,000 to 5,000 population may come as many as 3,000 men on a single evening. Not half of them can find places to eat; hardly any can find opportunities for wholesome entertainment.

To meet this emergency all the "service agencies" of the last war have joined forces. The Y. M. C. A., the National Catholic Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., the Jewish Welfare Board and the National Travelers Aid Association have combined to form the United Service Organizations—known as the U. S. O.

Differences of race and creed have been forgotten; lesser distinctions of purpose and method have been subordinated to the larger idea of united effective service.

It is truly an American conception, just as it's thor-

oughly American that the leisure-time needs of the military forces should be met by the people themselves, instead of through government regimentation.

How can you help? The U. S. O. is raising approximately eleven million dollars to finance its program of leisure-time aid to the men in service. This is your first opportunity as a civilian to do your bit for national defense. Give generously to the U. S. O.

How will the money be used? In maintaining more than 350 U. S. O. clubs in the cities and towns where they are most needed. The government has already appropriated funds to build the club houses themselves. What is required now is money to operate them.

How and where shall you give? To the local committee that has charge of your city's part in this national drive. No matter how much or how little you feel you can give, send it today to your local chairman or to National U. S. O. Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE (continued)

VOICE:

We pledge ourselves to justice, law and hope
And a free government by our own men
For us, our children and our children's children.

MANY VOICES:

For us, our children and our children's children.

VOICE:

Not for an old dead world but a new world rising.

VOICE:

For the toil, the struggle, the hope and the great goal.
(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

NARRATOR:

You've heard the long parade
And all the voices that cry out against it.
(quietly)

What do the people say?

Well, you've just heard some questions and some answers,
Not all, of course. No man can say that's all.

But look in your own minds and memories

And find out what you find and what you'd keep.

It's time we did that and it won't be earlier.

I don't know what each one of you will find,

It may be only half a dozen words

Carved on a stone, carved deeper in the heart,

It might be all a life, but look and find it—

Sun on Key West, snow on New Hampshire hills,

Warm rain on Georgia and the Texas wind

Blowing across an empire and all part,

All one, all indivisible and one —

Find it and keep it and hold on to it,

For there's a buried thing in all of us,

Deeper than all the noise of the parade,

The thing the haters never understand

And never will, the habit of the free.

Out of the flesh, out of the minds and hearts

Of thousand upon thousand common men,

Cranky, martyrs, starry-eyed enthusiasts

Slow-spoken neighbors, hard to push around,

Women whose hands were gentle with their kids

And men with a cold passion for mere justice.

We made this thing, this dream.

This land unsatisfied by little ways,

This peaceless vision, groping for the stars,

Not as a huge devouring machine

Rolling and clanking with remorseless force

Over submitted bodies and the dead

But as live earth where anything could grow,

Your crankiness, my notions and his dream,

Grow and be looked at, grow and live or die.

But get their chance of growing and the sun.

We made it and we make it and it's ours.

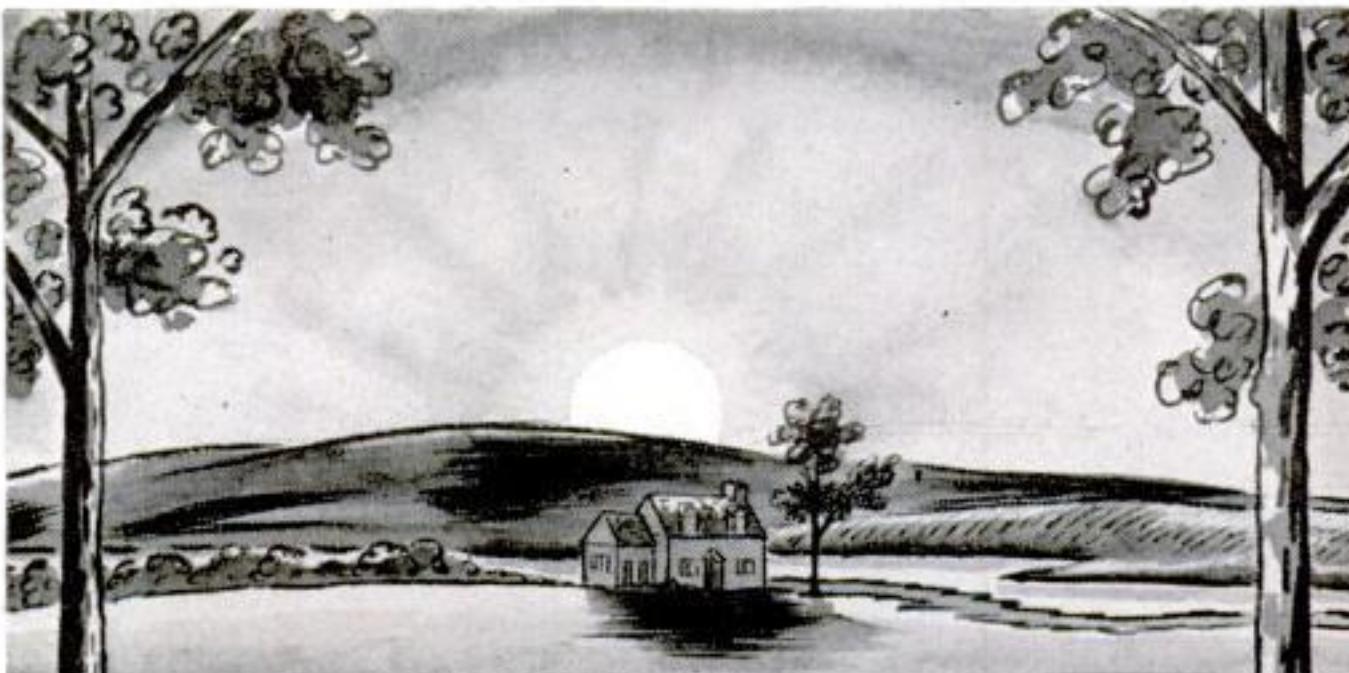
We shall maintain it. It shall be sustained.

ALL VOICES UP:

WE SHALL MAINTAIN IT. IT SHALL BE SUS-TAINED.

(MUSIC UP TO CLIMAX)

(CURTAIN)



AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" GIVES VITAL FACTS ABOUT ENGINE PERFORMANCE

IS YOUR car hard to start? Sluggish? Wasting gas? Like a sensitive pulse, your spark plugs may indicate the cause of the trouble. "Plug-Chek," a new service developed by Auto-Lite engineers and offered exclusively by Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers, reveals vital facts about engine performance.

The new Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek Indicator" and Data Book give every Auto-Lite Service Man an easier, surer way to spot spark plugs not up to par. He can tell, too, if you're using the right plug for your engine.

Thousands Replace with Wrong Type Plugs

Spark plugs that run "too hot" or "too cold" can rob your engine of power, cause skips at high speed, produce excessive gap wear. As simple a thing as regapping the points may eliminate your trouble. And when new plugs are needed, replace with ignition engineered Auto-Lites. You'll be amazed at the difference in engine performance. Stop for a "Plug-Chek" today.

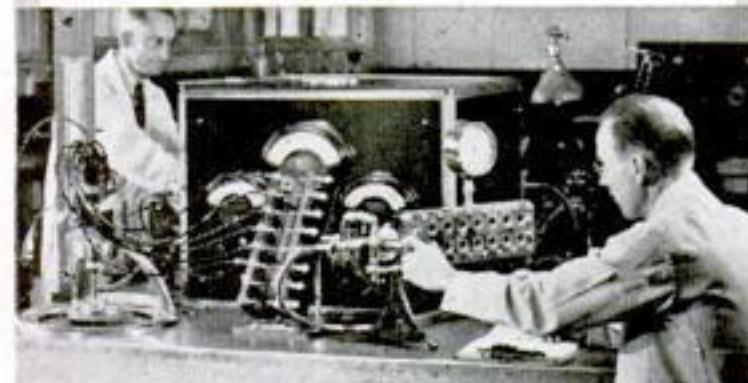
THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Merchandising Division
Toledo, Ohio • Sarnia, Ontario

New "PLUG-CHEK" Service Checks Spark Plug Performance 5 Ways

- 1 Correct Heat Range
- 2 Proper Installation
- 3 Efficient Operation
- 4 Positive Cleaning
- 5 Accurate Regapping



Matching the business end of your spark plugs against examples on "PLUG-CHEK INDICATOR," helps the Auto-Lite Service Man read the "inside story" of your engine; aids you in getting improved performance.



In tests conducted under actual operating conditions by Auto-Lite engineers, spark plugs proved reliable indicators of various engine irregularities needing correction to improve performance. "PLUG-CHEK" was the result of these tests and experiments.



AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

Don't let your boy be the one who "doesn't get snapshots from home"



SEND THEM EVERY WEEK

He mustn't feel "left out" when the mail is distributed and the new snapshots are shown around. Snapshots are today's way to send not only the news, but the very feeling of home and friends and family. If you've ever been far away from home, with a strange new life around you . . . you don't need to be told.

So send snapshots from home each week. Snapshots of the family outings. Of his friends. Of his pets. All the little happenings. Shoot them on always dependable Kodak Film—it makes your camera a better camera.

And be sure that he has a handy, modern camera, so that he can keep you up to date on his life, too—it will more than pay you back . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

HERE'S THE CAMERA FOR CAMP—

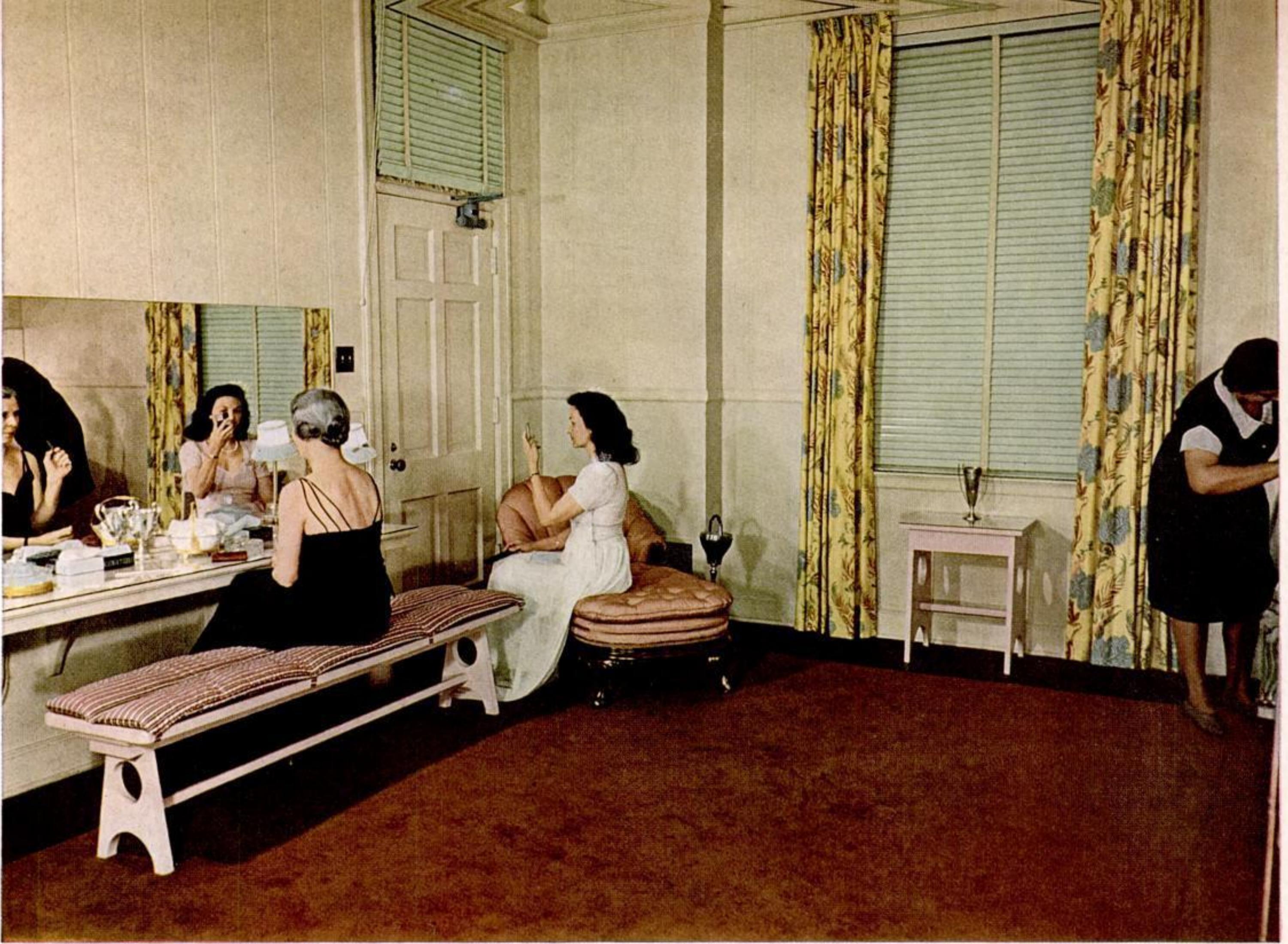
KODAK BANTAM WITH f/8 LENS

Carries in his uniform pocket like a pack of cigarettes. Yet through modern photo-finishing methods, Kodak Bantam leads to big $2\frac{3}{4} \times 4$ -inch pictures. Low in price—you can easily afford it. Loads with always dependable Kodak Film—send him several rolls along with the Bantam.

SEE YOUR KODAK DEALER



THE GREAT SNAPSHOTS ARE MADE ON **KODAK FILM**



↑ **In the powder room** of the Officers' Club, the wife of a major and the wife of a captain pin and primp their hair during a Saturday night dance. This powder room is elaborately decorated with a beautiful carpet, chaise longues, mirrors and indirect lighting. An amplifying system enables all the ladies to be paged even when in here.

↓ **In front of the Club's kennels**, pink-coated Colonel Good, Master of the Hunt, meets the dogs and the green-coated huntsmen, two Negro corporals from the 10th Cavalry. Soon officers and their wives, on spirited horses, will be chasing reddish coyotes across the Kansas plains near Leavenworth, pretending that the coyotes are foxes.

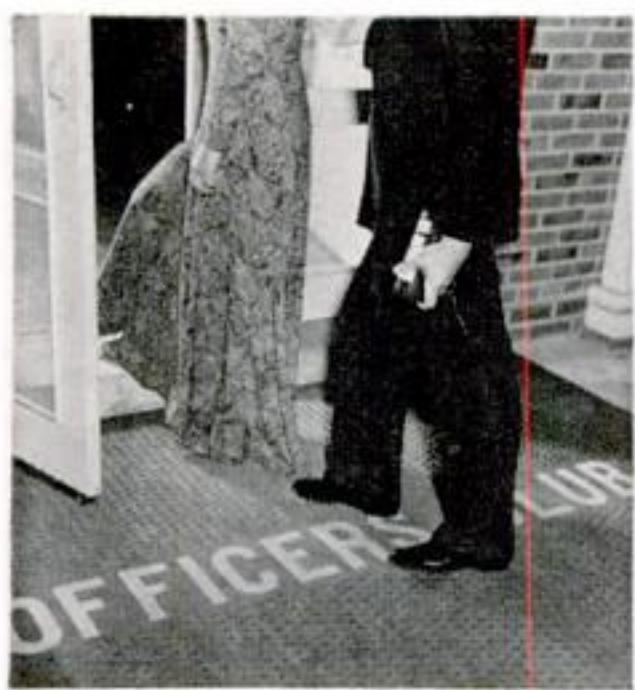




In the club lounge brother officers chat with a guest. Civilian dinner jackets are perfectly proper at summer dances. The captain at the left in dress uniform is a little too formal.

Life Goes Calling at an Officers' Club

Fort Leavenworth Club is one of Army's finest



OFFICER BRINGS HIS OWN BOTTLE

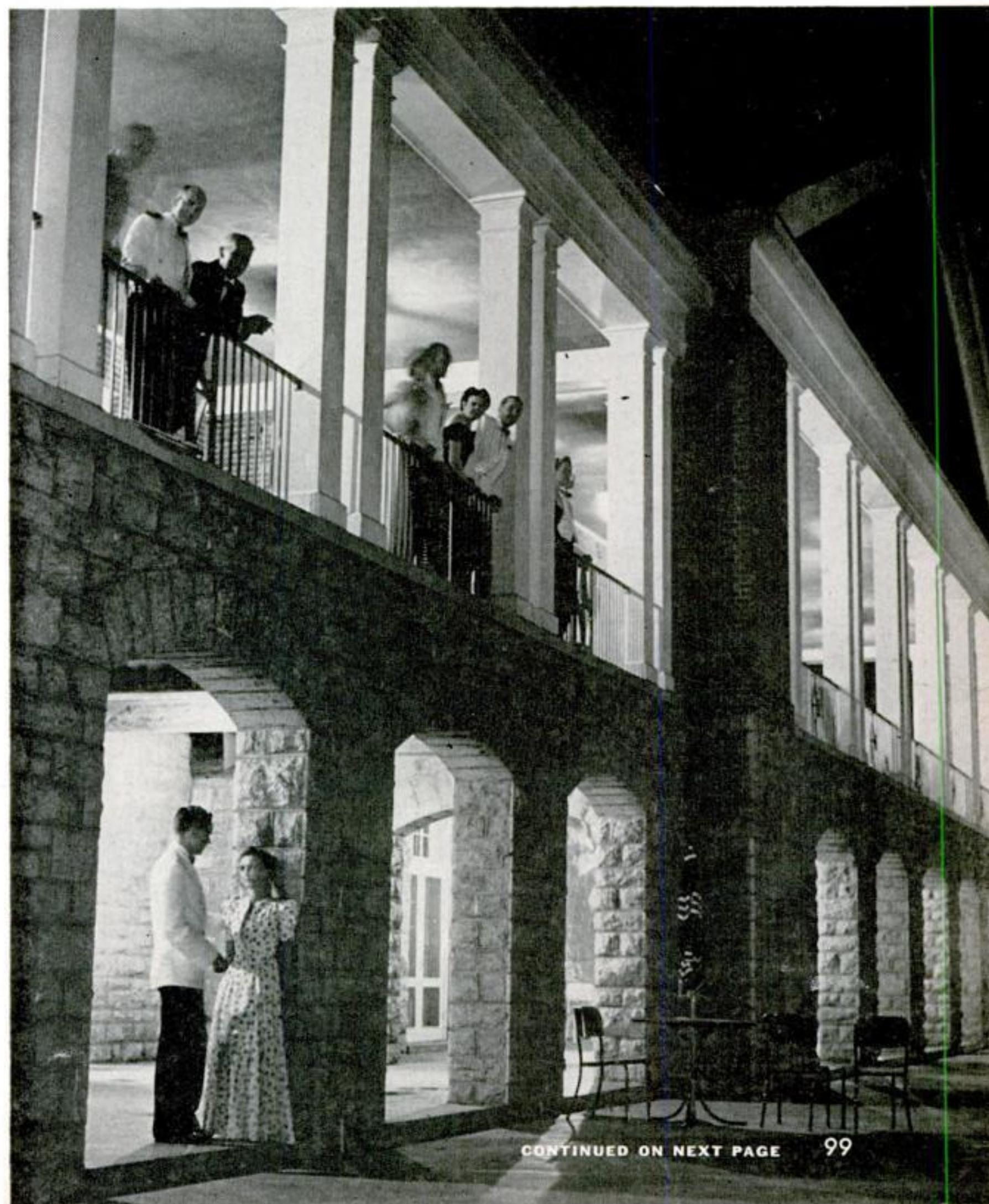
On June 21, the graduating class of the Army's Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. said goodby to its spring station at a dinner dance at one of the newest and toniest officers' clubs in the land. Built under an \$800,000 WPA grant, it stands on a hilltop dominating the famed Fort Leavenworth reservation, overlooking a lake and surrounded by the greens and fairways of an 18-hole golf course. Adjacent are the kennels of Fort Leavenworth's venerable Hunt Club (*opposite below*), a polo field, tennis courts and a 40-yd. swimming pool tiled in blue. The clubhouse itself is a spacious white-colonnaded structure of brick and stone. Its interior *décor* is modern, relieved by tapestry chairs and Oriental *objets d'art*. Lighting throughout is fluorescent, indirect.

Every Army center has its officers' club. Some are luxurious, some merely reconditioned barracks. That Fort Leavenworth's should be opulently equipped is not surprising, for to this historic post comes the cream of the Army's officer personnel. In attendance at the command school are captains, majors, colonels, slated someday to attain general's rank. Besides these 400-odd "students," the Officers' Club serves several score additional officers attached to the faculty or to the regular Fort Leavenworth post. Their dues, entitling them and their ladies to all club facilities, are \$5 a month.

On this page you see pictures of the Saturday night dance held at the clubhouse a fortnight ago. Though it maintains a fine bar, many officers, for reasons of economy, preferred to bring their own liquor (*see inset above*). For views of other club activities, turn the page.



Dinner precedes the dance in club dining room. Note the very up-to-date character of paneling, mirrors and light fixtures. Over the mantel hangs a portrait of General Henry Leavenworth. Saturday night parties are generally dinner dances. But some weeks a "junior hop" for younger officers is held. Below: guests emerge on the veranda for a breath of air between numbers.



Officers' Club (continued)



\$3250 IN PRIZES!

● Tell us, in 25 words, what a man in your occupation likes about the new Palm Beach Suits • Perhaps you'll win 1st prize, \$1000 or the 2nd prize, \$500.

Ten third prizes of \$50 each—25 fourth prizes of \$10 each—200 fifth prizes of \$5 each • See your clothier for details. Without the slightest obligation, he'll tell you the secrets of 1941's handsome

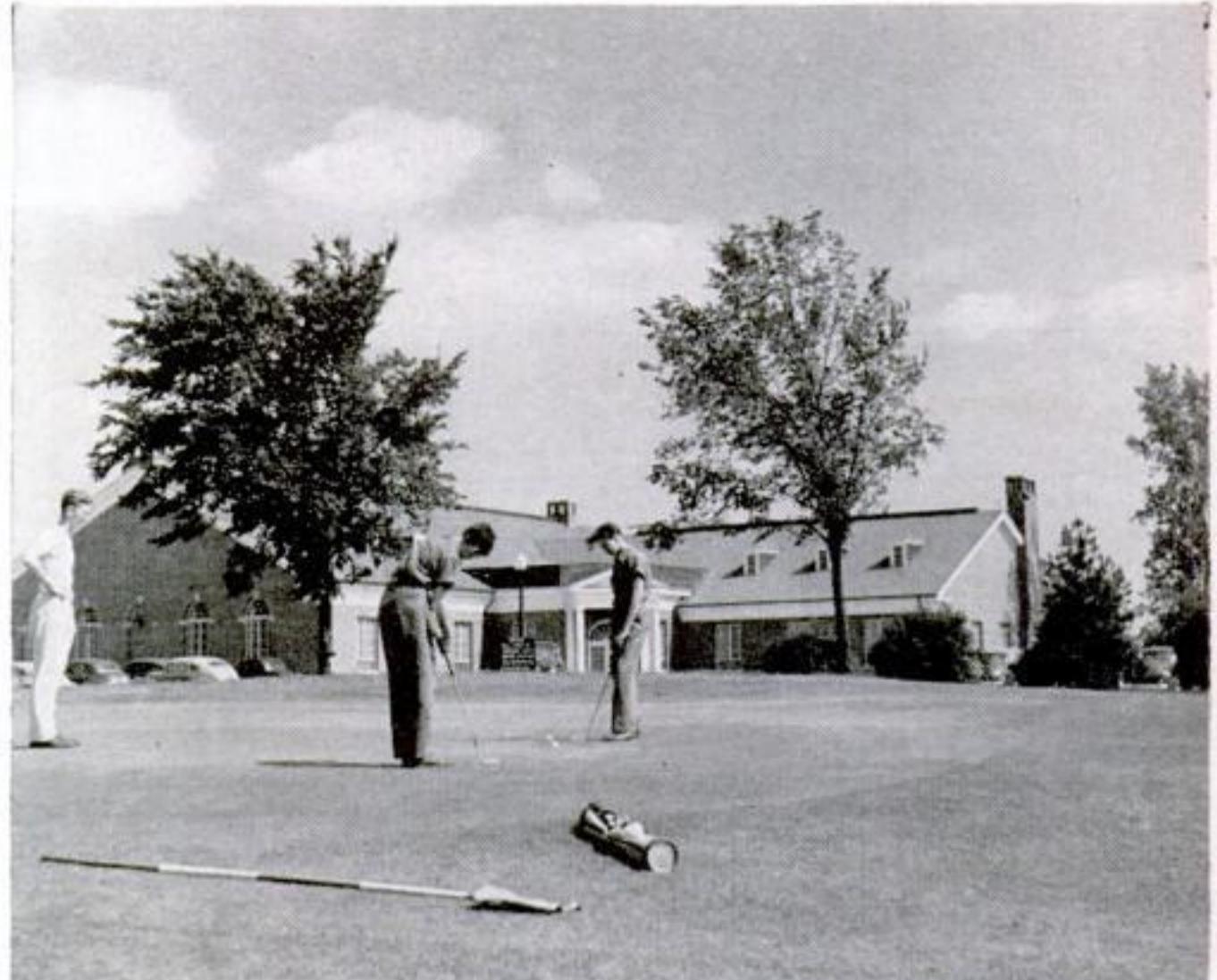
PALM BEACH SUITS

● He'll hold the suit to the light—and show you the million "open windows" that let your body breathe • And the Entry Blank explains that Palm Beach Suits are washable—Softer to the touch—Feather-light, yet flattering in fit... And correct for all occasions—with deep Commuter Tones for town...Airtones for leisure...and Whites for evenings. The values are 1941's surprise . . .

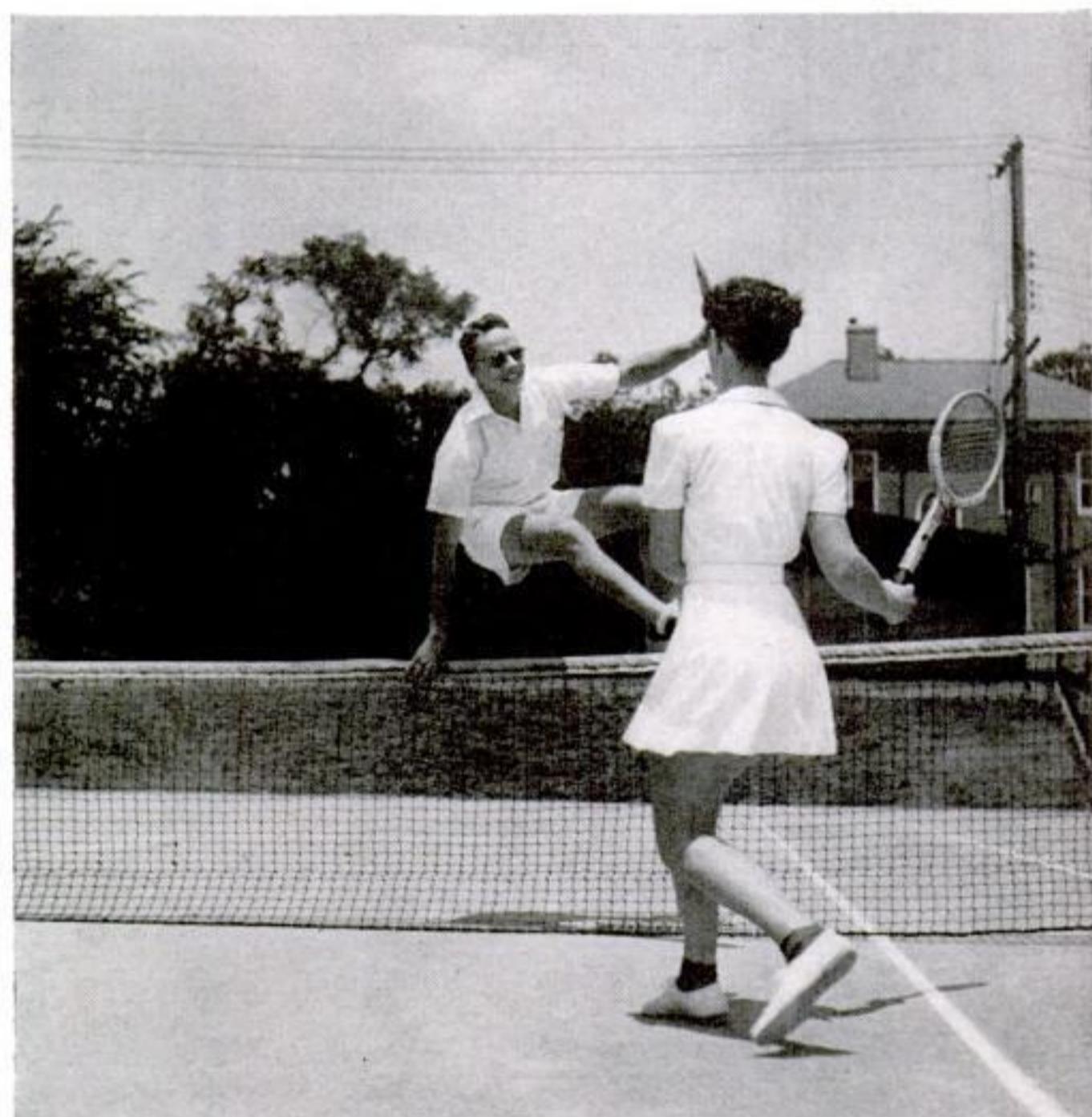
\$17.75



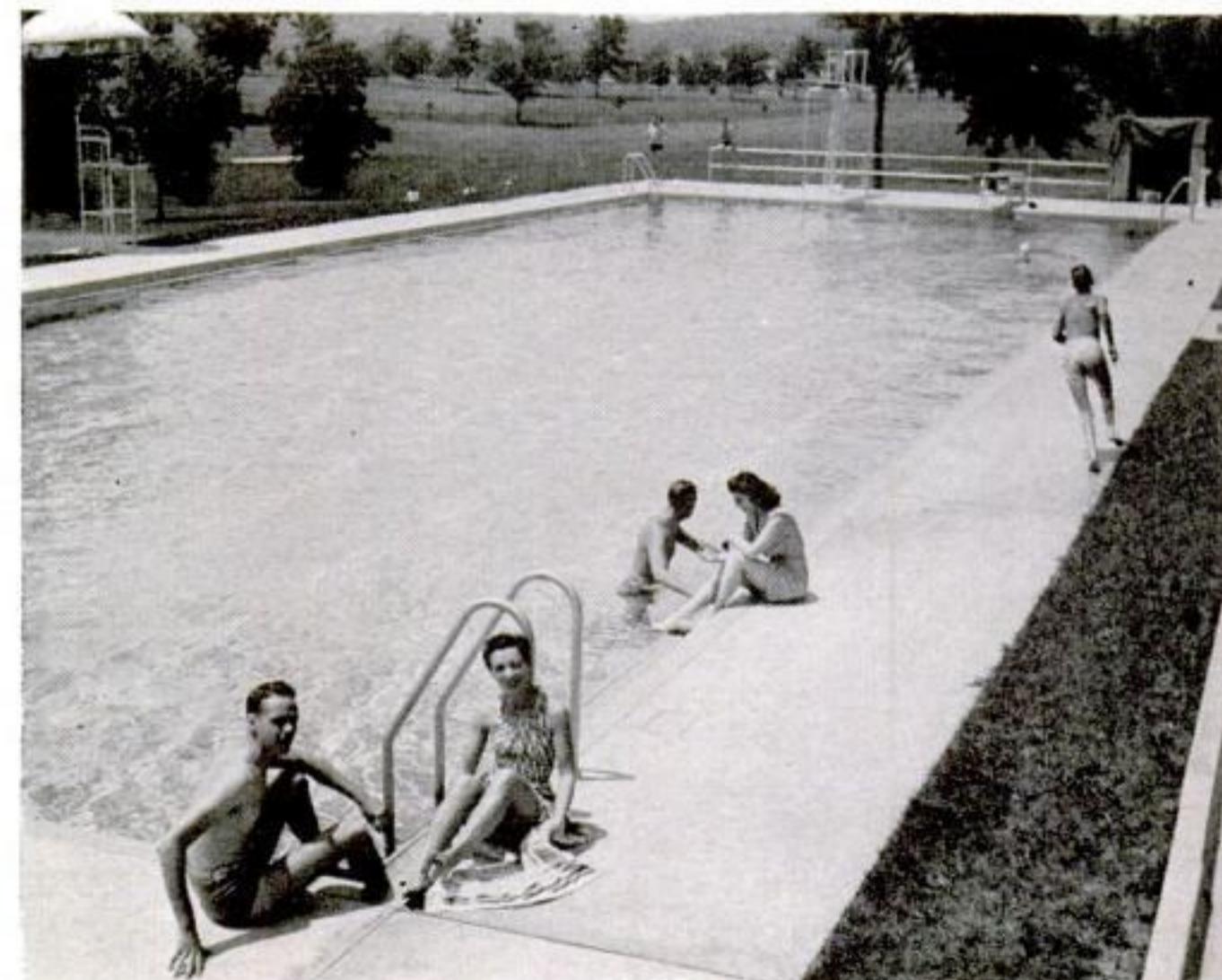
● Slacks, \$5.50 • Formals, \$20 • Students' Suits, \$16.50 • And be sure to see 1941's new discoveries in tropical worsteds: Goodall Tropic Weight at \$25 • Goodall Tropic Weight De Luxe at \$32.50 • Goodall Co., Cincinnati.



Golf course surrounds the clubhouse with rolling acres of green. Here you see some officers' sons putting on the 17th green. Most officers at the post play religiously.



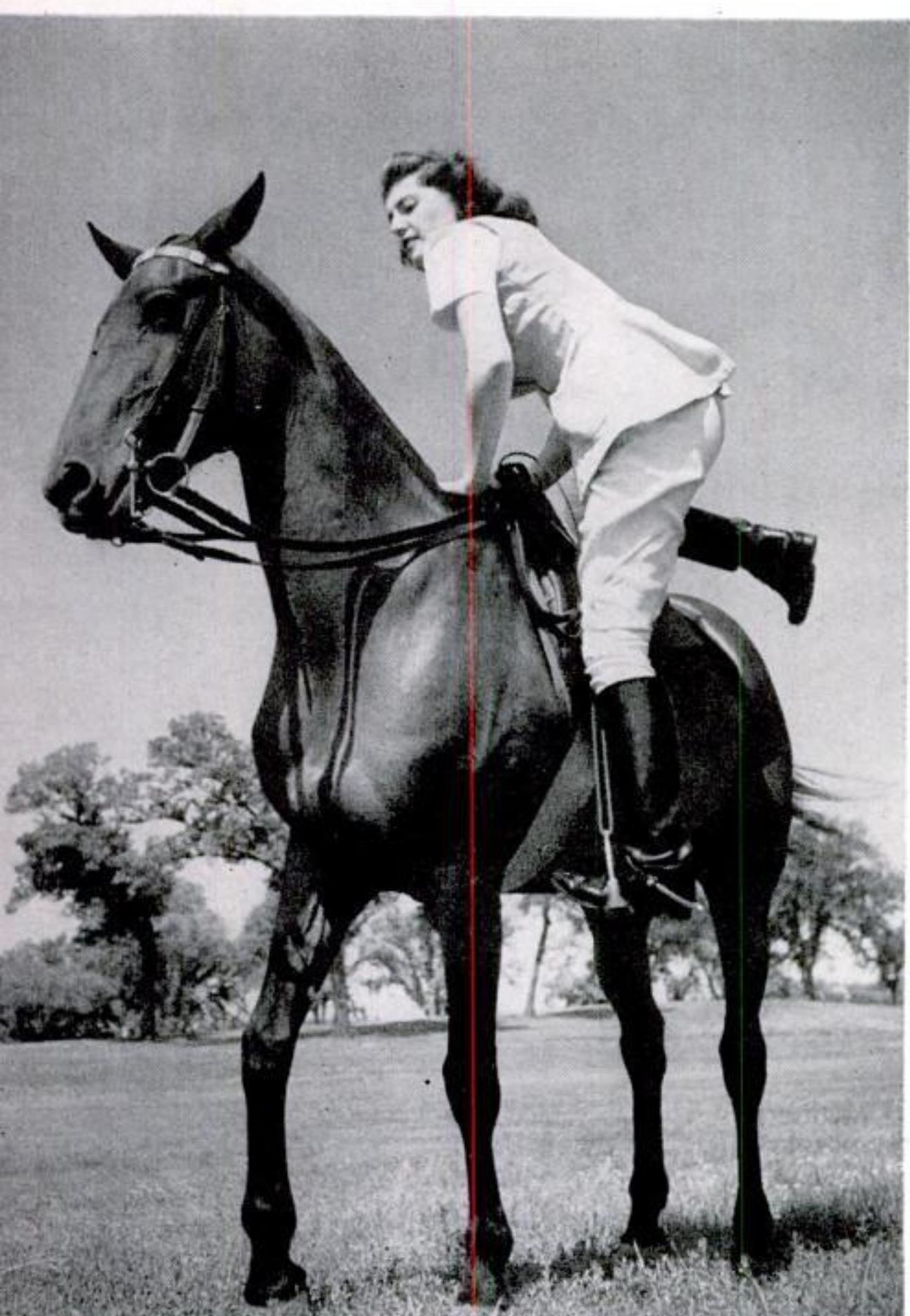
Tennis shakes down the younger personnel on fine days. Here Capt. H. M. Spengler hops over the net after a match with his wife. For rainy weather there is squash.



Open-air pool is 120-ft. long, lighted for night use. WPA funds ran out before it was finished, so the officers raised \$20,000 of their own. It was completed last month.



Golf Pro Frank Lojko, Leavenworth civilian, is on hand to coach officers and families. All club's athletic facilities are available to lady guests, with or without escort.



Hunting and polo are popular with young wives. Since the cavalry troops departed, only 35 horses remain at Leavenworth. They are busy most of the time.

HERE'S HOW
WITH A **WOW!**

WORLD'S BEST
TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL

AND HERE'S HOW TO MAKE
A **WOW**
... new-type cocktail that's
making a hit with thousands

So peppy, so taste-tempting, so easy to make! To a glassful of plain tomato juice add salt and pepper—then a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire Sauce. Mix well. A zesty new drink that starts the meal right!



Made by the Makers
of French's Mustard

New! Delicious! Quick!

Get set for a brand-new taste thrill! One you can let the family enjoy often, because this delightful cocktail costs little, takes but a minute to mix.

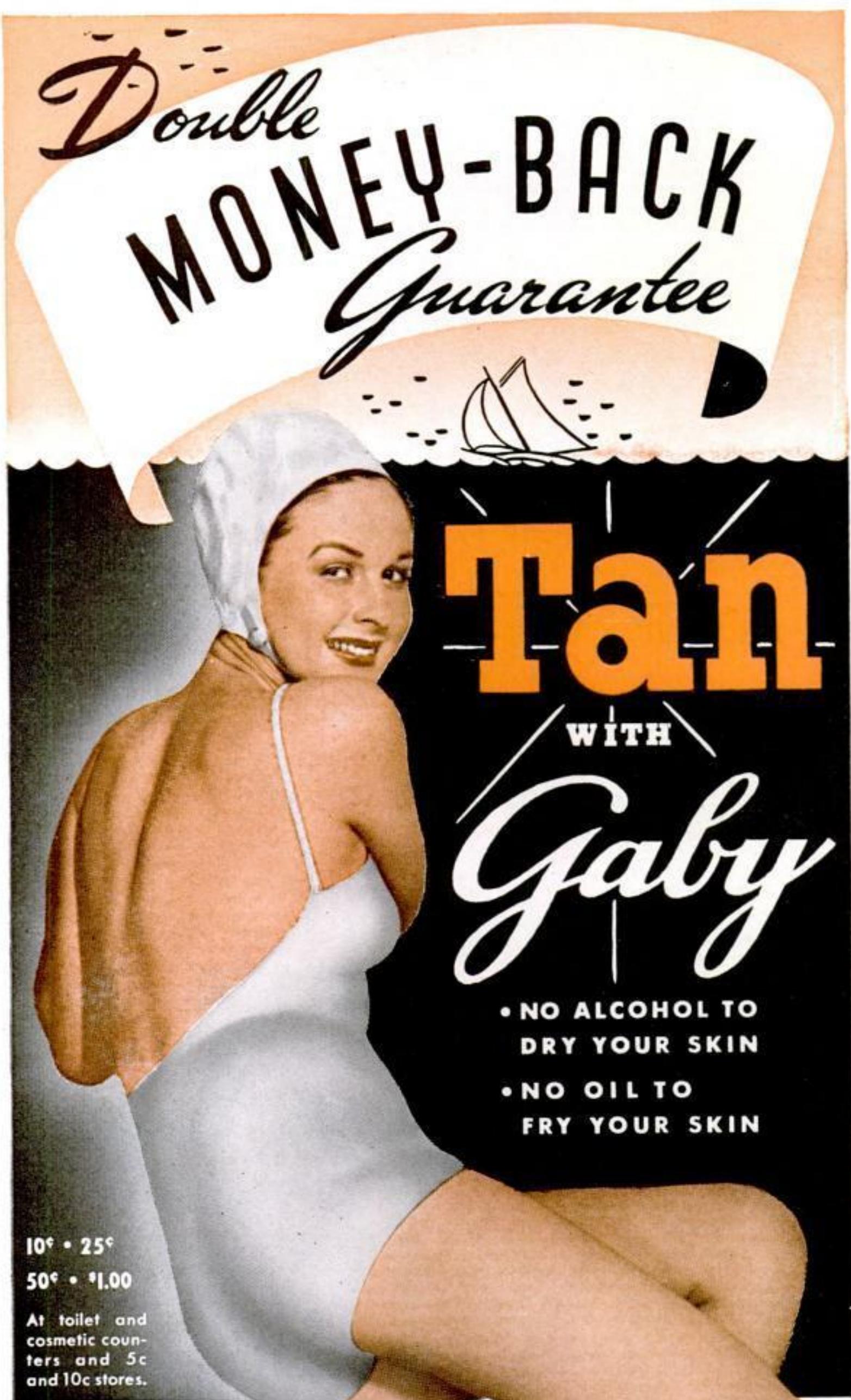
French's Worcestershire Sauce is blended from the choicest ingredients, aged and mel-

lowed. A teaspoonful turns plain tomato juice into a sparkling appetizer that dresses up the simplest meal.

Serve this famous Worcester-shire with the meat course, too. You'll enjoy its special rich, racy flavor. And you'll find it amazingly low in price!

French's WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Top-notch Quality at Half the Price



BLONDES! BRUNETTES! RED HEADS!

GABY can be your answer to "how to tan without burning"!

Gaby is not the least bit sticky or greasy, and will not stain. Gaby is so dependable in blocking out harmful sunrays that if, for any reason it fails to prove 100% satisfactory, return the unused portion to Gaby, Philadelphia, Pa., and double your purchase price will be refunded.

Gaby has
a pleasant,
fragrant
odor



Gaby
GREASELESS SUNTAN LOTION

GABY GREASELESS HAND LOTION... For Lovely Hands

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

As a special contribution to the National Defense issue, LIFE asked the Army camps for pictures by soldier photographers. Here are a few from hundreds submitted. The editors regret that space does not permit the publication of more.



LONG LETTER

Sirs:

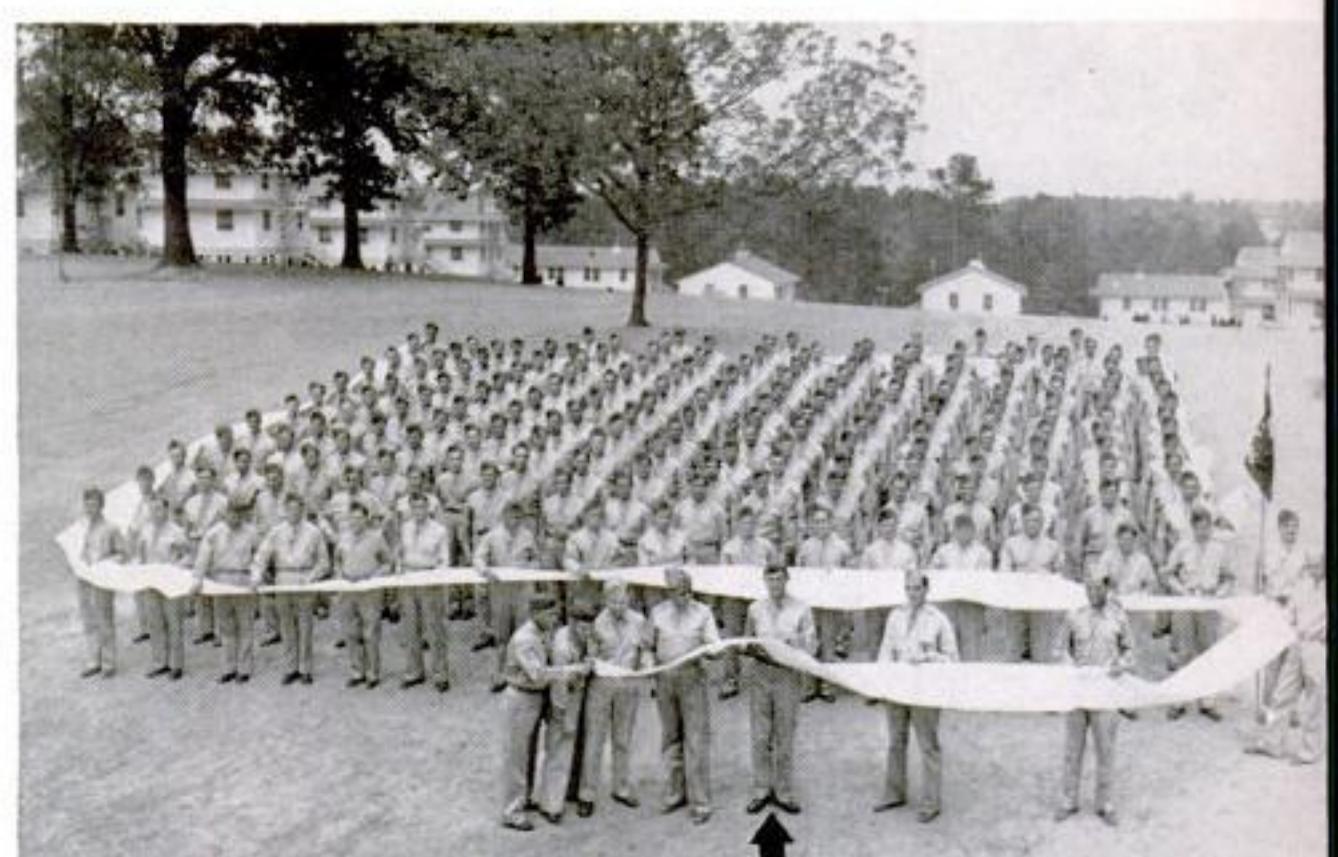
These pictures show the 340-ft. letter that arrived in the mail of Pvt. Gerald F. Callahan of Chicago. Signed by almost all of his 27,600 fellow workers in Chicago's Merchandise Mart ("the world's largest office building"), it took him five hours to read.

In the first picture (above), taken by a

Chicago news photographer, you see the letter draped down the facade of the 2 story Merchandise Mart. In the second (below) which I took at Camp Croft, Private Callahan (indicated by arrow) poses with the letter wound around his company, Company "C" of the 36th Train Battalion.

PVT. JACK WEST

Camp Croft, S. C.



SOLDIERS' DREAM

Company "B" of the 114th Infantry, 44th Division, took time out for rest.

PVT. ABNER WEBER

Fort Dix, N. J.



HAT STYLES

Now is the new Army fatigue hat supposed to be worn? The men of the 45th Division, Camp Barkeley, Texas, would like to know. In lieu of an official edict, there are four suggested solutions, all of which are incorrect. Pvt. Bert Stephen-

son (top left) wears his sailor style; Pvt. Juan Varela (top right) prefers a snap-brim effect; Pvt. Jaramillo Regimio (lower left) imitates firemen and fishermen while Pvt. Hack Lawrence (lower right) simply does a Lily Daché and lets it go at that.

PVT. A. Y. OWEN
Camp Barkeley, Texas



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NS EDITOR, LIFE Magazine, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Something NEW* has been added!



(Pronounced La-tak'-ee-a), a rare Eastern Mediterranean tobacco has been added to Old Gold. Its delicate, fine leaves impart new flavor to this favorite blend.

In our American warehouses, ample supplies of Latakia are aging an average of 3 years—to improve its mellow flavor.

Increasing thousands agree with Mrs. Mason Britton of New York that "Old Golds have a fresh, delightful flavor" now that something new has been added! Try them and see!



Cream of Kentucky

THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON

The racing colors of the Greentree Stables—made famous by TWENTY GRAND and QUESTIONNAIRE

Five Times Winner of the "Bourbon Derby"

Year after year, Cream of Kentucky leads the field as the smoothest-tasting, finest-flavored, fastest-selling straight Bourbon in the world. Bred in the heart of the Kentucky Bluegrass by real Kentuckians, this fine old Bourbon has a "double-rich" quality that makes it the Nation's flavor favorite . . . A taste will make it yours!

90 Proof. Copy. 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

A Schenley product
BOTTLED BY THE DISTILLERY
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Two glasses of bourbon are shown at the bottom.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

OLD-STYLE POTATO PEELING

Sirs:

The old and onerous task of peeling spuds takes on new beauty in this photograph of four pairs of hands at work on a day's rations at Fort Monmouth, N. J.

As a demonstration of technique, however, this picture is none too helpful, for the boys seem to be paring off a shocking portion of good white potato along with the skins.

LIEUT. OSCAR JUNGREN
Fort Monmouth, N. J.



MECHANIZED POTATO PEELING

Sirs:

At Rankin Aeronautical Academy, primary training school for the U. S. Army Air Corps, the kitchen is so highly mechanized that there is little need for help from the cadets. This picture, taken by

Bob Whiteside of the Tulare Daily Times shows how I can peel potatoes for hundreds of men and keep up with my readi- at the same time. I just feed the spuds into the hopper and the machine does the rest.

CADET WOODROW L. DICK
Tulare, Calif.



Diving or Driving— you've got to Beat Heat

WHEN this new Curtiss dive bomber roars earthward with throttle wide open, it's more than a test of man and machine. It's a motor oil lesson for every car owner.

For that 1700 h.p. engine must fight the same hazard as your car's high-compression motor.

Scorching HEAT inside its cylinders, and inside the cylinders of your car, can "burn up" ordinary motor oil . . . form troublesome carbon and sludge . . . endanger vital parts. To you this can mean serious expense; to a plane, serious disaster.

Best defense against heat

That's why so many of America's planes* rely on the toughest, most heat-resistant type of oil known . . . 100% Pennsylvania.

And that's why so many lubrica-

tion experts recommend Veedol Motor Oil for your car. It's 100% Pennsylvania at its finest.

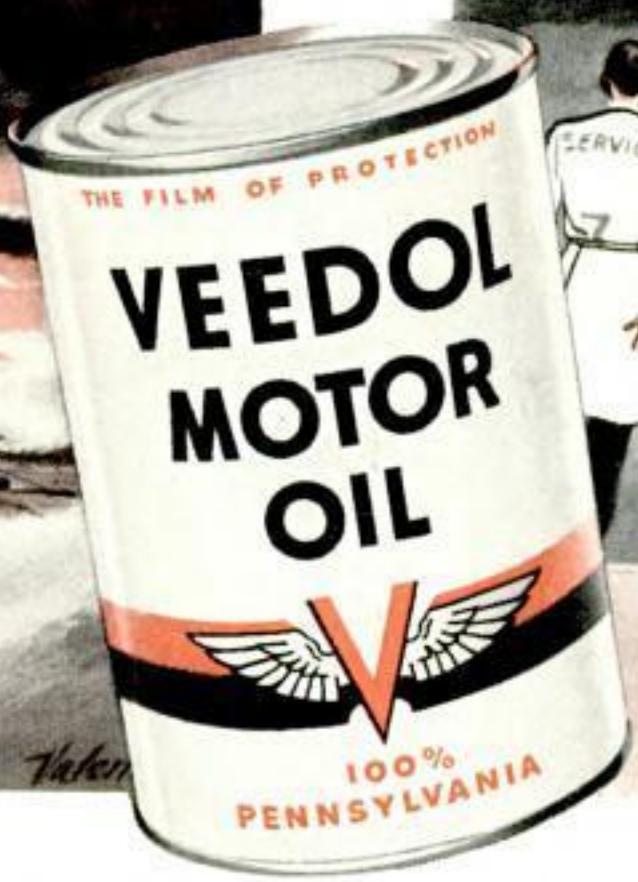
Veedol helps you avoid repairs . . . forms less carbon and sludge . . . "burns away" slower . . . because its top-priced Pennsylvania crude starts with the highest natural heat-resistance of any crude in the world.

Then, on top of the three usual refining processes, Veedol goes through a fourth, patented process that further boosts its heat-resistance.

Try Veedol . . . your motor's best defense against heat. Because it comes to you from the world's largest marketers of 100% Pennsylvania, it costs no more than many non-Pennsylvania oils.

A product of Tide Water Associated Oil Company.

*Recent surveys show that the majority of America's transport and private planes use 100% Pennsylvania oil exclusively. Army and Navy figures not released.



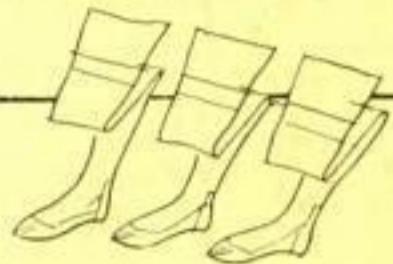
ANY MECHANIC will tell you that there are differences in Pennsylvania oils. It pays to get genuine Veedol . . . made from top-priced Bradford-Pennsylvania crude by the world's largest marketers of 100% Pennsylvania . . . super-refined by a patented process for extra heat-resistance.

VEEDOL—100% Pennsylvania • Your Motor's Best Defense Against HEAT

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... and one Flower-print gown

*WEIGHT	NO. OF PAIRS	SHADE	FOOT SIZE	WIDTH—Narrow Medium—Wide	LENGTH—Short Medium—Long

COLOR
SIZE (Bust measurement in inches)
LENGTH—Regular or Long

- Send Representative
 Send C.O.D.
 Check or Money Order for \$5.85 enclosed

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 Street Address.....
 City..... State.....

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